THE

TRAVELS

OF

THEODORE DUCAS.

VOL. I.

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THE

TRAVELS

OF

THEODORE DUCAS,

IN

Various Countries in Europe,

AT THE

REVIVAL OF LETTERS AND ART.

EDITED BY CHARLES MILLS.

PART THE FIRST.

ITALY.

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ERRATA.

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Page 97. line 20. for "creation," read "creations."
258. line 11. for "a gentle," read "a gentle heart."

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Page 93. line 6. for "superior," read "was."
202. line 13. insert "Theobaldo" after "his."
318. line 1. for "procured," read produced."
336. line 1. for "his," read "their."

CHAPTER I.

ROME.

Lascaris. — Foundation of the Greek Gymnasium. — Literary state of Crete. — Theodore Ducas sent from that Island to the Gymnasium. — His Education completed, he prepares to travel over Europe. — Objects of his Curiosity. — He travels, and returns to Rome. — Passes the close of his life in Writing his Narrative. — Literary History and Character of Marcus Musurus. — General Remarks on the State of Letters and Art previously to the Sixteenth Century. — Character of Pope Leo X. — His fondness for Classical Literature. — Inequality of his Patronage. — His love of Buffoons. — His other Amusements. — Literature at Rome. — General Papal Patronage of Letters. — The Literary Circle of Leo. — Cardinal Bembo. — Cardinal Sadoleto. — Molza. — Berni. — Beroaldo. — Castiglione. — Bibbiena. — Govio. — Valeriano. — The Vatican Library. — Its Keepers and Librarians. — Acciajuoli. — Aleandro and others. — The University of Rome. — The Roman Academy.

CHAPTER I.

ROME.

THEODORE LASCARIS, a member of a family which had once enjoyed imperial dignity, was one of those unhappy Greeks who, after the capture of Constantinople by the Turkish barbarians, fled to Italy. The friendship of his countryman, the Cardinal Bessarion, enabled him to educate his son John at the University of Padua; and the young man, so eminent were his abilities, was honoured with the protection of Lorenzo the Magnificent. That illustrious friend of letters entrusted him with the charge of preserving and enlarging the Medicean library at Florence; and, in the course of this honourable connection, sent him twice into Greece, in order to collect such of its literary treasures as were overlooked or despised by the

barbarous conqueror. Each time John Lascaris returned to Florence, fraught with the learning of the ancient world. Two hundred was the number of manuscripts which he gathered in his second journey into Mount Athos, and other sacred recesses, whereto the Greeks had retired, when the Turkish power menaced Constantinople. Lorenzo died during the second voyage of his literary agent. Lascaris remained in lettered solitude for some years; but, though the invasion of Italy by the French did not divert him from his studies, yet the intreaties of Charles VIII. induced him to remove to Paris. His residence in France was neither long, nor, in a literary sense, important. Louis XII., the successor of Charles VIII., appointed him his ambassador at Venice. Lascaris kept his abode in that city after the dissolution of its friendship with the monarch whom he had represented, and occupied himself in the pleasing task of communicating to the Venetians the language and literature of his native country. He always preserved the regard of the Medicean family; and, when the Cardinal Giovanni, son of his patron Lorenzo, became Pope Leo X., Lascaris repaired to Rome, in order to give life and action to a well-concerted scheme for invigorating the prevailing taste for ancient literature.

The learned Marcus Musurus, a native of Crete, and who, at the commencement of Leo's pontificate, was a professor at Venice, was directed by Pietro Bembo, the Papal secretary, to send to Rome ten or more young Greeks, of noble birth, and minds capable of literary cultivation. It was intended that they should be placed under the care of Lascaris, as their master in classical letters; for his acquaintance with Latin was considerable, and his perfect command over the most copious of all languages had been displayed in his editions of the Greek Anthology, the hymns of Callimachus, and many of the tragedies of Euripides. Lascaris was commanded by the Pope to educate his pupils with a view to their ability of teaching the Greek language to the Italians. The editing of Greek authors was also another object of the College. The house of the Cardinal of Sion, on the Quirinal, was purchased by Leo for these interesting purposes. Musurus, when the commission was received by him, turned his eyes to Crete, not only from love to country, but as being the most literary of all the places which, at that time, contained the remains of Greece. There were schools and libraries in Candia, and the other cities of the island; and, while learning was the ornament of every Greek

nobleman, it was pursued as a professional occupation by men of inferior stations. Copies of the literary relics of ancient genius were made, and were sold to the traders in the Mediterranean, who returned with them to their respective countries. Some libraries in Europe possess manuscripts, which, according to their introductions, were transcribed by Angelus Vergecius, Antonius Damilas, Michael Apostolius, and many others, all residents in Crete. Of that island was the scholar Demetrius, whose learned aid was so important towards the publication of the Florentine Homer, of the year 1488, and whose critical sagacity was afterwards engaged by the Cardinal Ximenes, for the editing of the Complutensian Polyglott Bible. Several printers of the classics are Cretans. No one is better known than Zaccaria Calliergus, who, from the year 1499 to the year 1513, printed several Greek authors at Venice, at the expence of his countryman Nicolaus Blastus, and afterwards was the director of the press at Rome, founded at the charges of Agostino Chigi, a rich merchant, originally of Sienna, and whose Medicean taste gave grace and dignity to his wealth. From that press issued editions of Pindar and Theocritus, the first Greek books that ever were printed at Rome. (1)

§ My father, Demetrius Ducas, had lived for many years in Candia. He had been long associated in friendship with Musurus; and, therefore, from private regard as well as general considerations, the agent of the Pope offered a place in the College to one of my family. The hope of recovering national independence forbade my father from parting with his eldest son, who was advanced to maturity, and, therefore, the stay of his declining years; but, in behalf of myself, his second child, he accepted Musurus' offer of an introduction into the Greek Institute.

I arrived at Rome in the month of January, in the year 1514. I was then in my fourteenth year. Under the able instruction of Lascaris and his friends (for he was, towards the close of my studies, absent on a second journey to Paris) I acquired, in the course of six years, the Latin language, and also some of the vernacular idioms of Europe. I studied critically the various dialects of antient Greece; and, in the course of these philological inquiries, I became acquainted with the philosophers and historians of old, the most faithful painters of the opinions and actions of men. I also gave some slight assistance to the first editions of the ancient

Scholia on Homer and Sophocles. These editions were two of the most learned and useful works which the Institute published. In our prefaces we stated, that the world owed these books to the love which Pope Leo X. bore to letters. His Holiness responded to this eulogium by his bulls, wherein he commended the College, and threatened with eternal punishment all those, who, during the ensuing ten years, should dare to injure the copyright of the Gymnasium. My literary acquisitions fitted me for the office of classical professor, agreeably to the intention of the Institute. I was not pleased, however, with the prospect of the diurnal labours of an academy; yet, had circumstances required my stay at Rome, gratitude to the Pope would have stifled all feelings of discontent. I wished personally to investigate the state of literature and the arts, of which I daily heard interesting accounts. Leo granted me permission to travel over Europe. He assigned me a liberal pension on the Papal funds, and I knew that the friendship with which I was honoured by so illustrious a personage, would secure me an honourable reception by the literati of other countries.

——— amissos hinc obliviscere Graios,
Noster eris.

There were no personal difficulties in the way of my travelling. Totally unconnected as I was with the politics of any country of the West, I was not liable to one great source of hostility. As a member of the Greek church, it might, at first view, appear that I should be obnoxious to every class of the religionists of the time; but the Christians of Europe, unlike their ancestors, were not animated by the wish of compelling the Greeks to enter into the pale of the Latin church: they suffered some compunction, that their own discords had enabled the Türk to destroy the great Christian empire of the East; and, in the mighty contention between Catholics and Protestants, all minor differences were forgotten. I resolved to pass over, in decorous silence, the religious observances of people that I visited; and not exclaim, as my countryman Leontius Pilatus did, in a church at Venice, — "I cannot endure the follies of the Latins." "If the congregation had heard him," says Petrarca, "he would have been stoned." I intended to travel for the declared purpose of marking the state of literature and the arts; and I hoped that a Greek would be received with courtesy at a time when, as the elder Aldo the printer says, the number of young men who devoted themselves to Grecian letters equalled the students of

the Latin classics; and when, instead of one Cato, as at Rome, who studied Greek in his old age, the world now abounded with men to whom, at least, for this reason, the name of that famous Roman might be applied. Besides, the Gymnasium excited great admiration in other cities. Francis projected a similar institution at Paris. Circumstances which are needless to mention, for they were interesting only to myself, detained me at Rome till the beginning of the year 1522. I then bade adieu to my collegiate friends.

> Jam mens prætrepidans avet vagari:
> Jam læti studio pedes vigescunt.
> O dulces comitum valete cœtus,
> Longe quos simul a domo profectos,
> Diverse variæ viæ reportant.
>
> CATULLUS, 44.

I have passed nearly forty years in visiting many of the countries and cities in the West that shine with the splendour of intellectual glory, and am now once more a resident at Rome. I cannot return to Greece, for there the haughty and intolerant Moslem continues his triumph; and his cruelty has driven to the tomb all those who were dear to my feelings. I purpose, then, to waste the little remainder of my lamp of life in embodying those recollections, which are now my only solace. If the account of my travels

should ever be obtruded on the candour of the world, I can hope for no readers among politicians or statists, for I shall not treat of military or civil history. Nor will he who quits his native land to indulge the vague curiosity of restless indolence find my volumes substitutes for personal direction to the exterior wonders of cities. The curiosity of every traveller will be directed by the accustomed associations of his mind; and, indeed, among the various subjects of regard, one pursuit is generally sufficient for the attention of an individual. I do not presume to be able to study man and nature too. I have been chiefly interested in viewing the literary aspect of Europe; for I am one of that nation which, in ages past, obtained the palm of science, and which, even in these days of her servitude, has formed many of the features of the intellectual character of the Western nations. Next to the delight of living in the days of the Grecian sages, no man of letters would wish to breathe any other air than that which gives life to the literary heroes of the sixteenth century. I shall recount, then, what I have seen, and heard, and read, relative to the revival of learning and art in Europe. Without confining myself to the details of my journal, and yet adhering generally to the course of my travels, I shall methodise my

knowledge, and relate, at particular places, all that I observed, or have since collected, of persons and subjects.

MUSURUS.

In the interim of my forming and commencing the execution of my plan of travels, I mourned the loss of my father's friend, Marcus Musurus, and my literary patron, Pope Leo X. The former was remarkable for being one of the few refugee Greeks who understood the Latin as thoroughly as their own language. Erasmus, an incomparable judge, used to say, that Musurus' latinity was miraculously perfect. Musurus had been a pupil of John Lascaris, and during many years a lecturer on classical literature at Padua and Venice; and with such ardour did he fulfil his literary duties, that he was not absent from his professor's chair four days in any one year. He assisted Aldo the elder in collating the manuscripts, and revising the printing of many Greek authors. He was, indeed, a stipendiary corrector of the Aldine press. Musurus' verses, which were prefixed to the first (the Aldine) edition of the works of Plato, are the finest specimen of modern Greek composi-

tion. He praises the philosopher for displaying, in his inspired page, the order of the universe, and the nature of the human soul. He calls on him to descend from the empyreal seat of divine wisdom, and visit Rome shining with the glories of the greatest of the Medici. Among the lettered throng that would honour Plato on his entrance into the holy city, Musurus gratefully mentions John Lascaris, who loved him with paternal affection, and had pointed out to him the path which led to the delights and rewards of literature. Plato, accompanied by Lascaris and Bembo, would seek the father of the Western Christians, and, presenting his works to him as the offering of Aldo, would, in return for the dedication, implore him to terminate all civil wars, and call upon the chivalrous nations of Europe to engage their hopes of fame in that more glorious cause—the restoration of the Grecian empire. But till the arts should flourish again in their native soil, Plato entreated his Holiness to prevent their decay, and in particular to provide in Rome a retreat for the exiled muses which might rival the academy at Athens, so that the ingenuous youth of Greece should find the shores of the Tiber as rich in literary enjoyments as the banks of the Ilissus.

Musurus was also the first editor of the comedies of Aristophanes, and the only remaining work of Athenæus. Aldo, in the prefaces to many of the classics which he published, gratefully mentions his learned typographical assistant. On the invitation of the Pope, whom he had so elegantly complimented, Musurus came to Rome in the year 1516, and was appointed to the archbishopric of Malvasia in the Morea; but he died a few months after the nomination, and before he could take possession of his dignity. The idle people of Rome said that his death was hastened by disappointment at not being invested with the purple. This is calumnious. Musurus might be an aspirant for literary distinctions, but he certainly beheld with little regard the vulgar honours of ambition. A more meek and simple man I never knew. Upon no one would the trappings of pride sit less becomingly than upon Musurus. (2)

POPE LEO X.

The advantages of birth and rank, combined with high intellectual qualities, and great personal address, made Giovanni de' Medici, Pope

Leo X., one of the most distinguished men of his time. In recalling to their minds the events which preceded his election to the papacy, I have heard the courtiers of the Vatican dwell upon his rare merits, as the cause that his promotion had not been regulated by the usual scale of age and advancement. It would have evinced more respect for truth to have attributed some of his honours to the power and consequence of his family. He was admitted into holy orders at the early age of seven. Soon afterwards, the French King, Louis XI., appointed him to the archbishopric of Aix, in Provence, and then to the abbacy of Pasignano; when it was found that the Archbishop, supposed to be dead, had not yet closed his mortal career. Pope Innocent VIII. gave Giovanni a cardinal's hat, when he was but thirteen years old; an honour which had never before been enjoyed by any individual of the Medici family; nor could the annals of the Western church, full of corruption and simony as they are, furnish an example of such a distinction so prematurely conferred. The Cardinal, when only thirty-eight years old, was chosen spiritual chief of the Latin world, and this dignity had seldom been reached by any individual who had not passed the full vigour of his life. His election to the papal throne was,

I believe, not the result of craft and intrigue, but of the fair claims of honourable birth, unstained moral integrity, and abilities both for literature and business. Leaving to the historian of Italy the task of following Leo X. through his political life, and consigning his polemical wars to the historian of the church, I shall dwell only upon such parts of his conduct and character, as fell within my view as an observer of the state of letters and society.

But it will be necessary to premise some general observations upon the history of literature previously to his time.

If at the removal of the seat of empire from Rome to Constantinople letters had flourished in Italy, I should attribute something of the barbarity of succeeding centuries in the West, to the fact that much of the power and splendour of the Romans emigrated with Constantine. But as the Roman empire declined, its literary glories faded also; and when the Goths descended into Italy, they found the land nearly as barbaric as that which they had left. The human mind continued in a state of waste and desolation for several after ages; but at length, in the pauses of war, man showed that his intellectual energies had been repressed, not extinguished. The growing commercial importance of the Italian

states created luxurious wishes, which ingenuity and taste were called upon to supply: and in the course of the mercantile transactions and warlike struggles between the Saracens and the Italians, Arabic sciences and literature were slowly and silently introduced into Italy. Many writers have graced the character of Charlemagne with the love of letters; but if that renowned conqueror gave some slight impulse to learning, the wars of his family certainly checked that impulse; and it is more a matter of literary curiosity than of useful speculation, to enquire into the fate of those schools in Italy which were founded by his grandson Lothaire. The tenth century is generally considered as the darkest in the modern annals of the human race. In the next age we may observe the faint dawnings of letters in the establishing of schools for furnishing ministers to the Church. In those schools knowledge was divided into the Trivium and the Quadrivium: the former division comprising grammar, rhetoric, and logic; the latter portion including arithmetic, geometry, music, and astronomy. But we shall honour the eleventh century too highly, if we affix to these designations of knowledge, the sense in which they are used in these days. Verbal subtleties were chiefly sought for; and the metaphysician, satisfied with the web that his own fancy had woven, disdained the guid-

ance of the masters of ancient wisdom. If a student, more happily gifted by nature than others, overcame the difficulties of the Trivium and Quadrivium, and should still have sighed for other conquests in literature, he was dismissed to the pages of Cassiodorus and Boethius. The Consolation of Philosophy, by the latter author, indeed, was the most popular book of all the classics, during the barbaric ages. As Boethius was a Christian, bigotry dreaded no Pagan contamination; and he wrote in the allegorical style, which was the favourite vehicle for conveying knowledge. Theology and jurisprudence were afterwards introduced into scholastic instruction; and some schools assumed the loftier title of universities. As the relations of society became complicated, the profession of the law rose in estimation; and in proportion to the general increase of knowledge, the clergy were obliged to add to their own acquirements, in order to preserve their authority over the rest of the world.

Arabic science, whether original or adopted, has formed a great connecting link between ages and countries, however distant and remote. The earliest bards of Europe kindled their imaginations by the fires of Oriental poetry. The Arabians communicated to their Christian tributaries

or allies in Spain and Italy, the Grecian astronomy and the Hindû mathematics, particularly algebra, and the computation by signs, generally called the Arabic digits, though they are abridgments of the original numerals or letters of India. In every branch of the healing art, the Saracens were the teachers of the modern Europeans. The Arabians were not the channel of the transmission of many classical memorials: for Oriental despotism could not sympathize with the annals of freedom, and the inspirations of republican orators; nor could the stern religion of Mohammed tolerate poetry which enshrined ancient polytheism. The system of Aristotle met, however, with a different fate. The subtleties of his dialectic were frequently and skilfully used by the Arabians, when they met the enemies of their religion in the fields of learned controversy. Aristotle, therefore, was a favourite author with the Saracens. They communicated his works to the Christians, and the clergy drew from his intellectual armoury the same weapons which the Moslems had used.

From the operation of all these causes, the human mind became more and more inquisitive; and when, in the fourteenth century, the Tuscan poets struck the chord of national honour, the

Italians were inspired with a generous emulation of Roman fame. Northern and savage nations slowly and painfully ascended the heights of science, but the Romans had marked a way, and their descendants had only to trace their steps. The admiration of the treasures of antiquity, which Dante, Petrarca and Boccaccio felt and expressed, changed many features of the intellectual aspect of Italy. A race of literati arose distinct from, and often treated as enemies by, the scholars of religious establishments. Most of the friends and successors of the august Italian triumvirate that I have mentioned were patronised by princes and states, because, in political transactions, where some literary abilities were required, scholastic pedants and eternal disputants on categories and universals were totally unserviceable. It was found that polite literature gave the character a courtly urbanity; that a knowledge of the foreign and domestic politics of ancient Greece and Rome was an admirable foundation of a statesmanlike education; and that a cultivated mind unshackled by the prejudices of the schools was well calculated to act in the ever-varying scenes of political life.

In Italy the study of Greek literature was not entirely abandoned, as long as the West

was in submission to the East. But all friendly and literary communion was well nigh extinguished, when papal Rome threw off the Constantinopolitan yoke; and polemical disputes were so malevolent, that the Greeks considered themselves contaminated, if they entertained the slightest intercourse with the Latins. In the days of peaceful pilgrimages, the palmers to the holy sepulchre rested at Constantinople: but when the staff was thrown aside for the lance, the crusades embittered the theological hatred which existed since the commencement of the great schism of the Roman and Byzantine churches, because the Greeks were charged by the Latins with pusillanimity in the common cause of Christendom, and even with the greater crime of having aided the Saracens. In all ages, however, Italy traded with Greece: commerce softened the prejudices of both people, and gave rise to liberal and intellectual connections. Greece, like Europe, had suffered ages of barbarism; but she antedated the West in the re-assumption of literary honours. The ninth century is remarked as the æra of this change. The Byzantines, by a diligent cultivation of the learning and language of ancient Greece, attained a noble supremacy, and became an object of reverence and imitation. Grecian knowledge was gradually transfused

into Europe, for learned Greeks were always received with honour at the courts of the western princes, and the inquisitive European youth travelled to Greece for literary instruction.

But in no age of the church was the world in complete ignorance of the philosophy of the ancients. Many heresies are clearly deducible from the doctrines of Plato and Aristotle: those doctrines were therefore taught in some of the schools and monastic establishments. Platonism, however, was generally held in the greatest reverence, for the systems of theology that were partly founded on it were the systems of the orthodox. Yet the philosophy of Aristotle was the favourite of the Arabs, and therefore increased in estimation in Europe, in proportion to the increase of the popularity of Arabic literature. It was studied, too, by the mendicant friars, who were formed in opposition to, and for the purpose of correcting the vices of, the monks. The Franciscans and Dominicans combated the state of opinion, as well as of morals; and raised the authority of the New Philosophy (as the system of Aristotle was called, from its introduction by the Arabs,) above that of Plato.

In the infancy of lettered nations, as well as of individuals, the first place is always given to grammarians and lexicographers, and other keepers of literary treasures. The knowledge of ancient tongues was the fondest object of acquisition when the love of classical letters was in the freshness of novelty, and the most difficult object too, till the labours of successive philologists smoothed the road to learning. The subjects as well as the form of the ancient classics were indiscriminately admired; but when the volumes of Grecian and Roman letters were fully unrolled, the sensitive and inquisitive mind of genius fixed itself on the sublime reveries of the Portico. The scholastic theology, or the mixture of Paganism and Christianity, was condemned as barbarous; and Arabic literature was regarded with no great reverence, merely as a channel, and that not always a pure one, of ancient wisdom.

Coeval with the revival of poetry and the love of literature by Dante, Petrarca, and Boccaccio, was the commencement of new ages of glory for the fine arts. Remains of the statuary and architecture of ancient times every where met the Italian eye, and became the subjects of imitation by a nation that was emulous of the glory of the

antique world. When we view the fine scenery of Italy, and regard the dignified and graceful manners of the people, their lofty consciousness of importance, and their energetic and elegant expressions of passion, all affording such glorious occasions for the pencil, the superiority of the Italians in the fine arts ceases to be a matter of astonishment. Painting and sculpture were cultivated proportionately to the improvements of the age in refinement and elegance: but the rivalry of taste which the wealthy indulged in, was surpassed in beneficial effects by the religion of the time. I shall not examine the degrees of devotion or respect with which the Christians of the West regarded their statues and pictures of the Divine Being and his saints. But, in fact, the clerical orders, no less than the aristocracy, became the patrons of genius, and in the magnificent fabric of Roman Catholic superstition, the fine arts were proudly and fully displayed. The ceremonies of the Papal church are of a picturesque nature, and create a taste for painting.

The division of Italy into many independent principalities was a circumstance highly favourable to the nourishing and expanding of Italian intellect. Every city had a Mecænas sovereign.

The rulers of Florence, the dukes of Milan, the dukes of Urbino, the rulers of Mantua, the house of Este at Ferrara, were all celebrated literary patrons. So were some of the popes, particularly Innocent VII., Alexander V., Eugenius IV., and, more than all these, Nicholas V. Nor must I mention, without praise, Pope Sixtus IV., and Leo's immediate predecessor, Pope Julius II. The princes of Italy rivalled each other in literary patronage as much as in political power. Changes of dominion did not affect letters. The schools were generally respected amidst the tumults of war; and if a victorious soldiery, more rude than the general tone of military feeling, banished a professor and his class, as soon as order was re-established they were recalled to their peaceful labours. In the infancy of letters this patronage of science by the wealthy and powerful was essentially necessary to the growth of learning, for without pecuniary support during a long-continued application of talents, works of learning would not have been compiled; and, in times when reading was not the occupation of general society, men of letters were compelled to court the favouring eye of princes. But he who solicited the support of the great could not always preserve the manly independence of genius. The historian became a panegyrist, and the poet was expected to pay by

praise for the protection which was bestowed upon the rich creations of his fancy.

When the fountains of classical waters poured their streams into a world of seeming barrenness, those who observed the new life and beauty around them, and thought of the slight causes and the accidents that had effected the change, naturally were curious to enquire whether all the sources of wisdom had been opened. It was known that the love of the Roman emperors for the Christian religion had been measured by their persecution of the Pagan philosophy. The severe orthodoxy of Theodosius was blown by Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, into a devouring flame. The emperor revoked all the tolerating decrees of his predecessors, and proscribed the ancient religion of Rome. Imperial orders were scarcely necessary to excite the fury of ignorant and vindictive monks against the works that contained the mythology of the Greek and Roman world. The finest statues and most magnificent temples were delivered to the fanatics, and even the libraries were despoiled or burnt. This ardour against Paganism was kept alive till its object was destroyed by Justinian, who, in the year 529, closed the schools at Athens wherein Plato and Aristotle were taught. The successors of Justinian destroyed the literary in-

stitutions of Edessa, because that university of the eastern parts of the empire had received some heretical corruptions. Nor did the clergy wage war only with the mythology of the heathens. Many a copy of the comedies and lyrical poetry of the classics fell the victim to monkish austerity. The laity were enjoined to read the "divine" poems of St. Gregory of Nazianzen, instead of the amatory effusions of the Grecian muse. A council of Carthage forbade bishops from reading classical authors; and Jerom, whose authority was not inferior to that of any council, censured the young clergy for studying comedies and Virgil, to the neglect of the prophets and evangelists. The classics were not the object of study in monastic schools. To read the church service, and to sing the church music, formed the end of education. The celebrated Alcuin forbade his disciple Sigulfus from reading Virgil to his pupils. The prejudice, indeed, was widely spread in the time of Charlemagne, that classical authors corrupted Christian morality.

To know what were the contents of the cloisters, to save the remnants of ancient literature from idle destruction and the consuming touch of time, learned men among the laity traversed Europe. Boccaccio collected, with the greatest

care, several Greek and Latin manuscripts, and copied such as he could not purchase. He transcribed so many of the Latin poets, orators, and historians, that it would appear surprising if a copyist by profession could have performed so much. In a journey to Mount Cassino, a place generally considered as remarkably rich in manuscripts, he was both astonished and afflicted to find the library exiled from the monastery into a barn, which was accessible only by a ladder. He opened many of the books, and found much of the writing effaced by damp. His grief was redoubled, when the monks told him, that, when they wanted money, they erased an ancient writing, and wrote psalters and legends on the parchment, and sold the new manuscripts to women and children. If, therefore, we owe to the monks the preservation of some manuscripts, it must not be forgotten that the same class of persons were the authors of the destruction of others. After the twelfth century, however, the treasures of antiquity were not entirely under the control of the clergy. Manuscripts were thenceforth copied in universities, and, in some countries of Europe, the transcription and sale of them formed a department of trade. The monkish practice of erasing classical manuscripts for the sake of legendary lore, though, as we

have seen, it was known in Boccaccio's time, was more common in earlier ages, and sprung from the excessive dearth of writing materials. Parchment was not much fabricated in Egypt after the conquest of that country by the Saracens, and it was not till the fourteenth century that the Arabic art of making paper from linen rags was generally cultivated in Europe. The scarcity of parchment, and the prevalence of barbarism, were co-existent; but a cheap and convenient substance for manuscripts was in common use when the human mind began to pour forth its inspirations.

Petrarca was as zealous as his friend Boccaccio in searching for manuscripts. His letters are full of interesting details on the subject. Niccolo Niccoli, a learned Florentine merchant, amassed a large collection of manuscripts. He often transcribed his originals, and corrected the errors of former copyists. Indeed, he may be regarded as the father of verbal criticism. He was the first, too, who in modern times conceived the idea of forming a library for public use. He bequeathed his collection to his native city; but as he died in debt, his patriotism would have been useless, had not Cosmo de' Medici, one of the curators, discharged the private claims. The books were then placed in the

monastery of St. Marco built chiefly at the expence of Cosmo; and thus the Marcian library, one of the most splendid collections in Florence, was founded by Niccoli and Cosmo. To Guarino, of Verona, we owe the recovery of Catullus. He found the manuscript in a granary, covered with dust and almost destroyed. Guarino went to Constantinople in order to learn Greek of Manuel Chrysoloras. Of two chests of manuscripts, one only remained in his possession; the fellow chest was lost at sea; but we need not believe the common story, that grief for the loss changed his hair from black to white in the course of a few hours.

As the recovery of manuscripts is connected with the revival of letters, I must mention with praise the learned Poggio Bracciolini, whose life I shall afterwards have occasion to detail. No difficulties of travelling, no indifference in the heads of convents to his literary enquiries, could repress his ardour. He found a copy of Quintilian, an author until then known only by fragments, in a dirty and tattered state, in the Abbey of St. Gal, near Constance. He found also the three first books and a half of the fourth of the Argonautica of Valerius Flaccus; the Commentary of Asconius Pedianus on eight of the speeches of Cicero; the work of Lactantius,

De Utroque Homine; the Architecture of Vitruvius, and the Grammar of Priscian. All these manuscripts were dreadfully worm-eaten, and were lying in a sort of dungeon at the bottom of a tower, wherein, as Poggio said, no one would think of casting even criminals condemned to death. The indefatigable Bracciolini continued his search in Germany and in France. At Langres, in the house of a society of monks, he discovered the oration of Cicero for Cæcina. At other places he met with the speech against L. Piso, the orations for Roscius and Rabirius Posthumus, and the greatest part of what he said on the question of the Agrarian Law. He found copies of the poem of Silius Italicus, that of Manilius, most of Lucretius, the Eclogues of Calpurnius, a book of Petronius, Ammianus Marcellinus, Vegetius, Julius Frontinius on the Aqueducts, eight books of the Mathematics of Firmicus, which were hidden and unknown in the archives of Mount Cassino, Nonius Marcellus, Columella, and some other authors of minor importance. Until the time of Poggio the world were only acquainted with eight comedies of Plautus. One of the emissaries of Poggio found the remaining twelve. Gerard Landriani, Bishop of Lodi, discovered, under a heap of rubbish, a manuscript containing Cicero's three

dialogues, De Oratore, the Brutus, and the Orator.

Cosmo de' Medici was a noble enthusiast in the endeavour to recover literary treasures. His agents explored the convents of Italy, France, and Germany. He used, with great advantage to literature, his commercial connections; his ships returned to Florence from Constantinople laden with books as well as merchandize, and he finely said, that he wished he could exhaust his fortune in the purchase of manuscripts. This noble wish was breathed with equal enthusiasm by his grandson Lorenzo, and it was in his short life that Florence attained the summit of literary glory.(3)

Thus, then, the Italian mind has been partly formed from the study of the poets, philosophers, and historians of old. Some features of Arabic literature have likewise been communicated. But, while Italy was becoming rich in all these foreign conquests, she looked into Nature herself, and displayed original powers. Dante explored the world of the sublime and the pathetic; Petrarca played with the finest forms of the imagination; and Boccaccio was the elegant painter of the passions in their ordinary appearances in life. Never had the early

literature of any nation three greater names. But, notwithstanding these glorious proofs of native ability, the love of classical letters suspended, in an extraordinary manner, the progress of all other excellence. Italian pride was more exalted in regarding the sages of old as Italians, than in founding new pretensions to fame. In the political convulsions of Italy, perpetual references were made to Roman institutions, and the mind, therefore, naturally reverted to Roman literature. Through the fourteenth century, literary men were the patient disciples of the ancient masters; nor was it till the days of Lorenzo de' Medici, that the dignity of Italian literature was asserted.

After these general remarks on the early history of the revival of learning, some of which I shall have frequent occasion to enlarge upon and illustrate, I come to consider the literary character of Pope Leo X. He was an hereditary patron of literature; he pursued, with the ardour of Cosmo and Lorenzo de' Medici, the search for ancient manuscripts. His agents penetrated into every place where literary treasures could, in any probability, lie concealed. The most important discovery was made in the Abbey of Corvey, in Westphalia. The first

five books of the Annals of Tacitus were found in that sacred retreat. The Pope not only rewarded the discoverer of the treasure, but patronized the printing of the work. At the foot of the papal arms, on books that had been published under papal patronage, there was often added a promise of reward to those who would present unedited manuscripts to the Pope. Leo must ever be venerated for enlarging the Vatican Library, re-establishing the Roman University, and creating the Greek Gymnasium. He founded an oriental printing-press at Rome. The first Arabic printing-press in Europe had been set up at Fano, under the auspices of Pope Julius II.: the earliest book that issued from it bears date in the year 1514. Leo's mind had been accomplished in literature by Angelo Poliziano and Demetrius of Chalcis, two of the most finished Greek scholars of the fifteenth century. Indeed, no man possessed more elegant scholarship than Leo. The habits of his education led him to prefer the classics to the fathers; and, as he was more a Mecænas than a bishop, the opinion of the world was naturally formed, that profane literature shared an undue portion of his patronage. Doubtless, the quality of his mind influenced his conduct; but it is equally true that learned theologians

and lawyers were cherished by him. Many men of genius found in Leo an affectionate and generous patron; and I wish that his deportment in the literary world had always been so judicious as to warrant the opinion, that his love of intellectual ability was a passion that dwelt in his mind in purity and singleness of feeling: but Ariosto, who ranks with Dante and Petrarca, was contemptuously slighted by him; and the genius of Michelangiolo was suffered to lie waste in some Florentine stone-quarries. Nor did Lionardo da Vinci enjoy any larger share of papal patronage. Leo befriended Paolo Govio and Pietro Aretino, indeed; men who were as detestable for the immorality of their lives, as for the venality of their pens. The latter writer, however, sometimes recorded facts; and much do I regret, that my duty to truth compels me to point out the shades in Leo's character. It was difficult to judge, Aretino said, whether the merit of the learned, or the tricks of buffoons, afforded most delight to the Pope. The deformities and vices, the negligencies and errors of men, were made a matter of mirth. Even idiotcy was laughed at. I cannot commend the taste of Leo on this subject, although the Greeks and Romans, with Aristotle and Cicero at their head, used to place personal defects within the

region of ridicule. To the extemporaneous poetry of Andrea de Mara, the wisest men might have listened; but what polished mind could take delight in crowning Querno of Monopoli with a wreath of cabbage and laurel, in seeing him eat to excess, and hearing the wretched fool recite his doggerel rhymes.

Agostino Nifo, who had been a Professor of Philosophy at Naples and Padua for several years, was caressed by Leo. The clergy had censured the Professor for maintaining the general opinion of the philosophers of old, that the souls of men were parts of one spirit or emanation of the Deity, into which they would resolve on the dissolution of the body. Nifo very prudently renounced his heresies, and wrote, with the fury of a partizan, on the orthodox side of the question. His learning was prodigious, and he occasionally laboured in his study with most intense application. His merits as a philosopher, however, were not so much the subject of admiration, as the immorality of his conduct was the subject of ridicule. His amatory follies formed a constant topic of mirth at the table of the Pope.

Leo delighted to hear Bernardo Accolti pour forth extemporary verses to the music of his lute, and he most liberally rewarded his talents. "I have known the shops in Rome closed, as if the

day were one of the church holidays, and crowds assembled in the public squares, when it was announced that Bernardo Accolti intended to recite his verses. His facility, his animation, and his grace, charmed his auditors. But, after reading his poems in private, I have blushed at having joined in his applause; for I found that had it not been for a certain trick of manner, I should not in public have thought him a man of genius.

The social hours of the Pope were as little distinguished for apostolical simplicity, as for philosophical wisdom. Leo was as sumptuous in his feasts as ostentatious in his literary patronage. His table was more splendid than that of any preceding pontiff. A judge of wines and sauces was always a welcome guest. While in Italy, after Leo's death, I often met with persons who had lived at the pontifical table. I was amused at hearing their expressions of admiration of Leo, and of contempt of his successor. The simplicity of Hadrian was called meanness. That unostentatious Pope found that the treasury had been ruined by the prodigal Leo: economy in every branch of expence was used by the new Pontiff, and the tribe of dismissed parasites vented their rage in calumny. They even satirized Hadrian's German taste, which preferred beer to wine. In Leo's impe-

rial establishment there were an hundred gentlemen, whose sole duty it was to attend him occasionally on horseback. Hadrian made the sign of the cross when he heard of this instance of ostentation, and immediately reduced the number to twelve. He would have been contented with fewer; but it was necessary to preserve some superiority over the cardinals.

The only elegant relaxation of Leo was in music. He was himself a good musician, and used the great power of his station in encouraging the science. He promoted some men in the church, solely on account of the improvements which they made in the choral service. But his favourite amusement was the chase. The affairs of the Papacy often were suspended for several days together, on account of his excessive devotion to this description of pleasure. The man who threw any interruption in the way of the chase was never pardoned. The close of a successful day of hunting, was the best time for soliciting a favour from the Pope. In many other parts of his conduct he was unclerical. By his command, the Mandragola of Machiavelli, and other comedies, licentious and impious, were acted in the Vatican, for the amusement of himself and the cardinals. In his mode of performing the church service, so far from being the

thirteenth Apostle, as my learned countryman, Arsenius, called him, he often scandalized the orthodox. He was so little impressed with the sacredness of prayer, that he could put on his slippers and receive the crosier in the midst of the service: and yet, on occasions of particular solemnity, he was able to assume a grace and majesty of manner, that well accorded with the pomp of Roman Catholic worship.

But I will dwell no longer upon these shades in the character of Leo. It is more gratifying to regard him as the friend of letters; and although I cannot, with the flatterers at the Vatican, consider him as the reviver of science, yet, after all the exceptions that may be made on account of his partialities, he will ever be revered as having sustained the literary reputation of Italy, and given fresh zeal to that ardour for knowledge, which had for some ages been spreading over Europe. It would be unjust to others to appropriate to him all the glories which irradiate his house; forgetting his illustrious father, Lorenzo the Magnificent, and the equally famous Cosmo de' Medici. I should also derogate from the general dignity and independence of genius, were I to refer the creation of every literary work of the sixteenth century to his influence. The Age of Leo is a phrase worse than idle, for it

leads the mind to attribute to that Pope all the literary honours of the time. There were men of genius in every city of Italy, who never enjoyed his smiles of favour.

LITERATURE AT ROME.

The first anxiety of a literary traveller in Italy, must be to observe the state of knowledge in Rome; for all his classical associations tend to that city. The general tone of intellect among the people is not, perhaps, so strong or rich as at Florence or Venice; for republican or commercial freedom has not, in the holy city, given wings to the human mind. A retrospective view of learning, peculiar to modern Rome, would present only a dry catalogue of writers on law and scholastic divinity. Rome is no where so little known as in Rome itself, was the observation of Petrarca. Pope Silvester II. introduced Arabic literature into the Papal states, but it was not till letters revived in Tuscany, that, moved by a generous emulation, Rome vigorously attempted again to rule the world in learning and art. That real ornament of the Papal throne, Nicholas V., had been drawn from the shade of a cloister by the great Cosmo de' Medici. The

critical sagacity and profound erudition of the monk made him one of the best transcribers of manuscripts that Florence could boast of. His talents and virtues raised him, by regular gradations, to the summit of ecclesiastical honour; which, when he reached, he patronized, with fraternal affection, men of similar tastes to his own. From that time to the present, Rome has been as much celebrated for classical and general literature as any city of Italy. Literary merit has been regarded as one road to clerical distinctions. The study of her antiquities has drawn men of letters to her walls, and the dignity of ancient days has revived. Leo's two secretaries rank in the first class of learning, and I cannot more truly display the intellectual aspect of Rome, than in describing the members of the Roman literary circle, during the Pontificate of Leo X., which, I remind my readers, continued only from the 5th of March, 1513, to the 1st of December, 1521.

BEMBO.

Of the men whose talents illustrated the court of Leo X., no one was more remarkable

than Pietro Bembo. He was born at Venice, of noble parents, in the year 1470. His father, Bernardo, was both a man of letters and a politician. He accomplished Pietro in every branch of education, particularly the Greek language; for the acquisition of which key to knowledge, the young man resided three years at Messina, under the care of the celebrated Constantine Lascaris, one of the most erudite of all the expatriated Greeks. Pietro went to different cities in the suite of his father, the Venetian ambassador; but the honours of literature had more charms for his ambition than political fame. He was a great support of the Academy, at Venice, which Aldo Manuzio, the printer, had founded. At Ferrara he was the friend of Sadoleto, Strozzi, and Tebaldeo; and he was much distinguished at the court of Urbino, a court in which learned men were particularly cherished. He accompanied Guiliano de' Medici to Rome, in the year 1512. Pope Julius II. distinguished him, when he displayed his talents in decyphering a treatise de Syderibus, by Hyginus, sent to his Holiness from Dacia. The manuscript was in short hand, of which mode of writing, as Bembo informs us, on the authority of Plutarch, Cicero was the inventor among the Romans.

When Cardinal Giovanni de' Medici, brother of Giuliano, was elected Pope, and assumed the title of Leo X., Bembo was appointed one of the secretaries to the Papacy, even before the new Pontiff left the conclave; and three thousand Roman crowns were assigned to him, as an annual pension. He was also ambassador of the Popedom, in cases of peculiar difficulty and importance; to the Venetians, for instance, when Leo X. wished to unite them with the Emperor and himself against France. He was the companion, as well as the confidential friend of the Pope. The suavity of his manners and the friendliness of his disposition, gained him the love, as much as his genius and learning the admiration, of the world. His fine open countenance, and the nobleness and grace of his person, conciliated affection; and the elegance of his conversation completed the enchantment. His conduct was not perfectly virtuous; and in whom was there an example of purity at the court of Leo? Were it within my scope to describe the manners of the time, I should be compelled to search the Divina Commedia of Dante for terms adequately forcible for the expression of their licentiousness and depravity. But Bembo's vice had some semblance of virtue; for, unlike most of his noble associates, he had but one mis-

tress, and he behaved to her with the fidelity and affection of a husband. Of Bembo I shall speak again in my account of Padua. (4)

SADOLETO.

The mind dwells with equal pleasure on the character of the other great supporter of Leo's literary dignity. The intellect of Sadoleto was as elegant as that of Bembo. His manners were as courteous, and his virtue was, for the most part, mild and disinterested. His family was originally of Modena; and his father was well known as a lawyer and a scholar. By him Sadoleto's passion for learning was cherished. The young man passed with great honour through the usual course of academical discipline. He went to Rome in the pontificate of Alexander VI., as a literary adventurer, and found a munificent patron in the Cardinal Oliviero Caraffa. Sadoleto wrote in Latin upon various subjects of theology, morals, and the belles lettres; and though his matter was not more elevated nor profound than that of men who were much his inferiors in erudition, yet such was the grace and facility of his style, that he soon acquired considerable fame. The disce-

very of the groupe of the Laocoon, by Felici de Fredis, in the ruins of the baths of Titus, was celebrated in a manner that ranked him among the first Latin poets of his time. He wrote, also, Italian verses, and of them the celebrated Roman courtesan, Imperia, was often the theme.

But the secretary must pardon me for quitting him and his learning for a moment, to relate an anecdote of this lady, descriptive of her state and magnificence in the holy city. Such was the crowd of servants in her house, that a stranger would conclude it was occupied by a princess. The halls and apartments were most splendidly furnished with velvets and brocades; and the floors were handsomely carpeted. The drawing-room was very richly adorned with golden hangings, beautiful paintings, vases, and columns of precious marble. On the table, which stood in the centre of the room, there were musical instruments, and books of music and poetry. The ambassador of the king of Spain, thinking, perhaps, that *cognitio mali non est mala*, went once to the house. Imperia met him in the hall, and conducted him into the saloon. He admired the beauty of the lady, and the splendour of the mansion; and having occasion to void his rheum, he turned round to a servant, spat in his face, and

said that he really must not be offended, but that every thing was so fine, that his face was the only thing he could spit upon. Imperia, it is said, was highly pleased at this compliment that was paid to the magnificence of her house. (5)

The ability of writing Latin elegantly was considered the most valuable of all literary possessions; and the scholar, whose style approached nearest to that of Cicero, was honoured with a reputation that should only have crowned original genius. Sadoleto's peculiar talent fitted him for the office of secretary to such a Pope as Leo; and, by the pens of Sadoleto and Bembo, the correspondence of the Roman court breathed an air of elegance unknown in the annals of the Papacy. This circumstance was at once an effect and a cause of the love of classical literature which distinguishes the age.

Though the mind of Sadoleto took no new road to fame, yet his heart was not equally accordant with the character of the times. His mildness to the reformers made him odious to the papal bigots. While voraciousness of plunder, as much as literary elegance, characterised the court of Leo, Sadoleto remained almost a solitary example of disinterestedness. A few years after his appointment to the office

of Papal Secretary, he accepted the bishopric of Carpentras, whose revenues, moderate as they were, more than satisfied his wants.

To such a man as Sadoleto, it is delightful to turn one's mind from the self-sufficiency and ambition of ordinary characters. I marked his course through all the remainder of its career, and I never could find that he lost the suavity and kindness of his manners, or changed the integrity of his principles. After the death of Leo, he repaired to his bishopric; and it was with difficulty that the Popes, Clement VII. and Paul III., could draw him thence. If ever he went to Rome, it was upon occasions of great moment to the Papacy. No man was more respected by the potentates of Europe than Sadoleto. It was principally owing to the weight of his mediation that Charles V. and Francis made the celebrated armistice at Nice in the year 1538. The French king, that real friend to letters, repeatedly offered him an honourable reception at Paris; but Sadoleto always replied, that he preferred the repose of solitude and the gentle excitement of literature to the tumult of courts and the hurry of political affairs. Paul III. gave him a cardinal's hat. The honour was unwillingly accepted; but Sadoleto

did not think, like most churchmen of his time, that additional wealth was necessary to enable him to support his added dignities. (6)

MOLZA.

The society of Francesco Maria Molza was courted by the witty and the great. He was born of a noble family at Modena, in the year 1489; and, after he had acquired the usual scholastic portion of classical literature, his parents wished him to add judicial honours to the other distinctions of his house. But the austerity of the University of Bologna did not accord with his liveliness. He went to Rome, trusting only to fortune; but, though he had talent enough to seize happy occasions, yet his devotedness to pleasure prevented his steady pursuit, of wealth or fame. He returned to Modena. His father administered to him the usual medicine for the cure of licentiousness: Francesco married. He broke, however, from domestic restraints, and repaired again to Rome. The circumstance of his having deserted his wife and four children did not lessen his merits in the eyes of his convivial companions; and he numbered among

his literary associates Sadoleto and Bembo, and among his dignified patrons the Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici and the Cardinal Alessandro Farnese. Molza defended his profligacy on principle, arguing that, so long as he abstained from atheism, theft, murder, and other great crimes, he might freely indulge himself in sensual pleasures. Immoral as was the age, Molza so far exceeded the permitted licentiousness, that his noble patrons could not, from respect to public opinion, employ him in public stations. The ladies, however, of every rank, contended for the honour of his love. His libertinism always kept him poor, and finally sent him to his grave in his fifty-fifth year. I have not read either his novels, or his poems, which he calls burlesque. The class of readers at Rome who used to admire them sufficiently designate their character. His sonnets, however, gave great delight to those who think that purity of thought and language is an essential constituent of true poetry. Those which commence with the lines "Signor, le piaghe, onde il tuo vago aspetto," and "Io pur doveva il bel mio sole, io stesso," are noble in ideas, and rich in expression. But some of his amatory poems, particularly the "Donna, vedrò, s'io m'inganno, o sole," are in the most affected style of the imitators of

Petrarca. His canzoni are eminently beautiful. His Latin elegies were said to be inferior only to those of Tibullus. (7)

BERNI.

Of similar genius, in many points, to Molza, was Francesco Berni. He often admitted me into the chambers of the Vatican which were allotted to him as an assistant to Giammateo Giberti, Bishop of Verona, the datary of Leo X. Berni was more attached to literature and good society than to official employments. He did not like, as he used whimsically to say to me, to be crammed full of papers, in his bosom, under his arm, before and behind, always writing and working his brain, labours that were only rewarded by the gift of a few small benefices, which were more embarrassing than profitable to him. (8) He was loved by every body for his good humour, facetious disposition, and his talent for reciting burlesque poetry. I have heard him read his poems to his friends, and thought them models of ease. He sometimes showed me the manuscripts; and I was astonished at the erasures and corrections in every line, before

the author dismissed it to the world as his own. Berni's history is rather more interesting than that of many literary characters. He was born about the year 1496, in the Castle of Campovecchio in Tuscany, a castle well known to the readers of Boccaccio's Decamerone. His parents were more rich in ancestry than in fortune; and he was obliged to repair, in early youth, to Florence, as one who had to struggle with the world. At the age of nineteen, he removed to the larger theatre of Rome. For five years he was in a state of unprofitable attendance upon his relation, the celebrated Cardinal Dovizio da Bibbiena. Berni, on the death of the Cardinal, sought in vain for promotion from Angelo Dovizio da Bibbiena, apostolical prothonotary. He at length escaped from the impediments to eminence which family jealousy threw in his path, and he entered into the service of that Mecænas Bishop of Verona, whom I have already mentioned.

After the sack of Rome, in 1527, he abandoned for ever his official charge, and repaired to a canonry which he had at Florence, resolved, as his friends said, to devote himself to literature; or, as he with more candour affirmed, to a life of complete idleness. His *summum bonum* was to do nothing, and to lie in bed. It should,

however, be said, in apology for him, that he found composition so laborious, that perfect relaxation of mind and repose of body could alone restore his wasted spirits. In other parts of character, Berni was irascible, undisguised in opinions, free from ambition and avarice, and remarkably attached to his friends. He could hate violently as well as love warmly; but his nature inclined him more to affection than to enmity. He lived nearly ten years at Florence. He endeavoured to preserve the friendship of the Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici, and his mortal enemy the Duke Alessandro. Berni died in the month of July 1536. It was thought that he fell a victim to the hatred either of the Duke or the Cardinal, as it was said that he had refused each of those persons to assist in the assassination of the other. But, happily for the fame of the Cardinal, his Eminence was poisoned more than a year previously to Berni's death; and, on the part of Alessandro, it is not very easy to suppose that the Duke would put a man to death for refusing to join in the murder of a person who had been removed several months before.

The Satires and Burlesque Poems of Berni are even better known than his Orlando Innam-

orato Riformato, which I shall mention on a future occasion. They are full of original wit and humour. The licentiousness of some of them did not disgust the times in which he lived. In one of his sonnets, written against Pietro Aretino, he has even surpassed that master of calumny in violence and coarseness of vituperation. The object of his wrath was more jealous than irritated, and, out of despair of rivalry, made no reply. So much of Berni's satire is personal and local, and its sense is so often dependant upon the right understanding of colloquial phrases, that the endeavour would be vain to transfuse it into another language. In burlesque poetry, he was the first among the Italians that attained any eminence. He uses familiar and even vulgar expressions to describe the most serious and afflicting circumstances, and paints the most trifling matters in solemn language. His irony extends over subjects as well as words. He gravely endeavours to prove those things to be advantages, which are generally considered to be evils. A season of pestilence, he contends, is better than the fine promises of Spring, or the rich abundance of Autumn. It destroys beggars by thousands, and a person can go to church without being importuned for charity while he is praying.

You may buy upon credit, and you will not be pressed for payment, if you circulate a report that you have symptoms of the plague. When such news is abroad concerning you, if you chance to walk out, all the world will give way to you, and pay you honour. During a pestilence, every one acts conformably to his inclination; that is the time for enjoying that liberty which is so dear to mankind. Every thing then is in a state of safety. The year of the plague is the true golden age, the primitive state of innocence and nature.(9) Berni was a very elegant writer of Latin poetry. Catullus was his model, and he approached the object of his ambition nearer than any of his contemporaries did.

BEROALDO.

One of the most learned men at Rome, during my continuance at the Greek Institute, was Filippo Beroaldo, a Bolognese, and a relation of a man of the same name who had distinguished himself in the fifteenth century for the manner in which he filled the chair of rhetoric and poetry at Bologna, and the admirable commentaries that he wrote upon several

Latin classics. The descendant was born in the year 1472, and speedily acquired so much literary and worldly knowledge, that, at the age of thirty, the voice of public fame called him to Rome, and he was appointed to the chair of belles lettres in the Academy, and secretary to the Cardinal Giovanni de' Medici. New honours were conferred upon him when his friend became Pope. The title of President of the Roman Academy was created for and given to him. The archives in the Castle of Saint Angelo and Leo's private library, were then committed to his charge. At last, he attained the highest station in literature, the librarianship of the Vatican. But he was not long blessed with dignified ease. Some public functionaries wished to reduce the ordinary emoluments of the office of librarian. From principle as well as pride, Beroaldo resisted the reformers; the contest became warm, and, as only his death terminated it, (A.D. 1518) one of the parties attributed that event to vexation, while the world, more rationally, looked into other circumstances of his conduct for an easier solution of the difficulty. His death grieved Leo deeply. I know not whether the Pope is correct in the expression on Beroaldo's tomb, that his friend is in Heaven singing hymns; but he certainly had

no claim to celestial happiness on the score of chastity. It would be difficult to enumerate Beroaldo's mistresses, if we read his poetry; and, as a young man, I used to be much amused at the open quarrels of the learned Sadoleto and the grave librarian of the Vatican, for the favours of the courtezan Imperia.

Beroaldo's literary merits were considerable. Besides the mere scholastic knowledge which well-directed industry can always attain, he wrote Latin poetry with the wit and elegance of Horace. His name too became associated with the fame of an ancient historian. The literati of the preceding age had numbered the first five books of the annals of Tacitus among those which time had consumed. Still, however, the hope of recovering them occasionally mingled itself with the aspirations of classical enthusiasm, when it was considered that the Emperor Tacitus had caused ten transcripts of the work of his illustrious relation to be made yearly, and placed among the Roman libraries. I have mentioned that a literary agent of Leo at length found a copy of the precious volume in the monastery of Corvey, in Westphalia. Five hundred sequins were thought by the monks an ample equivalent for the unknown treasure, and the money was cheerfully paid by

Leo. The manuscript was conveyed to Rome, and published, in the year 1515, under the learned care of Beroaldo. Leo very kindly endeavoured to secure to the editor the exclusive property of the work for the next ten years. Pecuniary penalties and excommunication were to be inflicted on those who invaded the rights of literature. But Alessandro Minuziano, at once a professor of history and a printer at Milan, secretly procured a copy of each sheet as fast as the printing advanced, and prepared a surreptitious edition. Before its completion, however, the Pope heard of his measures, and, strongly indignant at this apparent contempt of his authority, summoned the offender to appear before him at Rome. Minuziano implored pardon, on the ground that no sordid motive had urged his conduct, but that he had been only influenced by the laudable desire of being able to lecture on the work to his pupils. Leo then addressed him as his beloved son, pronounced his pardon, and even allowed him to pursue his intention of publication, charging him to make some pecuniary compensation to Beroaldo. (10)

CASTIGLIONE.

Few men enjoyed more of the favour of Leo than the Count Baldassare Castiglione. He was born in the year 1478, of noble parents, in the castle of Casatico, near Mantua. By birth and education he was fitted for a court, and he attached himself to Francesco Gonzaga, Marquis of Mantua, the distinguished lieutenant of Louis XII. in the conquest of Naples. He afterwards went to the court of the Duke of Urbino, which was one of the most brilliant courts in Italy, and became the Duke's ambassador to Henry VII. in England, to Louis XII. at Milan, and, finally, to Leo X. at Rome. He remained at Rome during all the reign of that Pope. He was the friend of literary men, but the natural and acquired graces of his mind disposed him more to fine arts than to letters. His taste was so pure, that Rafaello often consulted it. His fortune was nobly spent in the collecting of pictures, statues, cameos, and other articles of virtu. From honourable feelings of national pride, he removed to Mantua the celebrated Giulio Romano, the most famous of all Rafaello's pupils. Castiglione, in the pontificate of Cle-

ment VII., went on an embassy to the Emperor Charles V. in Spain. The imprudence of the Pope thwarted all his efforts for peace; the blame of every measure was cast upon Castiglione; the high minded cavalier sunk under chagrin, and he died at Toledo in the year 1529. The Emperor esteemed and favoured him highly, and that excellent judge of personal merit declared, that death had carried off one of the most accomplished cavaliers in the world.

I cannot place Castiglione among the men of daring genius or profound erudition; but he occupies a valuable place in the ranks of literature, as the author of a book novel and interesting in its kind. In some happy hours of his life, he began to write a work called Il Cortigiano, or, The Mode of Living at Courts. He did not finish it till the year 1527, when he was in Spain. He sent it to his friend Bembo at Padua, who superintended the printing of it at the Aldine press. Editions rapidly multiplied, and there is no book more admired by the Italians. It is the first treatise on the subject of the minor virtues that has appeared. Its details are often trifling, and it is wanting both in knowledge of the principles of human nature and of the lights and shades of manners. Much, however, may be learned from it, not only on the decorums of

life, but on graver subjects. Castiglione forms the character of a courtier of all the virtues and accomplishments that we generally ascribe to the heroes of chivalry. More than this, virtue is the only tie that binds a courtier to his sovereign. This doctrine is inculcated in its relations to all the circumstances of courts. Both the book and the author's example teach us that nobleness of spirit may be found in characters, with whom it is commonly thought to be incompatible. (11)

BIBBIENA.

The Cardinal Bibbiena was a distinguished ornament of the court of Leo X. His origin was obscure, but the Medici have never thought that nature bestows talents only on the higher ranks of society. His brother, a secretary of Lorenzo de' Medici, introduced him into the house of the Magnifico of Florence. Under the patronage of the Medicean family, he passed through various charges of the state and church, and was in time the supporter of the greatness of his early patrons. He was the literary companion of the Cardinal Giovanni. He was dear to Pope Julius II., and, on the death of that

Pontiff, he conscientiously promoted the election of his early friend. Leo was not ungrateful. He named him his treasurer, and then conferred upon him the dignity of Cardinal. Bibbiena's mind was better skilled in political wiles than in ecclesiastical lore. The Cardinal was a liberal encourager of all the arts that exalt and polish society. He was the patron and friend of Rafaello. He was the cabinet counsellor, and a diplomatic agent, of Leo X. I remember his return to Rome, in the year 1519, from an embassy to Paris. His talents, his deportment, and his high station, made him appear among the foremost men of his time. He only lived a few months at the eminence of reputation. The suddenness of his death gave rise to dreadful suspicions, in a city where a dagger can always be hired by a malignant spirit. It was said that the ambition of Bibbiena aspired to the Pontificate; that he had formed a plot against the life of Leo; and that some officious friends of the Pope committed the murderous deed. The story was not supported by any direct or circumstantial proof, and I mention it only to express my opinion that it is calumnious. (12)

GOVIO.

Paolo Govio was one in the literary circle of Leo X. It is not worth while to follow the present subject of notice through all the events of his life: it is sufficient to say that he pursued his selfish ends by crooked means, and found his reward in several valuable stations in the church, (though he was originally a physician,) particularly in the sinecure bishopric of Nocera, in the kingdom of Naples. After the death of Leo, he lived in a magnificent palace which he built on the ruins of Pliny's villa, near the Lago di Como. He consumed his wealth in sensual luxury, as well as in the liberal arts, and was not anxious to revive the primitive decorum of the episcopal character. His General History of the World, from the year 1494 to 1547, is his most celebrated work. The elegance of the narrative has gained great admiration; but the author can never be implicitly relied upon, for he was deficient in literary honesty. He was not a faithful chronicler. His own confessions, however, have prevented his readers from being deceived, and at the same time have made a lamentable exposure of many public characters. He avows that he had two pens, one of gold, the other of

iron. He promised an ancient genealogy and immortal glory to such persons as would pay well for his labours; and he defamed all those who would not purchase his lies. He offered his pen to Don Juan III., King of Portugal; and, because that Sovereign would not accept his services, he made no mention of a victory which gave consequence and renown to the Portuguese. If he had been well paid to write the history of Portugal, he would have inserted imaginary victories in his work rather than have suppressed the true ones. The Emperor Charles V., the French King Francis I., many of the Medicean Princes, and the Dukes of Ferrara, Mantua, Milan, and Urbino, paid for the eulogiums of this literary profligate. There is a pleasant story told of Govio and Pope Hadrian VI. His Holiness took from the historian the pension and the title which Leo X. had given to him; but he appointed him to a canonry in the cathedral of Como, upon the express condition that Govio should celebrate him in his history. The meed of praise was poured forth. But in another work, (the Treatise de Romanis Piscibus,) published a year after Hadrian's death, Govio speaks of that Pope in terms of sovereign contempt, exhibiting him as a man perfectly stupid, and

incapable of business. There was a private reason for giving this unlimited censure. The vanity of Govio had been reproved by the Pope. The historian entertained the unfortunate opinion that he was a poet. His Holiness held no converse with the Muses, and was no friend to those who did. He gave Govio a benefice, telling him that he did so because he was a learned man, an elegant writer, and no poet. (13)

VALERIANO.

Pierio Valeriano, of the ancient family of Bolzani, was born at Belluno in the year 1477. Poverty weighed so heavily upon him, that he was fifteen years old before he could acquire the merest rudiments of literature. His uncle, a poor but learned churchman, invited him to Venice; and the young aspirant after literary honours was compelled to perform menial services in the houses of some of the Venetian nobility. One of those lords promoted his education; and, after various displays of his talents, and some contention with ill fortune, Pierio found a real and efficient patron in Cardinal Giovanni de' Medici, whose education his uncle had assisted in. When the Cardinal became

Pope, he committed his nephews, Ippolito and Alessandro, to the care of Valeriano. Clement VII., after the death of Leo X. and Hadrian, was the friend of Pierio; who, declining episcopal honours, was appointed apostolical secretary, and sent on various foreign embassies. He wrote Latin poetry, but with more correctness than genius. His work on Egyptian antiquities displays a vast compass of erudition. He published also an account of his native city Bellumo. His apologetical discourse for the clergy wearing beards was dedicated to his former pupil, the Cardinal Ippolito, and was printed in the year 1533. In this work, of about forty small octavo pages, he traces with sufficient knowledge, and with great ingenuity and liveliness, the history of the symbol of manhood, or the foliage of the face, as he calls the beard, through the domestic annals of sacred and classical nations. But it is as a collector of the curiosities of literature, that his name is chiefly interesting. His most popular work is entitled Contarenus, sive de litteratorum infelicitate. Sometimes the love of system appears, and misfortunes not at all peculiar to learned men, are mentioned as the consequences of attachment to letters; but, altogether, the book is extremely

amusing, and abounds with curious anecdote respecting the author's contemporary literati.(14)

The persons whom I have mentioned were the principal literary characters at Rome during the period of my observing the state of knowledge in the holy city. It would be a tedious task to narrate the lives and describe the works of inferior men. There are at least an hundred poets, whose harps are constantly strung on occasion of the joys and sorrows that affect the public and private life of the modern Romans. Every branch of knowledge has numerous students; and the literary reputation of Rome is as exalted as that of any Italian city. An acquaintance with science conducts the possessor to honour. The nobles vie with each other in literary patronage, for they feel or affect that their honour is interested in reviving the glories of the Augustan age. Their palaces in the city, and their villas on those spots that were once the favourite seats of the ancient patricians, shine in the splendour of art. They have libraries, collections of gems, and gardens of statues, which are always open to the curiosity of the studious. In Rome there are various schools, principally of monastic foundation, wherein an

ingenuous youth may prepare himself for the church or the law. There is, however, nothing so peculiar in these institutions, as to require from me a distinct notice of them. The Vatican Library, and the University, must be excepted from this remark.

THE VATICAN LIBRARY.

There has been in all ages a library attached to the papacy. Its size and consequence many centuries ago, I cannot find mentioned in any ecclesiastical writer. It moved with the popes to Avignon, and afterwards returned to Rome. It always maintained a respectable superiority over the other libraries of the holy city. Pope Nicholas V. materially enlarged it, for he employed his nuncios in countries where the Roman See was paramount, and even in Greece, not so much to extend the authority and add to the pecuniary wealth, as to increase the intellectual power and the literary riches, of Rome. His immediate successors were not men of learning, and therefore the library was disregarded. The glory of pursuing the idea of Nicholas was reserved for Sixtus IV., who collected books from all quarters; appointed Bartolomeo Platina, a man of sound learning, their keeper;

built the Vatican Library for their reception; and opened the treasures to the free access of the public. Before this time, the pontifical manuscripts had been kept in the palace of the Lateran. The papal collection, thenceforth called the Library of the Vatican, became famous as the most splendid and valuable literary institution in Italy. The successors of Sixtus IV., particularly Julius II. and Leo X., annually appropriated large sums for the purchase of manuscripts and printed books. The Vatican is the mirror of public taste. In former ages, works on law and theology were its distinctions; but, when Greek and Roman lore was studied with a scientific rage, choice fragments of classical authors were collected from various and remote quarters, and Rome became once more the depository of ancient learning. The Library was stationary in the time of Hadrian; but, in the sack of Rome, during the pontificate of Clement VII., many of the books were burnt and destroyed by the barbarian invaders. The glories of the Vatican revived when Paul III. was made Pope.

The charge of the books and the direction of the copying of manuscripts is divided between an officer called Custode, or keeper, and the Biblioticario, or librarian. Among the keepers

of the Vatican in my time, I recollect none whose history is interesting to literature. They were all men of respectable classical attainments, and well skilled in the titles of books. But of the librarians, many were men of talents, as well as of philological and bibliographical learning.

ACCIAJUOLI.

Filippo Beroaldo has been already mentioned by me. Zenobio Acciajuoli possessed all the accomplishments that were necessary for the Vatican. He was a Florentine by birth, and his family had always been lettered. Educated partly under the auspices and by the encouragement of Lorenzo de' Medici and Angelo Poliziano, the libraries of Florence were open to him, and he soon was noted for the skill with which he determined the age and value of Greek and Hebrew manuscripts. Leo inherited the friendships of his father, and always applying abilities to their proper objects, he appointed Zenobio librarian of the Vatican in the year 1518, upon the death of Beroaldo. But not many months afterwards Zenobio died. He has several claims to literary remembrance. He edited the work of Eusebius against Hierocles,

and made a Latin translation of it. It was printed by Aldo in 1502. Some other respectable proofs of his learning made their appearance. But he is better known for some very elegant poetry, a beautiful Latin translation of Musurus' Greek verses to the first edition of Plato, and for collecting and publishing the Greek epigrams of Poliziano, agreeably to the desire of the author.

ALEANDRO.

Pope Leo appointed a man of letters, named Girolamo Aleandro, to be successor of Zenobio Acciajuoli; and the Vatican was then directed by a man who was so great a scholar, that, at the age of twenty, he had lectured at Venice on the Tusculan Questions of Cicero, and to whom, as the most learned person of the age, Aldo the Elder had dedicated his editions of the Iliad and Odyssey. Before his appointment in the Vatican, he had lived for some years in France and the Netherlands; had lectured on Greek at Paris, Blois, Orleans, and Liege; and it was upon his going to Rome, in order to press the suit of the Bishop of Liege for a Cardinal's hat, that Leo marked his abilities, and took him into

his service. But Leo employed his talents in the controversy with Luther, and he was thus lost to literature. His learning would have found proper occasions for display in the Vatican; but his temper was too haughty and violent to defend the church of Rome from the attacks of the Reformers. He was advanced by Clement VII. to the Archbishopric of Brundisium, and Pope Paul III. conferred upon him the honour of cardinal; but, at the same time, compelled him to resign the direction of the Vatican. The only considerable work to which the name of this librarian is attached is a Greek Lexicon, compiled in truth by his scholars, under his superintendence. It is partially useful; but its merits have been eclipsed by other works.

Agostino Steuco, bishop of Kisarno, in Candia, was the successor of Aleandro. His qualifications had been tried at Venice, as keeper of the noble library formed by the Cardinal Dominico Greniani, and his nephew, the Cardinal Marino; and which was removed from Rome to Venice in 1523. Steuco died in the year 1549. The supposed incompatibility of the offices of librarian and cardinal, did not continue long. Cernini Marcello, afterwards PopeMarcellus, was associated in power with other superintendents of the Vatican, during the pontificates of Paul III.

and Julius III. He maintained a large correspondence with the learned of foreign countries, on literary subjects; the papal funds were at the command of the Vatican, and therefore the library considerably increased in his time. When he was elected to the papacy, he resigned his office of librarian to the Cardinal Roberto de' Nobili; a very accomplished scholar, who died in the year 1559.

The Cardinal Antonio Caraffa was the librarian, when I returned to Rome, and walked once again in the chambers of the Vatican, reflecting on the literary history of the papacy, and speculating upon the effects, as they regarded the power of Rome, of the encouragement given to literature by the popes. The library no longer bore any signs that ruthless invaders had plundered it. The shelves were more numerous than ever, and well filled. I had seen many other national institutions, but the Vatican is the most ample and valuable of them all. (15)

THE UNIVERSITY OF ROME.

Antiquarians have dignified with this imposing name the principal school for grammar and rhetoric at Rome in the early part of the middle

ages. It is alike useless and vain to trace the history of the institution. We only know with certainty that it rose and fell with the political changes of Rome; for letters experienced the fate of empire. Professorships were founded, though we cannot mark the time of the creation of this distinctive feature of an university. Papal patronage was the grand support of all literary societies at Rome. No wonder, then, that the University sunk to its lowest point of depression, when the seat of the papacy was removed to Avignon. Pope Innocent VII., even in the midst of the storm which the great schism occasioned, anxiously desired to re-establish the University. His bull, dated in 1406, states that for many years the schools of Rome had been abandoned and deserted; and that, in order to restore them to their ancient splendour, he had nominated learned professors of all sciences, and even of the Greek language. But the endeavour of Innocent VII. was a fruitless one; and the glory of having re-established the University belongs, in truth, to Pope Eugenius IV. Several of his reverend successors were anxious patrons of education. I regret to mention that letters should find a friend in so flagitious a wretch as Pope Alexander VI. The present building of the University owes much of its beauty to him.

He added the porticos, and enlarged the halls. Leo X. did more; for he revised and improved the course of academical discipline, and filled the chairs with the most learned men of the time. The consequence was, that before the expiration of the first year of his pontificate, so great was the conflux of young men to the University, that all the other schools of Italy were comparatively deserted. (16)

THE ROMAN ACADEMY.

It would be ungrateful in me to leave the subject of literary Rome, without mentioning the Academy, wherein I spent so many pleasant and instructive hours. It was not an institution for the instruction of youth, but it bore a close resemblance to the literary associations of ancient times. Young men, however, were occasionally admitted to the meetings; and any one of Plato's nation was always sure of welcome in a society that took its name and form from his philosophy. The Roman Academy was established about the year 1460. The founder of so noble a society would deserve mention, even were he not on personal accounts interesting to letters. An illegitimate member of the illustrious Neapolitan family of

Sanseverino, was the scholar of Lorenzo Valla, and was afterwards his successor in many of his university distinctions. He was devoted to the study of antiquities; and often was he seen wrapt in admiration, or dissolved in tears, before some vestige of former magnificence. In other countries such enthusiasm would be ridiculed; in Italy it is respected. The meanest citizen is not destitute of Roman pride, and holds those tears as sacred with which veneration waters the fallen majesty of the republic. Giulio, for as yet the young Sanseverino had no other name, wrote an abridgement of the History of the Emperors, and several valuable treatises on the laws, the priesthood, and the antiquities of Rome. He collated the manuscripts, and published the first edition of Sallust. The world was also benefitted by the lights which he threw upon Quintilian, Virgil, Varro, Columella, Nonius Marcellus, and Pliny the younger. His own Latin style is commended by Erasmus for its unaffected elegance. Similarity of pursuits often drew together the classical students at Rome, who, in order more effectually to promote their common studies by mutual assistance, formed themselves into a society, which assumed the name of the Roman Academy. They conversed on the nature and idiom of the Greek

and Latin languages; and the philosophy, history, and poetry, of ancient times. The members were young, and from their enthusiastic love for antiquities, they renounced their baptismal and family names, and took titles from classical subjects; a custom very prevalent now, but which, on account of its vanity, has been frequently ridiculed by the judicious. (17) Giulio was the president of the Academy, and he chose for his designation, the words Pomponius Lætus. His house stood on the Quirinal. Platina, the librarian of the Vatican, had bequeathed it to him, with the laurel trees from whose branches he had made poetic crowns. The house was ornamented in every part with fragments of ancient sculpture and statuary. The Academy was well nigh ruined by Pope Paul II. That pontiff fancied that the young Academicians were conspirators and heretics. He cast into prison all those whom he could seize, and he endeavoured to extract from them, by the torture, confessions of crime; but they avowed nothing. At the time of this act of tyranny, Pomponius was at Venice. The pope caused him to be dragged thence in chains to Rome, and to suffer the torture like his associates. But the president did not disgrace the virtue which the Academicians had displayed.

The pope gave up the accusation of conspiracy; and, as if acquittal from one crime was proof of the existence of another, he charged them with heresy. But the champions of orthodoxy, who examined them, were compelled to declare that they were sound Catholics. More attached to pride than truth, the pope would not avow the injustice of his suspicions. He confined the objects of his prejudice for some months, and published a decree, in which, as if to show that folly is the end of passion, he ordered that every one should be accounted a heretic who should pronounce, whether seriously or in jest, the word Academy. Sixtus IV., his successor in the papacy, permitted Pomponius Lætus to resume his professorship, and to collect again the scattered academicians.

No man was more beloved by his associates than Pomponius Lætus. In the midst of an ebullition of popular fury his house was pillaged, his books and effects were stolen or destroyed, and he was compelled to fly. But when order was restored, his friends and scholars presented him with every literary and domestic assistance. He was simple in manners and austere in morals. His relations at Naples offered him the countenance of his family, if he would live among them.

But he sent them this brief reply: "Pomponius Lætus to his friends, greeting. What you require is impossible. Farewell." "Pomponius Lætus, cognatis et propinquis suis. Quod petitis fieri non potest. Valete." Valeriano is incorrect in saying that he died in an hospital. His funeral was attended by all the great and all the learned of Rome. The year of his death was 1498.

The Academy breathed again under Julius II.; but it never was so flourishing as in the pontificate of Leo X. All the men of letters at Rome were members of it. They used to assemble either in a garden on the banks of the Tiber, or in the house of some noble Mecænas. Their repasts had more of the character of Athenian elegance than Roman magnificence. Their conversation, like that of the symposia of old, was a discussion of some subject of deep or polite literature. Sometimes a poet would recite his verses, or an orator practise himself in the delivery of a speech intended for a public occasion. Friendly opinion was asked for, and the festive character of the meeting prevented the appearance of critical asperity. The grave semblance of wisdom was occasionally thrown off entirely, and the members amused themselves by discuss-

ing ludicrous topics with learning and ingenuity. Gorizio, a German merchant, resident at Rome, was a generous patron of the Academy. He entertained the members with that fulness of convivial hospitality which appertains to the domestic character of people who dwell in cold climates, where personal enjoyment cannot, as in Italy, be refined by the charms of beautiful scenery. The liberality of Gorizio was gratefully owned by the literary men of Rome. He built a chapel in the church of S. Agostino, and enriched it with the sculpture of Andrea Contucci del Monte Sansovino. More than an hundred and twenty Latin poets celebrated this circumstance, and laid their poetical offerings on the altar of the chapel.

On my return to Rome, in the pontificate of Pius IV., I found that, in the sack of the holy city in the year 1527, the University had been ruined; but that, in the pontificate of Paul IV., it had revived. The same political storm was still more fatal to the Academy. The academicians were dispersed, and they never again met in a similar form. The eminent poets of the city united themselves under the title of the Vine-dressers; and the members took their names from circumstances or subjects connected

with the vine. Men of polite literature associated themselves into an Academy of *Virtu*. There were other societies, but they had no interesting features, and I do not wish to weary my readers with a dry catalogue of names. (18)

CHAPTER II.

FINE ARTS AT ROME.

General Remarks on the Fine Arts at Rome. — Rafaello. — His early Studies. — Paints at Sienna, Florence, and Rome. — Patronised by Pope Julius II. — Rafaello's Frescoes in the Vatican, and his Frescoes for Agostino Chigi. — Pope Leo X. the Patron of Rafaello. — The Artist continues his Labours in the Vatican. — Paints for Agostino Chigi. — Portraits. — His Death. — Remarks on his Character. — The Respect in which he was held by his contemporary Artists. — His Mode of instructing his Pupils. — School of Rafaello. — Giulio Romano — Penni, or Il Fattore — Perino del Vaga — Caravaggio — and Giovanni Ricamatori. — Michelangiolo. — His early Studies. — Patronised by Lorenzo de' Medici. — His Works in Sculpture. — His Paintings. — Julius II. notices him. — Paints in the Cappella Sistina. — Neglected by Leo X. — Michelangiolo as a Military Engineer. — He continues his Frescoes in the Sistine Chapel. — His Paintings in the Pauline Chapel. — Michelangiolo as an Architect. — St. Peter's. — Remarks on the Professional Merits of Michelangiolo. — His Private Life. — Engraving. — Whether the Art arose in Germany or in Italy. — Celebrated Engravers. — Andrea Mantegna. — Parmigiano. — Raimondi. — Durer. — Lucas van Leyden. — History of Church Music. — Its State in Rome.

CHAPTER II.

FINE ARTS AT ROME.

THE modern state of the fine arts at Rome is one of the most interesting points of enquiry to the stranger, because the genius of the place revives in his mind the taste and splendour that adorned the military triumphs, and constituted the imperial magnificence, of the ancient world. In some subjects degeneracy is visible; but when he contemplates Rafaello's powers of grace and expression, he can scarcely conceive any higher excellence. In sculpture, though Michelangiolo has not perhaps equalled the ancients, though no one would make a journey to Rome for the sole purpose of beholding his statues of Christ or of Moses, as the conoscenti, according to Cicero, used to travel to Thespia in order to view the Cupid of Praxiteles, yet in his fresco

paintings in the Sistine chapel such sublimity of genius, and so perfect an ability of describing the nature and appearances of human passions, strike the spectator, that he raises the artist into a noble rivalry with all the poets and orators of antiquity. The Roman school of painting bears, as it may be supposed, the characters of the antique; but it is distinguished rather by the purity and taste of ancient times than by their overpowering grandeur, in consequence of the great influence on art which the polished pencil of Rafaello has possessed.

RAFAELLO.

Rafaello was born on the morning of Good Friday, in the year 1483, at Urbino, a city already famed as the birth-place of his relation Bramante, the celebrated architect of Lodovico Sforza at Milan, and of Pope Julius II. at Rome. Giovanni de' Santi, the father of Rafaello, was a professional painter of ordinary practical skill, and possessed sufficient taste and knowledge to guide for a while the genius which his son displayed, even in boyhood, for the arts. Having passed the bounds of his parent's science, the youth studied under Father Corradini, a

painter of some eminence, and then removed to Perugia, for the lessons of Pietro Perugino. (19) He quickly imbibed the principles of his last and most efficient master, and imitated his manner so well, that the name of the pupil was necessary on pictures, in order to prevent deception. Nice observers have distinguished, however, a taste and an elegant simplicity in those early productions of Rafaello's genius which did not belong to Perugino. (20) A high tribute of applause was soon paid to the early merit of the young artist. To Pinturicchio, once a pupil of Perugino, was assigned the task of adorning the ducal library at Sienna with a pictorial representation of the life of Pope Pius II. His own genius could not furnish the plan; his master, Perugino, had not the requisite richness or grandeur of mind; and Rafaello, then scarcely twenty years of age, was fixed upon by Pinturicchio as his guide. Conscious of his importance, and ambitious of fame, Rafaello not only made all the cartoons for the library, but executed much of the paintings themselves. These works completed, he repaired (A. D. 1504) to the higher theatre of Florence. It does not appear that at first he studied Lionardo da Vinci or Michelangiolo. He associated rather with Father Bartolomeo della Porta, who just at that

period had devoted himself to the pencil. From him Rafaello improved his mode of colouring, and in return he taught his friend perspective. The strength and correctness of design, and the elegant expression of Masaccio, however, attracted most of the regard of the kindred mind of Rafaello; whose style of painting for the next four years (his second manner) was strongly characterized by the style of Masaccio. Even at a subsequent period, when his own genius was daily pouring forth rich and beautiful creations, he did not disdain to copy into the chambers of the Vatican two celebrated figures of Masaccio, representing Adam and Eve, and into the cartoons (which were sent into Flanders to be executed in tapestry) three other imitations of the same painter, one of St. Paul preaching at Athens, the second a man folded in his mantle meditating on the words of the apostle, and the Proconsul Sergius in the cartoon of St. Paul and the sorcerer Elymas. (21)

From the year 1504 to 1508 Rafaello was alternately occupied at Urbino and Florence in the practice of his art. He then aspired to paint in fresco a public hall at Florence, but fortune combined with genius to exalt him; and Bramante, at that time architect of Pope Julius II., procured for his highly talented relation a com-

mission to paint the chambers of the Vatican. Public opinion had already applauded his abilities; and, when he took up his residence at Rome, he was regarded by the pope and the people as a man sent by heaven to restore the beauty of art to the eternal city. (22)

From this time, September, 1508, Rafaello's greatness commenced. His first works at Rome were in a hall of the Vatican, called the Camera di Signatura. He has represented on the roof theology, philosophy, poesy, and jurisprudence, each by an expressive emblem; and has more fully characterized those subjects underneath by large pictures surmounting a freize, which, with its caryatides, was painted by Polidoro Caravaggio, after Rafaello's designs. The first painting which Rafaello finished was that of theology, generally known under the name of the Dispute upon the Sacrament. In this picture there is more of the dryness of Perugino than the elegance of Masaccio; and Rafaello, not having yet risen above his age, has made a confession of poverty in his art, by describing the rays of glory round Jesus Christ and the saints by bands of gold. His performance improved as it advanced; for the right side, which he began first, is much inferior to the left. In this picture, as well as in many others, he has taken the poetical license

of bringing into one group persons of the same condition, though they lived in different ages. In the second fresco, representative of justice, the painter has seized the two most interesting periods in the history of the civil and the canon law, and shown Tribonian presenting the code to the Emperor Justinian, and Gregory IV. delivering the decretals to a member of the Consistory. But the dignity of the subject is injured by Rafaello's complaisance of painting Gregory in the features of Pope Julius II. To characterize poetry, the artist has represented Parnassus. Apollo (with the unpoetical and modern instrument of a viol in his hand) is seated in the midst of the muses, and of the most celebrated poets of all ages. The fourth picture is that of philosophy, or the famous school of Athens; justly regarded as the noblest display of picturesque, and even poetical composition. (23)

About the year 1511, Rafaello, at the request of Agostino Chigi, the Sienese merchant, painted the prophet Isaiah, in the church of St. Agostino; and at the desire of the same patron, he ornamented the Chigi chapel, in the church of La Madonna della Pace, with fresco paintings of those four Sibyls, who, many of the fathers of the church maintained, had predicted the coming of the Messiah. He then adorned the second hall

of the Vatican with a fresco painting of the monkish miracle of the Host dropping blood to satisfy the incredulity of a priest. Julius II. is present; his devout and unruffled countenance shows a mind so firm of belief as not to be surprised at any manifestation of divine power. This calmness, so suitable to the head of the Latin church, is well contrasted with the amazement and alarm of the women, children, and soldiers, who occupy the rest of the scene. Another painting of the highest merit, in the same hall, is Heliodorus, an officer of Seleucus Philopater, king of Syria, who, having entered the temple of Jerusalem, in order to pilfer it of its treasures destined to charitable ends, is thrown upon the ground by two angels, and a man on horseback. Nothing can be more beautiful than the expression of the high priest, Onias, raising his eyes and hands to Heaven; or more sublime than the frown of the minister of divine wrath that annihilates the vigour of Heliodorus. But Rafaello has weakened the interest of the painting, by introducing Julius II. carried in his pontifical chair. This pope, who boasted to have driven away the usurpers of the church patrimony, compelled the painter to introduce him in this manner into the picture. All these frescoes were performed in the pontificate, and under the

patronage of Pope Julius II., and with the Sibyls and Isaiah are perhaps the most splendid monuments of Rafaello's genius. (24)

Rafaello was as dear to Leo X. as he had been to his martial predecessor. He prepared twelve cartoons, or designs of subjects recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, for the tapestry weavers in Flanders; and though the papal chapel was in a few years ornamented with the rich productions of the Flemish loom, yet the divine originals of their beauties were never returned to Rome. Rafaello continued his fresco paintings in the Vatican, and finished the liberation from prison of St. Peter, and Attila's departure from Rome, in consequence of the expostulations of St. Leo, and the threatening aspect of St. Peter and St. Paul, who appear in the air to defend the sacred city. St. Leo has the countenance of Leo X.; and, with equal disregard of dramatic propriety, many others of the figures are portraits of Rafaello's contemporaries. In the second hall, the most remarkable fresco of Rafaello is the burning of a part of Rome, in the time of St. Leo. The Pope, by the sign of the cross, arrests the fury of the flames. The horror of the scene is appalling; but the finest group is that of a young man bearing his father on his shoulders. It is said that

he painted these two figures in order to convince those who admired Michelangiolo exclusively, that he, as well as that master, possessed a thorough knowledge of anatomy. The three other pictures in this hall represent the descent of the Saracens at Ostium, the coronation of Charlemagne, by Pope Leo III., and the same Pope justifying himself before the Emperor. Charlemagne is painted with the countenance of the French monarch, Francis I., and the Pope with that of Leo X. But as these three last pictures, executed chiefly by the pupils of Rafaello, have not the beauty of the former, they are not pointed out to the inquisitive stranger as forming a part of the most splendid ornaments of the Vatican. The ceiling of this hall had been painted by Perugino, and from affectionate regard to his old master, Rafaello would not suffer it to be effaced. Many paintings of other masters had been removed from the walls of the Vatican, to give place to the new frescoes. Pope Leo X. then wished that his favourite artist should paint the history of Constantine, in the grand hall which led to the chambers we have mentioned; but Rafaello died after having finished only two figures, Justice and Mercy; and the execution of the task was some years afterwards assigned to those who had been his pupils; and principally to Giulio Romano. (25)

The ceilings of other galleries of the Vatican were painted from the designs of Rafaello. The story of Cupid and Psyche was represented by him and his pupils, in the palace of Agostino Chigi, at Rome. This last painting possesses all Rafaello's beauties of elegance and character; but he who views it with a scholar's eye, will lament the artist's frequent deviation from the classic page. The fresco picture of Galatea surmounting the waves in a car, in the same mansion, entirely by the hand of Rafaello, is a noble and brilliant work.

At the command of Pope Leo X., Rafaello made various architectural designs. Florence and Rome, in their public and private buildings, possess many proofs of his talents in architecture. During all the time of his residence at Rome, many of his hours were passed in painting various subjects in oil, for such persons of his own and of foreign lands as wished to partake of his immortality, by being the subjects of his pencil. Some eminent connoisseurs think that Rafaello owes his reputation to the excellence of his frescoes in the Vatican; that in his easel works his hand appears cramped and confined; that in these performances he lost his facility and spirit, and even his correctness; and that, in short, he is not the same man in oil as in fresco. Much of

this opinion is founded on too exclusive an admiration for the imaginary grandeur of painting, and of referring all merit to the standard of this ideal excellence. Many of his oil paintings are noble proofs of the incorrectness of these sentiments; and I need only refer to the picture of Christ on Mount Thabor, as the acknowledged perfection of the art, and the greatest single effort of Rafaello's genius. This, also, (the Transfiguration, as it is called,) was his last performance. From early manhood his conduct had shown that the pleasures of the imagination too often lead to those of the senses; and, unhappily, the tone of morals in Italy does not correspond with evangelical purity. So that Rafaello painted, every folly was permitted him; and while he was delineating the history of Psyche for Agostino Chigi, his employer, in order to detain him, allowed his mistress to dwell in the palace. She was called La Fornarina, for her father was a baker. The epithet bella was generally attached to the name; but more from compliment to Rafaello than from the feeling which beauty inspires, for her features were not handsome, and when the usual vacancy of her countenance was betrayed into a transient expression of amatory passion, her animation, I thought, was calculated rather to offend the delicacy, than to fascinate the imagi-

nation, of a man of genius. The Cardinal Bibbiena, with real friendship, offered his niece to Rafaello in marriage; and the splendid gift no artist, eminent as he might be, could refuse. But inalienable attachment to old habits continually delayed the nuptials, and at last Rafaello fell ill of a fever, the consequence of weakness. His physicians, in ignorance of the cause of his sickness, ordered frequent bleedings; and his disease became mortal. Finding that his end was approaching, he made his will, and prepared to die in the manner which his religion prescribed. He provided for his mistress; he purchased the prayers of the church for his soul, and apportioned the remainder of the fortune which his talents had acquired, between his favourite pupils, Giulio Romano, Francesco Penni, and a relation at Urbino. Finally, on Good-Friday, 1520, the day corresponding to that of his birth, thirty-seven years before, Rafaello expired. There is a story in the world, that he died of a shameful and loathsome disease: but the facts were as I have stated them. The grief at Rome which his death occasioned was in proportion to the celebrity of his life; and no testimony of sorrow could be more affecting and simple, no orator could so well describe the irreparable loss which the arts had sustained, than the placing of the picture of the

Transfiguration over his mortal remains, in the chamber wherein he died. (26)

In propriety of design, elegance of fancy, and enchanting grace, Rafaello is the first painter in the world. In colouring he has not the freshness nor the vivacity of Tiziano, nor the breadth of light and shadow of Correggio. In the sublime, in philosophical abstraction of character, he was surpassed by Michelangiolo: but as the painter of the passions, he acknowledges no superior. No dramatic poet was ever more skilled than he was, in invention or adoption of subject, in choice of situation, or in natural delineation of emotions. He marked distinctions in form and feature, which the common eye observed not; and his fine and delicate pencil could trace every vibration of feeling, and every emotion of mind. From possessing this talent of observation, and this power of description, it is that his portraits are so excellent. But Rafaello yields to many painters in delineating female forms. His women have neither the beauty of feature, nor the magic of expression, which we look for from the pencil of so graceful a painter and so impassioned a character as Rafaello. There is apparently something invidious in the remark of Michelangiolo, that Rafaello had not his art from nature, but from long study. It is not correct to say that

his excellence was the effect of labour, not of genius. Nature had blessed him with a prompt and accurate taste, an intellectual faculty of perceiving and combining beauties, and a power of giving form and substance to the images of his mind. His industry, indeed, was as assiduous as his genius was elevated. He read the book of human nature with care; and therefore became so admirable a painter of the passions. He studied, also, the simplicity and grandeur of the antique, not only in the ruins of Rome, but in the copies which his friends made for him from the ancient remains in every part of Greece and Italy. He gained something of what was most valuable in the works of his illustrious contemporaries. He could not view the works of Lionardo da Vinci without improving the expressiveness and gracefulness of his style. He ennobled his mind by diligent contemplation of the works of Michelangiolo. Indeed, he liberally avowed that he thanked God he was born in the time of Bonarruoti.(27) Those works certainly inspired him with an increased boldness of design. But how has he imitated Michelangiolo? By rendering the manner of that great genius more beautiful and graceful; as every one knows who has compared the Sibyl of Bonarruoti with the Sibyl of Rafaello. He must contemplate the Isaiah of Rafaello, who

wishes to know what is wanting in the prophets of Michelangiolo. But Rafaello seldom painted figures perfectly naked, and therefore can seldom be justly compared with Michelangiolo, whose chief distinction, could I forget his sublimity, was, I should say, his accuracy and spirit in delineating the parts of the human form, and the correspondence and fitness of every one of those parts to the other.

During my first residence at Rome, I often saw the great Rafaello on public occasions walk from his house, near the rising edifice of St. Peter's, to the court of Leo, followed by forty or fifty artists; so generally was his superiority acknowledged. I also frequently met him in the Vatican. His celebrity made every stranger seek his acquaintance. His elegant figure and interesting physiognomy attracted attention; while the fulness of his conversation and the amenity of his manners fascinated the spectators of the divine creations of his pencil. I observed with pleasure his manner of communicating information to his pupils. It was neither the condescension of the pride of knowledge, nor the forced and brief precepts of the hired lecturer; but the ample and generous communications of a mind as liberal as it was enlightened. He not only willingly

quitted his own performances to retouch theirs, but he freely gave his pupils designs of his own composition; and hence it was, that, in my travels through Europe, I found so many of his sketches in the cabinets of the curious. The kindness of Rafaello's disposition diffused itself among his scholars. They copied his manners as well as his mind; and their honourable emulation, therefore, never degenerated into illiberality or envy. (28)

SCHOOL OF RAFAELLO.

GIULIO ROMANO. (29)

The most eminent of Rafaello's pupils, and a distinguished founder of the Roman school of painting, was Giulio Pippi, or Giulio Romano. He was mild, affable, and courteous; and these graces of manner, congenial with the deportment of Rafaello, attached the scholar to the master. He stood almost in a filial relation to Rafaello. He was his principal assistant in the frescoes of the Vatican; the companion of his studies; by union of minds and works, a partaker in his fame; and one of the heirs of his fortune. He had all the variety of talents that his master was possessed of; but as in every mind, however

highly gifted, there is a characteristic quality, and as in Rafaello that quality was grace, so in Giulio Romano majesty predominated. His style of design was grand and flowing, and his attitudes in particular were taken from the finest conceptions of dignity. His drawings are perhaps better than his paintings, for the poetic fire which animated him (and no painter was more a poet) often died away in the tedious operation of finishing his pictures. The more serious objections to his merit are inappropriate colouring, tremendous blackness of shade, and (strange faults, considering the characteristic of his style,) harshness and ungracefulness of manner, and vulgarity of physiognomy. I shall mention Giulio Romano again, when I come to describe Mantua. (30)

PENNI, OR IL FATTORE. (31)

EQUALLY dear to Rafaello as Giulio Romano, was Giovanni Francesco Penni, called, from his private office with his master, Il Fattore, or the Steward. He was the principal artist who executed the cartoons of the *Arazzi*, and he coloured, in the Loggie of the Vatican, the story of Abraham and Isaac. He displays much of Rafaello's

elegance of manner, but the excellence which distinguishes him from most artists of the Roman school is, his ability in depicting landscapes.

PERINO DEL VAGA. (32)

Perino del Vaga, a relation of Penni, worked much under the direction, or from the sketches, of Rafaello, in the Vatican. He was the first designer of the Florentine school after Michelangiolo; and, according to some opinions, the best of all Rafaello's pupils. It is certain that he had more of the universal ability of his master than any one, except perhaps Giulio Romano, and that the story of the New Testament, painted in the Loggie of the Vatican, met with at least as much praise as any parts of the frescoes that were not executed by Rafaello himself. His name is, however, principally interesting in the history of painting from the circumstance of his having been the founder of the Genoese school of the art. He went to Genoa as the principal architect and painter of the palace of the Doria family, near the gate of St. Thomas. The marble without was shaped and ornamented, the stucco within was painted in fresco, and various easel paintings in the halls and chambers were

executed by him or his assistants. Into every branch of the art he introduced the manner of Rafaello; and the Genoese paid the tribute of imitation to the majesty and elegance of the Roman style.

CARAVAGGIO. (33)

Of all the other pupils of Rafaello, the most eminent was Polidoro Caldara of Caravaggio, in the Milanese. He was at first a mere labourer in the Vatican; but his genius for painting was soon developed, and he became an assistant to Rafaello. With his friend, Maturino of Florence, he studied the antique with such care and ability, that in a few years there was not a vase, or statue, or architectural fragment in Rome, which he had not copied. From a constant study of the effects, he learned the principles of the ancients, and his works in the antique style were therefore originals, and not imitations. He was eminent for painting in chiaroscuro, façades, and friezes: his figures are animated and characteristic, their drapery singularly elegant and appropriate; and so high was his celebrity, that no modern painter was more complimented than himself by the number of students of his works. (34)

GIOVANNI RICAMATORI. (35)

Called, from his birth-place, in the Friuli, Giovanni da Udine, has claims to notice in the history of art, independently of his connection with Rafaello, to whose school he passed from that of Giorgione. While at Venice, his mind assimilated itself with that of Morto da Feltro, a painter who delighted to imitate those fanciful combinations of heterogeneous materials which formed the ornamental style of the Romans in their subterraneous chambers. This style, called grotesque, from *grotto*, the general Italian word for the places in which these paintings were discovered, was carried to a high point of excellence by Giovanni da Udine, for his mind was not only superior in imaginative power to that of Morto da Feltro, but he had the advantage of working upon stucco, a material which had only been recently discovered in the baths of Titus. Giovanni exercised his talents on the walls of the Vatican, and has imitated, with astonishing truth and spirit, birds, quadrupeds, flowers, and fruits. (36)

MICHELANGIOLO.

Of the renowned Michelangiolo Bonarruoti I cannot speak from much personal knowledge, for he was absent from Rome during most of Leo's pontificate; and now, at the conclusion of my travels, I have merely seen him occasionally amidst the new buildings of St. Peter's church; but his mind is so completely engrossed by his noble work, that he is not solicitous to entertain fresh friendships. He is more than eighty-five years of age, but his attitude is as upright, and his step appears as firm, as ever; advantages partly arising, perhaps, from the circumstance, that his person is not above the middle stature. His fine open forehead still gives an idea of the grandeur and amplitude of his mind, and his hazel-coloured eyes move with their usual rapid intelligence. His physiognomy is not, however, so interesting as an admirer of his genius must wish it to be; for the nose still bears the marks of the rude anger of the celebrated sculptor, Pietro Torrigiano, who, while Michelangiolo's fellow-student of the works of Masaccio at Florence, was stung by one of his sarcasms, and retaliated upon his face. (37)

Michelangiolo Bonarruoti is a descendant of the ancient family of the Counts of Canossa, and was born in the Castle of Caprese in Tuscany, in the month of March, 1474. (38) At the grammar-school in Florence he drew as much as he read; and similarity of inclinations attached him to Francesco Granacci, a young artist, whose master was Domenico Ghirlandaïo, at that time considered among the most ingenious men of Italy, and whose name is recorded with honour in the history of art, as being one of the earliest painters that gave any character of passion or mind to portraits. Domenico also had the merit of depending upon the power of colours to represent those parts of his subject which the art of the goldsmith or the embosser was generally called upon to describe. He received his name Ghirlandaïo from his favourite practice of adorning the heads of his women and children with garlands. The occupation of a painter was not at that time the surest road to fame or fortune; and therefore it was with the greatest regret that the father of Michelangiolo yielded to his son's inclinations, and articled him (at the age of fourteen) as an apprentice to Ghirlandaïo for three years. The youth was soon admitted a student of the statues and other remains of the antique, which, for the advance-

ment of modern sculpture, the classical taste of Lorenzo de' Medici had collected in a garden near the monastery of S. Marco. The noble friend of art, in regarding the effects of his patronage, admired the ability with which Michelangiolo imitated an ancient head of a Faun; but gently reminded him of the impropriety of putting a full set of teeth in the head of an old man. The young artist, immediately after the departure of his illustrious critic, made the jaw wear the appearance of a tooth having fallen out. Lorenzo, on returning, smiled at his docility; and Michelangiolo soon became a favourite companion of that distinguished rewarder of merit. At that time the student was fifteen years of age. This head of the Faun is still at Florence, and is shown to the curious in art.

The intercourse between Lorenzo and Bonarruoti continued until the death of the former in 1492. Michelangiolo remained with Piero, Lorenzo's successor in rank, but not the inheritor of his ability and taste, for two years, when political storms drove them both from Florence. The artist, during his residence with the Medici, devoted his mind to the study of sculpture; and one of his earliest performances, namely, a basso relievo of the battle of Hercules with the Centaurs, was regarded, not as the

work of a youth, but of an experienced master. He executed it at the recommendation of Poliziano; and many years afterwards, when he saw it again, he lamented that he had not confined his abilities to sculpture. After a year's abode at Bologna, he returned to Florence. For about three years he pursued uninterruptedly the profession of a sculptor; and it is remarkable that he who was afterwards the restorer of the epic dignity of art now represented the softness and repose of nature in figures of a sleeping Cupid and a St. John. (39) The sleeping Cupid, having remained a sufficient time in the ground to lose its freshness, was sold as an antique to the Cardinal San Giorgio. The deception was avowed; but the excellence of the performance raised the artist's reputation, and the cardinal invited him to Rome. He went thither, and remained in that city a year. The most excellent productions of his art at Rome were a Bacchus, and a Pietà, or a marble group of the Virgin and a dead Christ in her lap; and praises for the design, grace, and finished execution of this last subject, were loudly sounded. (40) There are several repetitions and copies of it in Rome and in other cities. Some strangers at Rome had attributed the work to their countryman, a Milanese; and Michelangiolo, therefore, in

order to prevent any other false appropriation of his labours, cut his name on a fillet which surrounds the waist of the Virgin.

The years 1501 and 1502 he passed at Florence, and gave decided proofs of his talents for the highest walks of the arts. He formed a David with a sling in his hand out of a single block of marble, which had been partly hewn into the shape of a giant by an artist many years before, and had been abandoned in despair. Lionardo da Vinci had declined to attempt the completion, for he thought that additional blocks were necessary for the formation of a group, and even of a figure. Four hundred ducats were paid to Michelangiolo for this work. His cartoon of a subject taken from the wars between Florence and Pisa, and prepared with a view to competition with a work of Lionardo da Vinci, is a miracle of art. He has chosen the moment when a party of Florentines bathing in the Arno are surprised by the enemy. The universal agitation, the hurry and anxiety for battle, and the nakedness of the figures, gave the artist occasion to display his facility and boldness of design, his judgment in choice of attitudes, and his thorough anatomical knowledge of the parts of the human form, severally, and in relation. In this cartoon, perhaps the figure of most strik-

ing excellence is that of an old man impatient for action, and eagerly drawing a stocking over a wet leg. (41) The cartoons of Da Vinci and Bonarruoti were prepared by the command of the Florentine government, and pictures were to be painted from them, as ornaments of the great saloon of the public palace at Florence. The intention was, however, abandoned.

One of the first actions of Pope Julius II. was the calling of Michelangiolo to Rome; and so extensive were His Holiness's projects of greatness, and so little was he checked by the common feelings of our nature, that the formation of the place of his mausoleum was the subject to which the talents of the artist were directed. The design was at length formed and approved of; but, on the representation of San Gallo, the great Florentine architect, that the old church of St. Peter's (the common burial-place of the popes) was neither large nor magnificent enough for so grand a monument, it was resolved that a new church should be built; and hence the origin of one of the greatest ornaments of Christendom. Michelangiolo then went to, and remained eight months at, Carrara, engaged in procuring proper marble for the monument. I have heard that, while he was at that place, the erection of a figure of superhuman size, to serve

as a sea-mark, was once in his thoughts. Though the colossal is not necessarily the sublime, yet a pharos seems a proper occasion for such a genius as that of Michelangiolo to expatiate upon. (42)

The subject of the mausoleum gradually faded from the mind of Julius; and it was only just before his death that he was imperative for its execution. It was, however, untouched during the pontificate of Leo X., for that pontiff was never solicitous for the display of Michelangiolo's talents. Several more years passed away without the performance of monumental honours to Julius, deeply to the vexation of the artist. The executors were narrow-minded and illiberal; the plans and agreements were thrice changed; and it was not till the pontificate of Paul III. that all obstacles were removed, and the work was finished and erected, not in the new cathedral, its original destination, but in the church of S. Pietro in Vincoli.

It had been originally intended that six statues, the work of Michelangiolo's hand, should ornament the monument; but Paul III. was anxious to engage the artist on other subjects (43); and therefore prevailed upon the friends of Julius that the number should be reduced to three. Of these the most celebrated one is the statue of Moses. In despite of the

inappropriateness of representing such a person in such a situation, and ridiculous in themselves as are the beard and horns of the figure, yet the awfulness of offended majesty which frowns on the countenance checks the spectator in his petty criticisms, and calls up all his associated ideas of the dignity and power of the Jewish lawgiver. (44)

It is interesting to recur to the pontificate of Julius II., for that was the true æra of Michelangiolo's greatness. In the course of that period he performed a work which will preserve his name for ages. Julius, from respect to his uncle, the late Pope Sixtus IV., conceived the wish of adorning with fresco paintings the ceilings of the Sistine chapel. I never could perfectly understand the reason that prompted him to engage an artist in a description of work in which he possessed no experience. Most probably it proceeded from that unbounded admiration which Julius entertained for him, and an unlimited confidence in his powers. The opinion, however, was common among the friends of Michelangiolo, that Julius was incited to the measure by Bramante, who, on his own and his relation's account, envied the talents of Michelangiolo, and the favour of that artist with the Pope; and, therefore, wished to engage him

in a style of composition in which it was likely he would be inferior to Rafaello. Michelangiolo alleged his inexperience in colouring (45); but Julius was unaccustomed to be defeated by common obstacles, and the artist yielded. He prepared cartoons of the grand subjects of theocracy or the empire of religion, the origin of the human race, and its progress in society. He then sent to Florence, for the aid of some of the most celebrated fresco painters. They began to execute his designs, but in a manner so unsatisfactory to the artist, that he erased all their work; and though acquainted only with the principles, not the mechanism of the subject, he boldly undertook the painting itself. The Pope was most unreasonably impatient for the completion; and towards the close, when the artist paused a while, His Holiness threatened to cast him from the scaffold. In the space of twenty months, however, a work, whose extent and degree of perfection might alone have occupied a whole life of labour, was completed. Michelangiolo's pecuniary recompence was three thousand crowns. (46)

If a Pope who could say that his statue ought to have a sword in its hand, and not a book, because he was no scholar; if so ambitious and martial a pontiff as Julius II. could admire a master of the elegant arts, what happy days

seemed in prospect for Michelangiolo, when Leo X. ascended the papal throne. But that Pope bestowed no patronage on the wonder of the age. Instead of permitting him to finish the mausoleum of Julius, he commanded him to design the façade of the church of St. Lorenzo, at Florence; and afterwards sent him to Carrara for the marble necessary for the work. The Pope then heard that the lofty regions of Pietrasanta, in the Florentine dominions, were rich in marble. In defiance of all remonstrances, Michelangiolo was compelled to go thither by Leo. Several years were consumed by the greatest sculptor and painter of the world, in superintending the excavation of a few columns, and transporting them over a marshy country to the sea. I never heard that in this long space of time leisure was allowed him to execute any works for private individuals. (47)

The successor of Leo was both a foreigner and a reformer; and upon those accounts was detested by the proud and luxurious Italians. They had passed over with indifference Leo's neglect of Michelangiolo, yet Hadrian's neglect of him was made a matter of offence: such are the opposite judgments which are formed of the same actions, when seen through the different mediums of splendour and of simplicity. In the short pontificate of

the foe to that magnificence which has deeply injured the great power of the popedom, the only records in the history of art respecting Michelangiolo are, that, by the command of Cardinal Giuliano de'Medici, he evinced his talents as an architect, in building a library and sacristy to the church of St. Lorenzo at Florence. In the new sacristy, also, he erected about this time monuments to the memory of the Dukes Giuliano and Lorenzo de'Medici. A statue of the Madonna with an infant Jesus, by Michelangiolo, likewise ornaments the sacristy. On the death of Hadrian, the Cardinal Giuliano became supreme pontiff under the title of Clement VII. Florence attempted to emerge from the preponderating influence of the Medicean family; and in the war which ensued, Bonarruoti fortified the capital of Tuscany; and such was the strength of his bulwarks, and so judiciously chosen were his outposts, that the siege lasted for several months. So high was his reputation as a politician and a military engineer, that when, in the course of the siege, he left the city in disgust at the treachery of some of the leaders, much solicitation was used (and at length successfully) to cause his return. On the surrender of Florence, Michelangiolo sought concealment, either in the house of a friend, or in the tower of a church; but

when the Pope offered him security on condition of his returning to his labours in St. Lorenzo, he quitted his place of secrecy. The pontificate of Clement VII. is generally marked as the time when Michelangiolo formed his celebrated statue of Christ, intended for an altar-piece in the church of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva.

The splendour of the Sistine chapel, arising from its painted ceiling and arches, gave birth to the desire in the mind of Clement VII. that his pontificate should be celebrated by similar honour to that of Julius II.; and accordingly he wished that Bonarruoti would represent on the sides of that chapel the fall of the angels, and the last judgment. The cartoon of the former only was completed when the Pope died; but Paul III., already alluded to as an admirer of Michelangiolo, in a visit which he paid to him in person, attended by ten cardinals, prevailed on him to cover the enormous façade over the altar of the chapel with a fresco painting of the day of judgment. Not more than seven years were occupied in this composition; and the chapel was opened to the admiration of the world on Christmas day, in the year 1541, Paul III. being supreme pontiff. A yearly pension for life of twelve hundred golden crowns, granted by Clement VII. and confirmed by Paul, III., was

the artist's reward. Michelangiolo's last works in fresco were in the Pauline chapel. He chose for his subjects the conversion of St. Paul and the crucifixion of St. Peter. But in these performances he fell far short of the excellence which he had displayed in the Sistine chapel. He was more than seventy years of age, however, when he finished these concluding efforts. (48)

Bonarruoti, in the reign of Pope Paul III. and several succeeding pontiffs, was distinguished as an architect as well as a sculptor and painter. Various public buildings at Rome were raised under his care, or from his designs. He changed the Thermæ of Dioclesian into a Christian church. But I cannot mention a finer proof of his architectural taste and science than the cornice that ornaments the Farnese palace. According to general opinion, it is only inferior to the cornice on the Strozzi palace at Florence, copied by the architect Cronaca from the antique. But the greatest subject which Michelangiolo was engaged upon was the building of St. Peter's, a church which, as we have seen, arose in consequence of the intentions of Pope Julius II. respecting his own mausoleum. The pontiff entrusted the memorable enterprize to Bramante, who was eminent above most men of his time for his knowledge of Grecian architecture. The

old church had been erected by the architects of Constantine the Great upon the ruins of the Circus of Nero, in a valley formed by two hillocks of the Mount Vatican, and into which the waters of those hillocks descended. Bramante, with a precipitation fatal to the remaining beauties of ancient art, levelled with the ground a moiety of the old church, and upon its site commenced the new one. On the 18th of April, 1506, Julius II. placed the first stone. The work was pursued with such ardour during the contemporary lives of Julius and Bramante, that the result always served as the foundation for the plans of other artists, however inclined they might be to depart from the ideas of their predecessors. The four enormous pillars of the cupola were raised, each of them being one hundred and eighty feet in height, and two hundred and forty feet in circumference. The intermediate arches were also finished by Bramante, and the western branch of the cross was considerably advanced. After the death of the prelate and his architect, Pope Leo X. appointed Giuliano San Gallo, Father Giocondo, and the great Rafaello, to carry on the work. The last named artist was a valuable coadjutor, because his relation, Bramante, had not left any finished plan behind him, and Rafaello alone possessed a

minute acquaintance with his ideas. Bramante had, on his death bed, expressed a wish that Rafaello should be his successor. When the new architects investigated the subject, they found a vast disproportion between the intended cupola, and the pillars designed for its support. The cupola, meant to be of the dimensions of the Pantheon, and highly ornamented with columns, would have been an enormous and overwhelming mass. The pillars, indeed, already seemed to be inadequate to their object. The foundations of the church were now suspected to be insecure: and it was necessary that the labours of reparation should precede those of advancement. In the short remainder of the lives of San Gallo, Giocondo and Rafaello, nothing more was done than the strengthening of the foundations of the four pillars. New plans were formed by new architects, but not executed: and during the pontificates of Hadrian VI. and Clement VII. but little progress was made; for the former Pope wished to recruit the state finances, and the latter pontiff was chiefly occupied in war. In the time of Paul III. Antonio San Gallo, who for many years had been nominal architect in chief of St. Peter's, produced, after a twelvemonth's labour, a new model; which, on being offered to the criticism of connoisseurs, was

openly condemned by Michelangiolo for the vastness of its plan, the monstrous disproportions of its parts, the size and weight of the cupola, and the excessive number of its arcades and columns. The model was however formally adopted, but San Gallo died, (A. D. 1546,) without having the glory to execute it, or the mortification to see it altered by another. Paul III. then wished to confide the execution of the structure to the greatest genius of his age. Michelangiolo knew the enmity which he should encounter from the partisans of San Gallo, and at first declined the task. The Pope was imperative; yet the thunders of the Vatican did not shake the artist's mind. The religious principle however of promoting the glory of God influenced him to undertake the work. Consistently with this noble sentiment, he refused all pecuniary rewards, and has always worked without emolument on a Temple which hitherto has enriched its architects. He rejected the plan of San Gallo, and in a few days made a new one, both grand and beautiful. At the end of three years he had again strengthened the enormous pillars of the cupola, which always excited the first attention of architects, and had crowned the four arcades with a circular entablature. He has covered anew with stone such parts of the

building as were finished. He has built also the north and south branches of the cross.

The time of Michelangiolo's architectural labours has been the most vexatious part of his life; such parts of the Papal funds as had for their object the erection of the church have often been applied to other ends, and therefore his plans have proportionably suffered in their execution. He has vigorously opposed the subordinate artificers, and the furnishers of materials, who are bent only upon personal emolument, and his virtue has subjected him to every species of hostility. His letters to his friends testify too plainly his perpetual anxiety and mortifications. (49)

On the professional merits of Bonarruoti, I can offer no observations that are new or remarkable, for his genius is acknowleged and his characteristics are known. The world has many kings, but only one Michelangiolo, as Pietro Aretino, with more than his accustomed attention to truth, used to say. "Il mondo ha molti re, ed un solo Michelangiolo." The superiority of the artist does not appear in the works of the chisel, for fine as are the Moses at the sepulchre of Julius II., and the Christ in the church of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, the antique statues still remain the wonder of the art. The

mildness, tenderness, and repose in the Pietà, are what sculpture never excelled, and it is regarding this group more than his grander forms, that Michelangiolo can be mentioned with honor in company with the ancients. He has finished but few of the works in sculpture which he commenced, for in his own judgment he perpetually failed in expressing his ideas. The imperfect busts of Brutus, and of a female face are shown at Florence as proofs of his genius and modesty. I have seen also at Rome many other incomplete statues by him, particularly a fine group of the descent from the Cross. Nor could he overcome the severity of his own criticisms when he attempted to restore the arm of the Laocoon. His friends talk with pride and wonder of the amiable humility of his mind. He has lately been shown a drawing made by him while a scholar of Ghirlandaio, and his comment upon it was, that he knew his art better when he was a youth than he did then. "I still go to school to improve myself," was his remark to the Cardinal Farnese, who expressed surprise at seeing him, when more than eighty years of age, view with a student's eye the walls of the Coliseum. (50) The genius of Michelangiolo appears in much of the architecture of modern Rome. But it is in the paintings in the Sistine chapel that

his powers are most strikingly displayed. It is there that he shines as a master in the epic of painting, and stands forth as the Homer of his art. He has filled his world with people of a race superior to ours; not with mere exaggerations of the human form, but beings whose grandeur is more expressive than all individual peculiarities of character. He has touched every part of nature. I have found my mind expand into sublimity on contemplating the personification of the Supreme Being, in the centre of the Sistine chapel, and I thought there was more than mortal elegance and grace in the person of Eve turning herself in grateful adoration to the Author of her being. In colouring, Michelangiolo knows, but has seldom practised, the theory of chiaroscuro. A simple force and relief produce his distinguishing breadth of manner. He is often capricious and eccentric in his design, and ostentatious of his anatomical knowledge in execution, particularly in the last judgment; and, as Dante frequently appears more a lecturer than a poet, so Bonarruoti occasionally seems rather an anatomist than a painter. Perhaps the most indefensible point in Michelangiolo's style is his mixture of sacred and profane matters, the angels of the Apocalypse, with the ferryman of Acheron; Christ and Minos as

judges. Satire too was not thought inconsistent with the terrors of the last day, and the artist has represented in the person of Minos the master of the ceremonies of the Papal court, who had censured the nudities of some of the figures. (51)

The sublimity of idea which distinguishes Michelangiolo in his fresco paintings was nature's gift. He has cultivated it by a diligent study of the antique. Nor has he neglected any means of expanding and invigorating his fancy. Dante was his favourite author, and many of that poet's daring flights are painted on the walls of the Sistine chapel. (52) Michelangiolo covered the margin of his folio copy of Dante with drawings of the principal subjects. But the book is unfortunately lost. He displayed his admiration of his illustrious countryman, by offering to erect a sarcophagus in the church of Santa Maria Nuova, in Florence, if the remains of that poet could be brought thither from Ferrara. The offer was declined by Pope Leo X. But our zeal for the arts will be too violent, if we conclude that this refusal was dictated by contempt of Michelangiolo's genius. The Ravennese have always been proud of possessing the ashes of Dante ; and, powerful as were the Popes, they were in some cases obliged to defer to national opinions.

Though Michelangiolo is in general simple and affectionate, yet he is proud and irritable when the dignity of his art is insulted. Of this disposition, I have heard two favorite anecdotes ; yet I cannot say that the conclusion of the first story is correspondent to its commencement. In a moment of anger, at being refused admittance to Pope Julius II., on a subject of great importance to art, he left Rome for Florence, desiring his servants to sell his furniture to the Jews. To the Papal letters for his return, the offended artist replied, that, if he was unworthy yesterday of his Holiness' esteem, he was still unworthy. The Pope then demanded his person from the government of Florence, promised him pardon and favor in case of his return, and imputed his error to the usual caprice and irritability of literary men, with which dispositions Julius said he was well acquainted. Michelangiolo thought of quitting Italy altogether, and accepting some liberal offers from the Turkish Emperor, to build a bridge from Constantinople to Pera. The Gonfaloniere of Florence dreaded the dangers of a war with so high-spirited and martial a pontiff as Julius II., and at length persuaded Bonarruoti to go in the sacred character of ambasdor to the Pope, at Bologna. He went, and was introduced to his Holiness, who said to him with

more anger than kindness, in his tone of voice, "You expected we should come to you, not you to us," alluding to the fact, that Bologna was nearer to Florence than to Rome. Michelangiolo was humble in language and in manner; and inconsistent with the pride of character which he had hitherto sustained, he acknowledged his error in being too sensible of what he considered unmerited disgrace, and implored pardon. A courtier —bishop in attendance, who for once mistook the feeling in his master's mind, officiously entreated pardon for the artist on the ground of his ignorance of the world. But the Pope was indignant at him for reviling a man of genius, and dismissed him from his presence. His Holiness then blessed Michelangiolo, and took him into favor. (53)

Pope Julius III. was compelled by the rank and abilities of some enemies of the artist, to appoint a commission for the purpose of enquiring into the state of the church of St. Peter's. The subject of the chief complaint was the want of light, particularly in a recess designed for three chapels, and which was then illuminated only through three windows. The Pope stated the circumstance to Michelangiolo, and he replied, that he wished to hear the deputies. The Cardinal Marcellus said, pointing to himself and

his companions, " We are the deputies." Michelangiolo then observed, " Over those three windows I shall make three more." " You never told us that," observed the Cardinal. The artist indignantly rejoined, " I am not, nor will I ever be compelled to tell Your Eminence or any one else what I ought or what I intend to do. Your office is to furnish the necessary money for the building of the church, to drive away thieves, and to leave the care of the architecture to me." " Holy Father," said Michelangiolo, turning to the Pope, " where is my reward. If these vexations promote not my spiritual welfare, I lose my time and my labor." The Pope, who loved him, put his hands upon his shoulders, and replied, " Your reward is both now, and will be also in the world to come." (54)

The union of virtue and genius has never been more conspicuous in any individual than in Bonarruoti. His life has not been shaded by any immorality. He has talked of, and written poems on, love, more like a Platonist than an ordinary man, and his friends have never heard him utter a word that is inconsistent with perfect purity. He held in deepest admiration, Vittoria Colonna, Marchioness of Pescara, the most accomplished woman of her age. She frequently went from

Viterbo to Rome, in order to contemplate his works and to enjoy his society. He visited her in her last moments, and it was observed by his friends as a proof of the simplicity and elevation of his mind, that he often afterwards lamented, he had not on that occasion imprinted a kiss of respectful affection on her lips. (55) He has never been married, and he once answered a friend's lamentation that he had no family to whom he could leave his fortune, by saying, "My art is my wife and that is a sufficient subject of care and anxiety; and my works in the fine arts are the children that I shall leave behind me. The relations of Lorenzo Ghiberti have long since wasted the pecuniary results of his abilities and labor, but the bronze doors which he affixed to the church of San Giovanni at Florence deserve to be the gates of Paradise, and will give immortal reputation to his name." (56)

Michelangiolo has lived with patriarchal simplicity of manners: he is generous to his friends, kind in manner, except to the presumptuously ignorant, and of a beneficent and tender disposition. Being a skilful mechanic, he prepared his own scaffolding for his first great work in the Sistine chapel, and liberally gave the profits of the machinery to the poor carpenter who executed his orders. He made a donation of two

thousand crowns to his servant Urbino, to prevent the necessity of his seeking a new service in case of his master's death. But the attendant died first. Michelangiolo, though more than eighty years of age, consoled his last moments, and nothing can be more amiable than the manner in which he describes his loss. In a letter to a friend he says, that, he who had in life made life valuable to him, had in death taught him to die, not only without regret, but with desire of death. "He was a most faithful servant to me for twenty-six years, and when I hoped to find him the staff and repose of my old age, he is taken from me, and there remains only the hope of seeing him in Paradise. That he is gone thither, God has shown to me by the tranquillity of his death. The thoughts of death did not distress him so much as the idea of leaving me in this treacherous world with so many troubles about me." (57)

It was on a morning in the early part of February, 1563, that I recorded this amiable trait in the private history of Michelangiolo, and I was musing on the age and worldly state of the artist, when the public news reached me that the subject of my reflections was ill of a fever. I immediately went to his house, and I saw there the painter Daniello da Volterra, who confirmed the rumour, adding the circumstance, that, by the

desire of his friend, whose illness was regarded as alarming by himself, he had written to his nephew Lionardo Bonarruoti to hasten from Florence to Rome. Every succeeding inquiry at the house heightened my fears that Michelangiolo's presages of death would be verified, and one day, before his nephew could possibly have completed his journey, I learnt that the disorder had so suddenly and violently increased that the venerable artist, knowing the moment of his dissolution was at hand, had called his friends to his bed-side, and in three brief sentences had expressed his final will. He commended his soul into the hands of God, he consigned his body to the earth, and he gave his property to his relations, whom he exhorted in their passage through this life to remember the sufferings of Jesus Christ; and this religious injunction formed the last words that he was heard to utter. (58) On the 17th of February, Michelangiolo expired: had he lived but a fortnight longer, his existence would have extended through eighty-nine years. The temperance of his habits, rather than any peculiar strength of constitution, preserved him through this long career. Though often rich, considering his profession, yet he always lived like a poor man, thinking, as he says in one of

his poems, that as the life of man is short, so his necessities are few.

Che'l tempo è breve, e'l necessario poco.

On the third day after his death I went to the church of St. Apostoli, and witnessed his funeral. All Rome was crowded within the walls, and the grief that was marked in the countenances, or expressed in the manner of the spectators, testified the sentiment that the loss was irreparable. I need not describe the funeral solemnities, for they had nothing in them that was remarkable; but there was deep pathos in inclosing the body with a robe of green velvet, the distinction of Florentine citizenship. (59) The whole public and domestic life of the artist came at once before my mind, when I beheld the characteristic vesture of his country serving for his grave-clothes.

Notwithstanding these ceremonies in St. Apostoli, a foreign land was not destined to retain his relics. Lionardo Bonarruoti opened the tomb about a fortnight afterwards, and secretly conveyed the remains to Florence, where he deposited them in the family sepulchre in the church of Santa Croce—thus fulfilling the desire often expressed by Michelangiolo, that his bones should repose near those of his father. Public

gratitude, and veneration to the memory of a man who had reflected such honour upon Tuscany, yet remained to be expressed. The painters and sculptors of Florence were peculiarly zealous in desiring that his obsequies should be solemnized in a manner calculated to evince their sense of the obligations which his genius had conferred on the arts. On the 14th of July in the following year, by permission of the Grand Duke, high mass was celebrated in the church of St. Lorenzo. The Florentine academicians displayed various expressive emblems of painting and sculpture. After the prayers of the church had been offered to Heaven for the repose of Michelangiolo's soul, Benedetto Varchi, a friend of the deceased, mounted a tribunal, and delivered a funeral oration. All the ceremonies were extremely solemn and magnificent. The church of St. Lorenzo was chosen as the place of celebration, for in that church there were so many instances of Michelangiolo's abilities as a sculptor and an architect.(60)

Such were Rafaello and Michelangiolo, the painters — one of the graceful, the other of the sublime, of nature, of humanity in its selectest forms, or appearing in all the attributes of dignity and grandeur with which genius can invest it. They were not more indebted to artists than other artists have been, nor did they more diligently cultivate their powers. It was nature alone that raised them above their fellow men. If we compare their works with those of other painters, they seem to have had no precursors. If we join Lionardo da Vinci, Corregio, and Tiziano to Rafaello and Michelangiolo, it may be said that the imitative arts have been created anew in modern times; and as their works realize all those ideas of excellence which invention, chastened by judgment, has formed, we may add, that painting received its perfection as well as its birth in the same age. This is the last honour of Italy, the capital that crowns the column of Italian fame. The fourteenth and fifteenth centuries boast of the creation of Italian poetry and the revival of the ancient philosophy: the glory of the present age arises from having created and perfected the imitative arts.

In my accounts of Rafaello and Michelangiolo, I have comprised all my observations on the state

of painting and sculpture at Rome. I have preferred to speak of most of the great works of these artists as connected with their lives, rather than in association with the Vatican or other places, whose walls they ornament. If I had been an hasty traveller, I should have set down my remarks on art as the view of different objects elicited them; but I thought that the importance of Rafaello and Michelangiolo required distinct notices of their lives, and that I should be more perspicuous if I collected into one space all that related to them, and therein all that is interesting on modern art in Rome. There is only one subject which I have had no opportunity hitherto to treat of, and to that subject I proceed.

ENGRAVING.

The art of taking impressions from engraved metal plates is peculiarly modern. Engraving may be called the handmaid of painting; and, inasmuch as it multiplies copies of the productions of genius, its value is not inferior to that of the art of printing. The mouldering touch of time may efface many beauties from the walls of the Vatican, but they may gain a new immor-

tality from the labours of the engraver. I used to hear warm disputations between the German and Italian virtuosi at Rome, concerning the country to which may be ascribed the honour of inventing the new art. The Germans affirmed that their nation was the original one. The art in question immediately followed that of printing, which was undoubtedly of transalpine birth. Even in printing cards of amusement, Germany antedated Italy. Originally the figures of those cards were marked with a pen, or painted with a brush; but the engraving of them on wood, and then taking the required impressions, were arts which were practised in Germany in the year 1376. In Italy, however, the original practice was not worn out even in the fifteenth century, as is apparent from a decree of Filippo Maria Visconti, Duke of Milan.

The art of multiplying copies of any impression was soon applied to more important ends than those of mere amusement. Figures of saints with short legends were printed, and many other books on subjects of the popular religion succeeded. The art was employed in order to furnish the poor with that knowledge which the paucity and expence of manuscripts kept from them. Almanacks likewise were made. The artificers took so little merit in their perform-

ances, that they seldom affixed their names to their works. In the progress of improvement, the use of metal types was the next and greatest step. It was seen that impressions of words could be taken from metal types; and the idea that impressions of figures could be taken soon followed. Thus block-printing was the original both of letter-press printing and of copper-plate printing. Particular facts supported this general historical statement. Many impressions from engraved coppers were dated before the time which the Italians set up as the æra of their discovery; and Martino Schoen, of Culmbach in Franconia, who died in 1486, practised the art before Finiguerra.

On the other hand, the Italians denied the priority of the Germans even in wood engraving. That art, they said, had been practised at Ravenna so early as the year 1285; and the only fair conclusion from the Milan decree was, that wood engraving had not altogether superseded the ancient practice. A decree of the Venetian Senate, in 1441, forbids all cards and pictures to be sold in Venice, unless they were engraved by Venetian artists. This decree is evidence of the general practice of the art in other cities. With respect to chalcography, without entering into the subject of the connec-

tion between the various branches of printing, the Italians contended that the mode of taking impressions from engraved copper-plates had nothing to do with the typographical art: that indeed it sprung from the art of *niello*, and not from that of common printing. The goldsmiths used to work the golden ornaments for churches, and the various ornaments of domestic luxury. They are engravers, medallists, and embossers, and, a circumstance more perhaps to the present purpose, workers in niello. The artist designs his ornaments with a point of steel on the silver utensil, and then engraves them with his burin. His niello is a composition of silver, lead, copper, sulphur, and borax, which being mixed over a fire becomes black and brittle. He lays the niello on the engraved plate, which is placed near a fire of green wood, and the flame driven on the niello dissolves it, and in that state the niello fills the engraving. To judge of the effect, or to preserve a memorial of his work, the artist was accustomed to take an impression on fine earth of his engravings in silver; on this impression he used to pour liquid sulphur, which, when it became cold and the earth was removed, and the cavities were filled with a mixture of soot and oil, exhibited an appearance similar to that of the silver, with its chiaroscuro of niello.

Besides these impressions taken from earthen moulds in sulphur, an artist once truly conjectured, that when the engraved work was filled with soot and oil he might take the impressions on damp paper, by pressing a smooth wooden roller over it. He did so, and the impressions thus produced looked like drawings made with a pen. Marco Finiguerra, a gold and silversmith of Florence, was the artist, according to the general opinion of the Italians, that made this last improvement in niello, an improvement which contained the great principle of chalcography. The year 1440, or perhaps a short time earlier, was the æra of the discovery. Proper ink soon was used, copper was preferred to soft metals, and ingenuity suggested various other improvements. Finiguerra's engravings are remarkable for correctness of drawing, elegant variety of attitudes, and general purity of style.

The Italians acknowleged that the art of printing had been brought from Germany to Italy, by Conrad Sweynheym, and his companions, but they denied that the art of engraving had been brought with it. The dates of prints and the names of engravers have been so often forged by inferior artists, to give celebrity to works which they sell for those of others, that no conclusions can be drawn from such ap-

peals to antiquity and authority. Finiguerra's art soon became known over all Italy, and without denying the possibility of the Germans deducing by legitimate reasoning the art of engraving from the art of printing, it may be said that Finiguerra's discovery could pass immediately from Italy to Germany, for the Italian universities were crowded with German students. So great indeed was the influx from the north at the close of the fifteenth century, that, for the convenience of strangers, dictionaries of the German language were printed at Venice, in the year 1475, and at Bologna in 1479. The decision of the question of priority may be facilitated by the following consideration. Typography was invented in Germany, and gradually perfected from wooden blocks to wooden separate characters, and then to metal types. The Italians, without passing through these degrees of imperfection, received the art from Germany, printed books, and ornamented them with engraved plates. But the German engravings show none of those steps in improvement which German typography exhibits.

It is interesting to observe, that many men of genius both in Italy and Germany have cultivated the art of chalcography. It has not been left to goldsmiths. Some of the first painters

of the day are among the best engravers. Andrea Mantagna, the master of Corregio in painting, threw much of the character of classical antiquity into his prints. Andrea had far greater powers of fancy than Antonio Polajuolo, a Florentine artist, who has, however, the merit of attending more than most artists to the anatomy of his forms.

The celebrated Parmigiano used the graver as well as the pencil. Though not the inventor of etching he was certainly the first artist that practised it in Italy. The grace of his heads and the elegance of his figures appear in his etchings, though in a less striking degree than in his paintings, for he was very deficient in the mechanism of his subject; we therefore may observe in his etchings a perpetual difficulty to express the beautiful forms which floated in his fancy.

Rafaello never handled the graver himself, but he frequently directed the labors of Marcantonio Raimondi; a man whom he valued so highly as to introduce his portrait in the picture of Heliodorus. This engraver originally practised all the branches of the goldsmith's trade at Bologna. He was a pupil in drawing of Francesco Maria Raibolini, generally called Francesco Francia, a Bolognese painter, who, it is said, died

of mortification on finding that the merit of Rafaello was superior to his own. Marcantonio never presumed at competitorship with the artist of the Vatican, and found full exercise for his intellectual powers in imbibing his precepts and contemplating his works. He made engravings of several of his finest paintings, and by the power of his graver has spread the celebrity of several sketches and drawings, that would otherwise have been kept from vulgar gaze in the cabinets of the curious. Raimondi is certainly the finest artist that has hitherto appeared. His drawing is correct, his heads are beautiful, and his figures are in elegant attitudes. The severity of statuary sometimes, indeed, is visible, but it must be observed that that severity is pure, and perfectly free from the Gothic barbarism of his predecessors. His style is as simple and unambitious as that of Rafaello, and will not please those connoisseurs who admire only meretricious ornaments. He was as modest in his mind as in his works, and he was not less liberal than humble. It was delightful to hear him talk of Albert Durer, who was almost the only artist that could contend with him for the palm. Raimondi told me with great pleasure, that in return for Durer's present of his picture and some engravings, Rafaello had sent not a mere compliment, but his portrait and some

designs. I did not learn the circumstance from the artist himself, but it is well known that Raimondi, while in his youth practising painting at Venice, met with some engravings on wood and copper by Albert Durer, which had been brought to Venice by the trading Flemings. Raimondi then copied many of the wood cuts of Durer's life of the Madonna, counterfeited Durer's mark, and sold them as the genuine works of the German.

ALBERT DURER.

I shall blend Raimondi's eulogiums on Durer, with my own opinions and a few historical facts. Durer was born at Nuremberg in the year 1471. His father was a goldsmith, and Albert, like Marcantonio, practised in his youth both the mechanical and the fine arts. Michael Wohlgemuth taught him the manner of engraving on wood and copper, and also etching. He wished to study under Martino Schoen, but that artist died, before it was convenient for Albert to become his pupil, and he therefore only studied his prints. Durer wrote treatises on anatomy, perspective, geometry, and civil and military architecture. He was a perfect

metaphysician in art. He was a painter and an engraver. He studied nature, and the drawing of his figures is, therefore, correct. He possessed considerable powers of invention, but had no judgment in selection or combination. Not having been educated in Tuscany, his mind was unfamiliarised to the contemplation of the antique. From deficiency of taste he was more solicitous for the accuracy of a trifling part than for the beauty of the general result; he could not discriminate between what was essential and what was subordinate. He resembled those writers whose anxiety is elegance of expression rather than propriety or vigour of thought, and who refine their language till no sentiments nor ideas are left. No artist excelled him in the command of the graver. His hand could execute all the images of his fancy. Regarding Durer and Raimondi in comparison, it may be said that the former possessed ingenuity and knowledge; the latter, taste and judgment. We reluctantly praise Durer, but Raimondi has the sympathy of every spectator.

I shall close my account of chalcography by saying, that the works of Lucas van Leyden are as great an honor to Germany, as those of Durer. They are admirable for composition, perspective, freedom, and grace. (61)

MUSIC.

Before I leave the subject of the fine arts, I ought to mention the past and present state of music in the holy city. I shall confine my observations, however, to church music, because it is only in the ecclesiastical application of the science that there is any thing remarkable at Rome. The general state of Italian music I had many opportunities of witnessing during my abode at Florence.

The earliest hymns of which we have any remains were composed in the fourth century. It is probable that they were taken from Pagan temple worship, for their versification bears no resemblance to Hebrew poetry, but is conformable to the laws of the Greek and Roman music. When Christianity became the religion of the Roman world, it does not appear that the theatrical music of the converted people was introduced into the church service, for the theatres, of which that music was the entertainment, were discountenanced by the pious. The excellence of church music was always carefully attended to by the fathers. Music was so closely connected with the feelings and passions of Orien-

tal nations, it formed so large a part of all those religions upon whose ruins Christianity arose, that the people, when they adopted the true religion, naturally expressed their devotions in song. The clergy found that music often drew the Gentiles to the church, and that when the sound of instruments had impressed with seriousness or exalted into enthusiasm the hearts of the strangers, the language of persuasion or terror seldom was disregarded. After some struggles the clergy adopted, also, the practice, originally Pagan, of street or processional singing. The heretical or dissenting clergy first used it, and the orthodox or clergy in power, finding that it affected the minds of the vulgar, were constrained to follow the example. At present it forms a great part of Roman Catholic worship.

In the opinion of most ecclesiastical writers, a regular choir and an appointed manner of singing the service were first known at Antioch. In that city, too, there is the earliest instance of an establishment of monks for the purpose of holding perpetual psalmody, in imitation of the perennial fires of antiquity. Ambrose, bishop of Milan, in the fourth century, borrowed his melodies from Antioch, and introduced them into his episcopal city, which thus was the first place in the West wherein psalms and hymns were

sung after the Oriental form. The service as performed in this manner was known by the name of the Ambrosian chant, and was soon practised over all Europe. Of the characteristics of this chant we are historically ignorant, for no fragments of it are remaining. Writers on the subject of music assert that it was of Grecian origin, and therefore constructed on the tetrachords, by which all the melody of the ancient Greeks was regulated. Gregory the Great, two hundred and thirty years after the time of Ambrose, reformed the chant.

The stream of sacred music did not long flow from Milan only. According to the general notions of ecclesiastical merit in the dark ages, to sing well was as necessary for a priest as to preach well, and Rome was the fountain of psalmody as well as of dogmatic theology. The clergy of every part of Europe used to travel to Rome for the purpose of receiving knowledge in spiritual music. The methods of teaching the theory and practice of music were dark, difficult, and tedious, and before notation, measure, and harmonical laws were settled, youth generally spent nine or ten years in the study of music, seemingly to very little purpose. The harp and psaltry were long the favorite instruments in churches; tabrets and cymbals were not used

by Christians, for they had been in vogue with the priests of Bacchus and Cybele. In the seventh century the first organ ever known in the West was set up at Rome. Pope Vitalian will always be remembered as the pontiff that made this grand improvement in church music. The instrument was blown by bellows and played with keys, and was much more serviceable than the hydraulion or water organ. Both instruments are of Grecian origin. The wind organ had been used in the churches of Constantinople so early as the days of Julian, the Apostate. The first one ever known in France, was presented by the Emperor Constantine Copronymus VI. to King Pepin. The superiority of the organ over every other instrument was soon acknowleged, and in the course of the tenth century every considerable church possessed one. Still, however, Italy was the most eminent country for sacred music. Francesco Cieco, a Florentine master of instruments in the fourteenth century, was crowned with laurel at Venice, like a poet laureat, for his performance on the organ. In the following age flourished Antonio, surnamed dagl'Organi, of whom, to borrow Landino's expression, it may be said, that, as many went from Cadiz to Rome to see Livy, so many good musicians came from the remotest parts of Europe to Italy, in order to hear Antonio.

The pontifical chapel is one of the noblest parts of the pope's establishment. It gives the law in choral music to all the other Christian churches. It is still a sort of academy, and is resorted to by young men from every state that owns the papal authority. Many persons are tempted to remain in the choir for life. Hence a stranger is astonished at the motley assemblage of singers in the chapel. The Netherlanders and Spaniards appear more numerous than any other people. The soprano or treble parts are generally sung by Spanish boys in falset. (62) Giovanni Antimuccia, a Florentine, has long been master of the chapel. His genius is much restrained by the rules of his musical predecessors. He has introduced, however, a new species of church music, which highly interests the Roman people. It is used in the chiesa nuova every Sunday evening. Hymns in parts are sung in the cathedral and antiphonal manner in alternate stanzas, and in dialogue with a solo part now and then for a fine voice and favorite singer. Antimuccia also preaches, and the whole performance goes under the name of Antimuccia's pious discourses, or *orations*. The idea of this sort of ecclesiastical service is taken from the old mysteries, which consisted of music and recitation. (63)

CHAPTER III.

NAPLES, PERUGIA, AND SIENA.

Journey from Rome to Naples. — Long continued civilization of the Neapolitans. — The School of Salernum. — Early Italian Poetry. — Neapolitan Literature. — Valla. — Panormita. — Pontano. — Rota. — Tansillo. — Costanzo. Alessandro d'Alessandro. — Sannazaro. — Vittoria Colonna. — Veronica Gambara. — State of Painting at Naples. — Visit to Vida, and return to Rome. — Journey to Perugia. — Pietro Perugino. — Journey to Siena. — State of the Fine Arts in that City.

CHAPTER III.

NAPLES, PERUGIA, AND SIENA.

I TRAVERSED with rapidity the melancholy waste of the Pontine marshes, where neither animal nor vegetable nature has for ages flourished, but which, according to Pliny, were once enriched with thirty-three cities ; and, if Livy be correct, furnished corn to Rome in a season of great scarcity. I crossed the swift Amasenus, the boundary of the Pontine marshes on the Neapolitan side. Classical associations were perpetually awakened, for I soon marked some ruins of temples and palaces on a mountainous spot, where I knew the splendid town of Anxur, a favorite summer resort of the Romans, must have stood. The houses of Terracina, the modern Anxur, are as white as the houses spoken of by Horace, whenever he alludes to the ancient place. The

road carried me over the Formian hills, and in the vicinity of Mola, the ancient Formia, I was shown some fragments of buildings which tradition reports are the ruins of Cicero's favorite villa, and of his mausoleum. I then crossed the silent Liris, and bade adieu to Latium. I wound through the passes of Mount Massicus, went over the celebrated Campagna Felice, hurried through Capua, and arrived at Naples. Some travellers view these scenes with enthusiasm, as once the abode of those ladies of different characters and pursuits, Circe and Camilla. The minds of others are full of the lettered ease, and glorious death of Cicero. Perhaps, however, the peculiarity of most of this beautiful region is, that it pre-eminently ministered to Roman luxury. Most of the celebrated wines of the Romans, were made in the country which I traversed.

> Cæcubum, et prælo domitam Caleno
> Tu bibes uvam. Mea nec Falernæ
> Temperant vites, neque Formiani
> Pocula colles.
>
> HORACE.

I might descant on the history of Naples with feelings of patriotic enthusiasm, for the city is of Grecian origin, and its environs have been sung by

Grecian poets. The only remains of that origin are to be found in the language, which contains more Greek words and inflections than any other dialect of the Italian. The epithet, *otiosa*, may in some respects be as applicable to Naples now as it was in the days of Horace, or indeed of Petrarca, who also applied it. The climate is still soft and seducing ; and nature is so rich in her spontaneous productions, that she requires but slight assistance from man. But there is matter for a literary stranger's observation at Naples, though it is not of so interesting a nature as what the state of letters in many other cities presents. The Neapolitan Academy can boast of well filled professorships of most branches of deep and polite learning. The number of scholars is great, and the tone of intellect is high. The causes of the present literary eminence of Naples are of long operation. The south of Italy was never sunk so low in barbarism as the north. The spirit of civilization was preserved by the commercial city of Amalfi. The Normans were more splendid and luxurious than any people of the tenth century ; and when they possessed themselves of Magna Græcia, the state of manners which they found there suffered no deterioration. Beneventum and Sicily were so often in the hands of the Saracens, that oriental literature and customs

insensibly blended themselves with the Italian mind. Arabic knowledge, whether original or translated from the Greek, was so much spread, that a college, the one at Salernum, arose. Hippocrates was in those days, the tenth century, in higher estimation than Aristotle, and the healing art was the object of study. Indeed, medicine forms a conspicuous feature in the scientific character of the Saracens, and the knowledge of the times, such as it was, was mostly Saracenic. In the eleventh century Constantine, who had been banished from Carthage, on account of his learning, which was called necromancy, spent his last days in the south of Italy. He had traversed most of the east, he had gathered much of the treasures of oriental letters, and, as if with a view to the Salernitan College, particularly works on medicine. He translated many of those works, and wrote upon the subject himself. The virtue of the Salernitan precepts was for many ages implicitly believed in by most of the western nations; and the founders of the colleges of medicine that gradually arose in Paris and other great cities, took the school of Salernum as the model of their institutions. The monks sometimes, however, relied more upon miracles than scientific knowledge. In the tenth century people flocked to Salernum for cures, for when

the relics of Saint Matthew were transported to that place, wonders were performed. Even in the twelfth century, Saint Bernard was invited thither to repair by miracles the ignorance of physicians. It is more interesting to observe, that three years study of logic was necessary for the taking of a title in medicine at Salernum. The candidate must also have studied medicine and surgery for five years ; and even after all this labour he was to practise for a year under the eyes of an experienced physician. There are not a few curious particulars relating to the Salernitan College : many of them were regulations of the Emperor Frederick II. As physic was considered a part of Christian charity, a medical practitioner was forbidden from taking fees from the poor. He was obliged to visit his patient twice a day, if the patient lived with the walls of the physican's town. The sick man might disturb his doctor once in the course of the night ; and all the three visits were to be compensated by a fee of twenty pence. Physicians were especially forbidden from keeping a shop, or of agreeing with an apothecary for the price of medicines. Druggists were obliged to have attestations of merit from the faculty, and to swear that they would prepare medicines after the Pharmacœpeia of the Salernitan school. The price of medicines

was also regulated. The apothecary and druggist of every town were under the inspection of men appointed by the Salernitan College. That college was high in name for four centuries; but it was finally quite eclipsed by those of Paris and Bologna. (64)

EARLY ITALIAN POETRY.

One great consequence of the introduction of Arabic letters and manners into the south of Europe was the high cultivation of poetry. The pomp and luxury of oriental courts were imitated, the grossness of pleasure was concealed under the mantle of intellectual taste, and the ornamented diction of the east became the vehicle of sentiment and passion. The mind, therefore, revelled amidst splendid images, and expressed itself in poetry. No wonder that Dante has called Sicily the cradle of Italian letters. Petrarca in the fourth part of his Trionfi d'Amore, and in stronger language in his Familiar Epistles, acknowledges the claims of the Sicilians to priority in poetry. In his Vita Nuova the former author speaks of no modern poets earlier than those of the twelfth century, who were all Sicilians or Italians. The Emperor and King Fre-

deric II., and his son Manfredi, and their no less celebrated chancellor, Pietro dalle Vigne, delighted in the society of the most ingenious men of the time. Every thing that was written first appeared at the Sicilian court, and was called Sicilian, whether composed in the dialect of the island or not. The Sicilians acquired the poetry of the Saracens and Greeks, and in the middle of the thirteenth century, when Charles of Anjou, King of Sicily and brother of the French monarch, married the daughter of Raymond Berenger Count of Provençe, the Troubadour poetry was engrafted on the Italian stock. The subject of the Sicilian poets was love. But it was a phantasy of the imagination more than a passion of the heart. There was exaggeration instead of simplicity, metaphysical refinement for sentiment and emotion. The peace and war of lovers, the movements and vicissitudes of the affections, were never sung ; and, instead of the transports, hopes, and recollections of passion, we meet with wild allegories, imaginary ecstasies, and logical disputes between the poet and the creature of his fancy, (for a real woman is never seen,) on the nature of love. It is interesting to observe that Dante, under the character of Buonaggiunta, a poet of Lucca, censures the early authors for writing from imagination rather than

feeling, and substituting vain ornaments of language for the simplicity and energy of nature. To Dante's observation, that he wrote only according to the dictates of passion, the Luccan bard replies : —

O frate, issa vegg'io, diss'egli, il nodo,
Che'l Notaio, e Guittone, e me ritenne
Di qua dal dolce stil nuovo, ch'i'odo.
Io veggio ben, come le vostre penne
Diretro al dittator sen vanno strette,
Che delle nostre certo non avvenne.
E qual più a gradire oltre si mette
Non ve de più dall'uno all'altro stilo.

DEL PURGATORIO. CANTO 24.*

Judging from similarity of poetical character, and from circumstances of social connexion, it may be said that the Provençal poetry is a faint copy of some features of the Arabic muse; and, as I have just remarked, the Troubadours were, in some measure, ancestors of the Sicilian bards.

* Brother! said he, the hind'rance which once held
The notary with Guittone and myself,
Short of that new and sweeter style I hear
Is now disclos'd. I see how ye your plumes
Stretch as th' inditer guides them, which no question
Ours did not. He that seeks a grace beyond
Sees not the distance parts one style from other.

CARY'S TRANSLATION.

To the common subjects of love, war, and devotion, the Provençals added the vices of the clergy, which formed one of their most favorite topics of reprehension and satire. The early Italian, as well as the Sicilian poets, only sung of love, and in no instance does their inferiority to the bards of Provençe so strongly appear, as in the circumstance that they display none of the satirical and encomiastic talents that so often relieve the mystic dulness, and animate the frigid absurdities of the Troubadours. Some of the forms of Troubadour verse were used by the early poets of Italy. Guido Cavalcanti, a Florentine, and friend of Dante, was the poet who first adopted the ballad from the Troubadours. The canzone, another form of Provençal verse, was used by all the early Italian poets, and was perfected by Guittone d'Arezzo, one of the best versifiers in the first age of letters, and whom Petrarca has often imitated. The sonnet seems to be originally and peculiarly Italian. It was first used in a rude form by Pietro dalle Vigne, and was completed by Guittone d'Arezzo. These Sicilian and Italian poets used the language of the court of Sicily, lingua cortigiana, which was one of those dialects that had arisen from a mixture of the Latin and the languages of the Lombard and other Gothic rulers of Italy. Some Italian writers, out of zeal

for the literary honor of their country, have contended that their language has existed for ages; that it was the language of common life at Rome, while the Latin was reserved for literary and political purposes. This opinion is totally destitute of proof. Equally untenable is the position that the Italian is the original Latin, corrupted only by national vulgarisms. But the origin of the Italian language, in the manner I have first stated, is the assertion of the best Italian scholars, who justify themselves by historical evidence and philological analysis.

The Latin and the new dialects struggled long for pre-eminence, but at the close of the twelfth century the classical language was so little known by the people, that sermons used to be preached in Latin as the idiom of the great, and then read in the ordinary or *vulgar* dialect, as the Italian tongue was called, for the edification of the lower classes. The first literary appearance of the popular idiom was in poetry. Dante speaks of the vernacular dialect as having existed only one hundred and fifty years, and of its being used by poets to please their mistresses, who were but imperfectly acquainted with Latin. Dante himself commenced his great poem in classical numbers, but soon re-wrote that part, and continued the work in Italian, in order that

it might be perused by all classes; and this popular dialect, whether we call it Tuscan or Italian, though despised by the learned, became the language of the literature of the nation, when it was made the depository of the majestic thoughts of Dante, and the plaintive musings of Petrarca. (65)

NEAPOLITAN LITERATURE.

The Monks of Cassino always enjoyed a high literary reputation. In the twelfth century, the Abbot Desiderius, afterwards Pope Victor III., gave as great an impulse to the studies pursued at the monastery, as Constantine Afer had in the preceding century given to those of Salernum. Copies of the Institutes and Novels of Justinian were at Cassino, and there only. The south of Italy was consequently famous for severe studies as well as the pleasures of the imagination. The Emperor Frederick II., encouraged this disposition to letters. He created the University of Naples, and reformed the school of Salernum. The former of these institutions was the acknowleged rival of the university of Bologna. For the benefit of the Salernitan College, the Emperor caused many medical works to be translated

from the Greek and Arabic into Latin or Italian. His court was the rendezvous of men of every class of literature. He established a poetical academy at Palermo, and his sons, who cultivated poetry, were members of it. The princes of the house of Anjou imitated the literary spirit of Frederick. When the power of the Turk became alarming, and afterwards, when Constantinople was taken, Naples, on account of the convenience of its situation, was a city in which many of my expatriated countrymen sought protection. The Arragonese King Alfonso V., is worthy of coeval mention with Pope Nicholas V., and Cosmo de' Medici. He was an elegant scholar, Cæsar was the subject of his studies in the camp, and in the few peaceable moments of his generally troublous reign he learnt the arts of war and policy from Livy. His literary patronage was noble and munificent. His secretaries and counsellors were men of letters. He well rewarded those who found an old manuscript; in the sack of a town its bookish treasures were his share, and when Cosmo de' Medici wanted to conciliate him, it was not by the concession of territory, but by the gift of a fine manuscript of Livy, that he gained the friendship of the Neapolitan sovereign. Bartolomeo Fazio, a learned Genoese, was the favorite of the king. Like Valla,

whom I shall presently mention he composed an elegant history of Ferdinando, father of Alfonso, and he was also the historian of the war between Venice and Genoa, in the year 1377. His lives of the principal men of his time are said to be full of candour and judgment.

VALLA.

Laurentius Valla, banished from Rome, his native city, for disputing the extent of the pontifical power, was protected by Alfonso. Valla opened a school at Naples for Greek and Latin eloquence. His abilities drew to him many disciples, but the freedom of his opinions created enemies. He attacked the supposed genuineness of the donation of Constantine, and the letter of Abogarus to Jesus Christ, and he came under the cognizance of the Inquisition for not thinking that each of the articles of the Creed had been composed separately by every one of the Apostles. He bitterly condemned the immorality of the clergy, and he was, in return, most illiberally charged by them with heretical opinions on points of the highest consequence. But the kindness of Alfonso sheltered him from the vengeance of the priests. He was recalled

to Rome by Pope Nicholas V., and resided generally in that city till the year 1457, when he died at the age of fifty-eight.

In Valla, as in most men of his time, learning had no mild influence on manners. He had none of the modesty of genius. He was always making a display of his talents and scholarship, and wished to be a witness of the admiration he desired to excite. He was an idolator of Quintilian; and George of Trebizond, a refugee Greek, secretary to Pope Nicholas V., was equally attached to Cicero. This difference of opinion gave rise to personal hatred. There was an idle dispute, which one word of explanation might have terminated, between Valla and the celebrated Poggio Bracciolini. The irascible Valla quarreled also with Fazio. In all these altercations, the invectives, the calumnies, and libels which each of the antagonists hurled at the other, gave some support to the malevolent suggestion of ignorance, that the only apparent use of learning is to add wings to bitterness of spirit. Poggio's share in these quarrels occupies a large part of the folio edition of his works, printed at Basle, in 1540. Valla's abilities extended to the knowledge of most branches of literature. His fame rests, I am told, on his history of Ferdinando, King of Arragon, father

of Alfonso, and his Elegantiæ Linguæ Latinæ, which contain grammatical rules, and philological reflections upon the art of writing Latin elegantly. He was not so consummate a Greek as a Latin scholar, for his translations of Homer, Thucydides and Herodotus, deserve but little praise. For his version of Homer, it has always been suspected by the learned, that Valla borrowed largely from the rare manuscript of the translation that Leontius Pilatus made at the request of Boccaccio.

PANORMITA.

Antonio Beccadelli, or rather Panormita, from Palermo, his birth place, was for some years attached to the court of Philippa Maria Visconti, Duke of Milan, and finally fixed himself with Alfonso. The king heaped kindnesses upon him, gave him a beautiful country house, inscribed his name among the Neapolitan nobility, entrusted him with different important employments, and sent him on various foreign embassies. After the death of Alfonso, Panormita was not less dear to his successor Ferdinando, and was even attached to him in the qualities of secretary and counsellor. Antonio Panormita

was the elegant historian of Alfonso's life. But he is chiefly worthy of notice, as the earliest poet of modern times who wrote Latin verses with Roman elegance. This praise is accorded to Naples by the universal voice of Italy. Panormita's poem, called Hermaphroditus, is so offensive to delicacy, that the council of Ferrara, in the year 1439, and many other authorities, burnt the volumes. Had Panormita been contented to express his religious opinions in the epitaph which he intended should be inscribed on his tomb, the custom of many nations would have sanctioned him; but he need not have called upon the Muses to lament his death.

Quærite Pierides alium qui ploret amores,
Quærite qui regum fortia facta canat.
Me pater ille ingens hominum sator atque redemptor,
Evocat et sedes donat adire pias.

PONTANO.

I MUST pass now to Pontano, the pupil of Panormita, a far more celebrated writer than his master. Pontano was a native of Cereto, in the diocese of Spoleto in Ombria. War drove him from his native seat, and he went to Naples. His uncommon abilities were noticed by Panor-

mita, who accomplished him in literature, and introduced him to a court which was proud of having a circle of literary men. He was attached to the kings of Naples during most of his life; he even accompanied them in their wars as a cavalier, as well as a secretary. He was more than once taken prisoner, but he was always released out of respect to literature. Upon one occasion he was the messenger of his sovereign to Pope Innocent VIII. The negotiations were nearly concluded, when a courtier endeavoured to dissuade his Holiness from signing the treaty, on account of the known political treachery of the king. "But it is with Pontano whom I treat," exclaimed the Pope, "truth and good faith will never abandon him; and he will never part from them." The prediction was not verified, for when Charles VIII. conquered Naples, Pontano had the weakness to praise the conqueror in a public discourse, at the expence of his royal benefactors. I never could learn what was his condition after the sudden retreat of the French. He died in 1503, aged, like Panormita, seventy-seven years. I dismiss, with a general encomium, Pontano's works on history and morals. His Latin poems, written in almost every species of verse, are of the highest merit. They are rich and elegant; his mind had the

grandeur of genius, and the gracefulness of taste. He can describe the lofty swellings of heroism, and the gentle movements of love. Learned readers delight to search Pontano for poetical beauties; but as the search requires the eye of taste, and as the poems are very diffuse, Pontano is not a favorite with the idle and superficial reader. The academy at Naples was founded by Panormita, but it owes its celebrity to Pontano. It is a familiar expression among the Neapolitans, that as many learned men came from Pontano's academy, as there were warriors that issued from the Trojan horse. The idea is taken from Cicero, and is well applied.

ROTA (66).

Naples boasts her poets in the vernacular idiom, as well as her Latin bards. Rota's lyric verses have much of the elegance and pathos of Petrarca, not unmixed with graces of his own, as the following sonnet witnesses:

Parte del suo natio povero tetto,
Da pure voglie accompagnato intorno,
Contadin rozzo, e giugne a bel soggiorno
Da chiari regi a gran diporto eletto.

Ivi ha tal maraviglia, e tal diletto,
Scorgendo di ricche opre il loco adorno,
Che gli occhi, e'l piè non move, e noia, e scorno
Prende del dianzi suo caro alberghetto.

Tal'avviene al pensier, se la bassezza
Del mendico mio stil lascia, e ne viene
Del vostro a contemplar l'alta ricchezza.
Casa, vera magion del primo bene
In cui per albergar Febo dispuzza
Lo ciel, non ebe Parnaso ed Ipprocrene.

TANSILLO (67).

We may censure Luigi di Tansillo for mistaking ingenious hyperboles, for the out-breaks of passionate feelings, but his sonnets display a rich vein of imagination, and a perfect mastery of poetical language. Petrarca himself never used selecter expressions, or more musical rhymes, in describing the beauty and repose of rural life, than Tansillo has poured forth in the sonnet of which a delightful fountain is the theme:

E freddo è il fonte, e chiare, e crespe ha l'onde:
E molli erbe verdeggian d'ogn' intorno:
E 'l platano co i rami, e'l salce, e l'orno
Scaccian Febo, che 'l crin talor ci asconde:

E l'aura appena le più lievi fronde
Scuote, sì dolce spira al bel soggiorno:
Ed è 'l rapido Sol sul mezzo giorno:
E versan fiamme le campagne bionde.

Fermate sovra l' umido smeraldo,
Vaghe Ninfe, i bei piè, ch' oltra ir non ponno;
Sì stanche, ed arse al corso, ed al Sol siete.
Darà ristoro alla stanchezza il sonno;
Verde ombra, ed aura refrigerio al caldo:
E le vive acque spegneran la sete.

I am not desirous to crowd my work with extracts from printed books, and I shall, therefore, only make a general reference to the sonnet beginning with the line "Orrida notte, che rinchiusa il negro." It is a fine contrast to the foregoing verses, and describes, in dark and solemn colours, the horrors of a stormy night. Tansillo has also written two poems of some length, one called Il Podere, or the Pleasures of a Country Life; the other, La Balia, or the Nurse, a poetical and affecting exhortation to married women to nurse their own children. These poems have hitherto been only circulated in manuscript among the friends of the author.

COSTANZO (68).

The Italians delight in praising the lyrics of Angelo da Costanzo. That writer sings in the well approved fashion of Italian lovers, that he cannot describe the face of his mistress, for the

splendour of her beauty dazzles his vision: all his joys, all his sorrows proceed from her; when he is happy, the gods may envy him; when she mocks his tears and sighs, he hopes that death will be more merciful than she is. Sentiments like these are expressed through a great many sonnets of Costanzo. For delicacy of phrase, and smoothness of verse, he is admirable. No Greek poet ever constructed an epigram with more correctnesss to the principles of art, than Costanzo has shown in forming his sonnets. Every one of them is a rich and imaginative expression of a single feeling or idea. I shall not extract any of his amatory poems, but one of his sonnets on Virgil will give a sufficient idea of his style and abilities.

Cigni felici! che le rive e l'acque
Del fortunato Mincio in guardia avete,
Deh, s'egli è ver, per Dio, mi rispondete,
Tra' vostri nidi il gran Virgilio nacque?
Dimmi, bella Sirena, ove a lei piacque
Trapassar l'ore sue tranquille e liete;
(Così sian l'ossa tue sempre quiete:)
È ver che'n grembo a te, morendo, giacque?
Qual maggior grazia aver dalla Fortuna
Potea? qual fin conforme al nascer tanto?
Qual sepolcro più simile alla cuna?
Ch'essendo nato tra 'l soave canto
Di bianchi cigni, al fin in veste bruna
Esser dalle Sirene in morte pianto.

Costanzo wooed also the inspirations of the graver historic muse. He is often called the father of Neapolitan history. The opinion of the Italians is, that the fulness and clearness of the narrative, the nobleness and grandeur of the style, and the deep wisdom of his sentiments, place his work almost on a level with those of Machiavelli and Guicciardini (69).

The rooms of the academy were the daily resort of the idle and and the studious of Naples. My Neapolitan friends pointed out to my attention their fellow-citizen

ALESSANDRO D'ALESSANDRO.

In his youth he had studied, and then practised the law, till, as he said, the ignorance and villainy of the judges made him disgusted with the profession; or, as his friends with at least equal truth affirmed, till his love of Belles Lettres would admit of no rival. His disgust of the law did not prevent him, however, from accepting the office of Prothonotary of Naples, and his passion for literature was not incompatible with the enjoyment of a rich abbey in commendam. He fixed his residence at Rome, during much of Leo's pontificate; his philosophical and historical

acquirements were highly applauded, and his work, called Dies Geniales, written in imitation of the Attic Nights of Aulus Gellius, is a magazine of fact and fable, just opinions and vague conjectures on the laws, religion, manners, and military politics of Greece and Rome. He must be a very penetrating and judicious reader indeed, who can extract any thing valuable from the disordered mass. The work, however, enjoys much of the favor of the Italians, and for that reason I do not regret that I have seen the author. His belief in supernatural appearances is the most remarkable feature of his character, and he has had the folly to record his opinions in four dissertations upon dreams, spectres, and houses infested by spirits (70).

But the man who attracted most of my attention was

GIACOMO SANNAZARO.

He dressed like a young cavalier, but his white hair and wrinkled forehead mocked his efforts at a youthful appearance. He endeavoured to unite the gracefulness of pleasure with the dignity of wisdom: but although he was an idolator of the ancients, he could not mix

Cato with Petronius. Seventy winters had not frozen his passions, and he frequently left his villa of Mergillina, near the town of Somma, on Vesuvius, not so much to enjoy literary society, as licentious pleasures. But he was generally elegant in his amours. His mistresses were famous both for their literature and their beauty. "Delle belle eruditissima, delle erudite bellissima," was his favorite for the time being. He was a Neapolitan by birth, and was patronized on account of his abilities and learning, by the princes of the house of Arragon. Pope Leo the Tenth, also, was his warm and steady friend, and Sannazaro returned this kindness by writing caustic epigrams on the frailties and infirmities of his patron. He was celebrated as a Latin and Italian poet. His elegies breathe the tenderness, and are expressed in the elegance of Tibullus: nor must I deny him praise for his piscatory eclogues. He was one of those who, in their love of classical literature, lost sight of decorum as well as taste. No Latin poem is so well known as his which bears the title, De partu Virginis. Before the mystery of the Incarnation, a truly Christian mind will bend in silent reverence. But metaphysical divines have, in all ages, divided the church by enquiries into subjects over which Heaven has thrown a veil. Poets now have chosen the same

theme. They do not write indeed with the polemical designs of their clerical predecessors, and, consequently, the world is not divided into factions by their verses. Their descriptions are sadly offensive to delicacy and good taste, and the mind does not improve in piety when its virtue is violated. Christianity and Mythology are regarded by Sannazaro as equally emanating from the same source of truth. Dryads and Nereids figure in his pages; the Virgin is the hope of the gods, and recites Sybilline verses. It is a poor compensation for these absurdities to say that the Latinity of the poem is correct and elegant. So great, however, is the fashion for classical literature, that Pope Clement VII., the father of the Western church, has patronized the poem of Sannazaro; and to rival the impropriety of the author, his Holiness gravely assures him, that fame is the image of the immortality offered to man by the Christian religion.

On Sannazaro's poems in his vernacular idiom much praise may be bestowed. He who delights in poetical thoughts expressed in harmonious numbers, will pass many an hour amidst his epigrams and elegies. Sannazaro's Arcadia is much admired by the lovers of pastoral poetry. It is in truth one of the most popular poems in Italian literature. Its elegant diction compensates, I

suppose, for its tediousness. (71) Of some of his smaller poems in his vernacular idiom, I can speak with unmingled pleasure. The canzone "Sperai gran tempo," wherein he breathes his aspirations after fame, I have often heard eulogized by the best Italian scholars. Of his sonnets I have selected one, though many press upon me on account of their elegance of idea and choiceness of expression :

Ripensando al soave onesto sguardo,
Al rider vago, al parlar dolce umíle,
Al divin portamento, a quel gentile
Spirto che 'l ciel mi fe veder si tardo;

Sento la piaga, ond' io gioisco ed ardo,
Versar foco sì dolce e sì sottile,
Che ogni altra vita, ogni piacer m' è vile,
È sol d'uscir di pena oggi mi guardo.

Ma quel che 'l mio desir più desta ognora,
E la man bella e bianca che da presso
Il marmo avvanza, e i gigli discolora.

Man ! che sola obbliar mi fai mi stesso,
Che fosti a preghi miei sì amica allora,
Perchè non ti poss' io veder piú spesso ?

VITTORIA COLONNA.

At Naples, as at every city in Italy, there are many women whose minds are not lost amidst

the frivolities of dissipation, or sunk into the indolence which a voluptuous climate produces. On no one, however, does the mind rest with so much interest as on Vittoria Colonna, daughter of Fabrizio Colonna, grand Constable of the kingdom of Naples, and of Anna di Montifeltro, daughter of Federigo, Duke of Urbino. Vittoria was born in the year 1490. Her family was equal in rank, and united in friendship to that of the Marquis of Pescara, and it was hoped that the honors of both houses would be supported by a marriage between her and Ferdinando d'Avalos, son of the Marquis. The gay colourings which adorn the characters of romance might be used here, for Ferdinando was in truth a model of chivalry, and Vittoria was a Corinna in literature. They were married in the year 1508. The wars in the north of Italy soon drew Ferdinando from the delights of literature and love. He was a distinguished cavalier in the contests between Francis I. and the Emperor Charles V. In the dreadful battle of Pavia, he received a mortal wound. Some princes of Italy wished to shake the principles of Ferdinando by the splendid offer of the crown of Naples. But Vittoria supported his mind, whether pain or ambition assailed its firmness. "Remember," as she wrote to him, "remember that virtue which

raises you above fortune and kings. It is not the greatness of estates or the sound of titles which constitute glory ; but honor is acquired by virtue alone, and honor is the only quality which a man should be anxious to transmit to posterity." The contest between principle and ambition did not endure long, for Ferdinando died of his wounds in the year 1526, a few months after the battle of Pavia. The charms of Vittoria's mind, as much as those of her person, made many of the first men in Italy contend for her regard. But nothing could shake her resolutions of fidelity to the memory of Ferdinando. Her thoughts were for some years divided between literature and religion, but indulgence of serious impressions gradually led to a melancholy cast of mind, and in 1541, six years before her death, Vittoria retired to a religious sisterhood. She was the correspondent and associate of all the celebrated men of her time. The purity and elevation of her mind formed the theme of every pen. Her poems are complete pictures of her life. They breathe the most perfect affection to her husband, the most submissive devotion to her God. There is great truth of feeling and fervor of fancy in her poems; her descriptions are vivid, and her illustrations just. Doubtless she studied Petrarca, for her mind naturally asso-

ciated itself with all that was graceful and tender. I would say, however, that the elegance of her poetical phraseology, and the melodious flow of her verse, proceeded from her own fine genius, an emanation of ethereal purity and truth, rather than from any borrowed source. Similarity does not always argue imitation : and Vittoria would have written elegant poems, whether Petrarca had preceded her or not. For seven years after his death, her husband was the only subject of her muse; and, as Ariosto said, if Alexander had lived in the time of Vittoria, he would have wished her to sing his exploits, and would not have envied Achilles, whose deeds were resounded by Homer. The Canzone "Spirto gentil! che sei nel terzo giro," is too long for insertion here; but I cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing the sonnet which she addressed to Bembo, in gentle censure of his not having celebrated by his pen the death of her husband.

Ahi, quanto fu al mio Sol contrario il Fato,
Che con l'alta virtù de i raggi suoi
Pria non v'accese, che mill' anni e poi
Voi sareste più chiara, ei più lodato.

Il nome suo col vostro stile ornato,
Che fa scorno agli antichi, invidia a noi,
A mal grado del tempo avreste voi
Dal secondo morir sempre guardato.

Potess' i' almen mandar nel vostro petto
L'ardor ch' io sento, o voi nel mio l'ingegno
Per far la rima a quel gran merto eguale!
Chè cosi temo il ciel non prenda a sdegno
Voi, perchè avete preso altro soggetto,
Me, ch'ardisco parlar d'un lume tale.

VERONICA GAMBARA.

From similarity of genius and fortune, I shall mention in this place Veronica Gambara. She was of a noble family of Brescia, and in the year 1509, she married Giberti X. Lord of Corregio. Nine years afterwards her husband died, and Veronica consecrated herself to perpetual widowhood. There was an ostentation in her grief which did not accord with the virtuous character of her mind. Not only her dress, her coach, her horses, all were black, but her apartment was hung with mourning. Over its doors she wrote the declaration of Dido, and did not dread that the example of the Tyrian queen would be more powerful than her professions.

Ille meos, primus qui me sibi junxit, amores
Abstulit: ille habeat secum servetque sepulchro.

The education of her children, the cultivation of benevolence, and the pursuits of literature

engaged her wholly. In the noble company assembled at Bologna for the coronation of the Emperor Charles V. she was eminent for the charms of her conversation, and the newly crowned monarch did not disdain to pay her frequent visits at Corregio. Though skilled in theology, philosophy, and the learned languages, the natural character of her sex gave the tone to her literary disposition, and she wrote only poetry. She was one of the numerous admirers of Petrarca, whose image Bembo had lately set up for general adoration. Bembo, indeed, directed her studies, and revised her works. During his life her husband was the subject of her verse, as well as of her affections. Her poems have much of the elegance, but none of the brilliancy of Petrarca. Veronica's thoughts are as noble and pure as those of her friend Vittoria Colonna, and like her she is often lost in questions of mystical theology. (72) As I have given a specimen of the poetry of Vittoria Colonna, I must transcribe one of the sonnets of Veronica Gambara.

Mentre da' vaghi e giovenil pensieri
Fui nudrita, or temendo, ora sperando,
Piangendo or trista, ed or lieta cantando,
Da desir combattuta or falsi or veri.

Con accenti sfogai pietosi e feri
I concetti del cor, che spesso amando,
Il suo male assai più che 'l ben cercando,
Consumava dogliosa i giorni interi.

Or che d'altre pensieri e d'altre voglie
Pasco la mente, alle già care rime
Ho posto, ed alto stil, silenzio eterno;

E s'allor vaneggiando a quelle prime
Sciocchezze intesi, ora il pensier mi toglie,
La colpa palesando, il duolo interno.

PAINTING.

Of the state of painting at Naples I have not much to relate. In no period of history has the art been entirely extinct in that city; for, as I have already said respecting the history of letters in Naples, the civilization which Greece introduced into southern Italy has never been effaced. Grecian vases and medals were always before the eyes of Neapolitan artists. I could not discover, however, in the palaces or churches any paintings anterior to the time of Cimabue. The earliest patrons of art were the two Charles's, sovereigns of Naples, of the house of Anjou. The eldest of these princes saw the works of Cimabue at Florence, and was, therefore, stimulated to encourage Tommaso de Stefani, a Nea-

politan painter. Still, however, imitation of foreign masters, and not original native genius, marked the artists of Naples. Giotto, the celebrated Florentine, was invited by King Robert to Naples, and he left in the city many memorials of his genius. Antonio Solario, or Zingaro, was an artist of great merit; he lived in the first half of the fifteenth century. The history, or perhaps the romance of his life, tells us that he directed his genius to painting, in order to obtain the hand of his mistress, whose father, Colantonio del Fiore, an artist, declared that he would bestow her only upon a painter. In ten years study in most of the Italian cities, Zingaro laid the foundations of his happiness and fame. His love was blessed, and he became an artist of celebrity. His most famous works are in the convent of St. Severino; they represent the life of San Benedetto; they are in fresco, and contain an incredible variety of figures and things. He left also many portraits; Madonnas too of some beauty; and several historical pictures in the churches of Naples. His genius was so much superior to that of his contemporaries that he became the founder of an extensive school. His composition is rich and ingenious, his countenances are full of expression, and his perspective is extremely good, considering the times he

lived in. I wish I was not obliged to say that his attitudes are not always graceful, and that his colouring is harsh.

The style of Rafaello is now the prevailing taste of the Neapolitans, for an Assumption in the Cathedral by Perugino, the precursor of Rafaello, was, I observed, the favorite picture of the old school. Rafaello's pupils and imitators are highly patronized by the Neapolitans, a people who, from uncommon fervor of imagination and elegance of idea, are extremely attached to art. The principles of Michelangiolo have added grandeur to the style of painting. Most of the barbarisms of the public buildings at Naples have lately given place to the magnificence of the Roman school, and when the admirers of Michelangiolo introduced his architectural manner, the applause which it excited created a corresponding elevation of idea in the other branches of art. (73)

VIDA.

I was obliged to return to Rome by land, for the weather forbad me from following the example of most travellers of returning by sea. But I varied from the usual route by going to

Frascati, in order to visit a man of genius. I speak of Marcus Hieronymus Vida. I saw him in the monastery of San Silvestro, of which he is the prior. He received me with the hospitality which became his religious character, and when I mentioned to him my former situation at Rome, the natural gentleness of his manners became warmed into friendly affection. He joined me in commending the liberality of Leo, and in mourning the loss which letters had sustained by his death. Leo had been his patron as well as mine. Vida's Latin poem on the game of chess, had attracted the notice of the pope, who had established him in the priory to pass some years in the duties of his sacred profession, and in the composition of a Latin poem on the life of Christ. I stayed some days at Frascati, enjoying the holy calm which the virtues of Vida breathed around, and then went to Rome. (74)

PERUGINO.

From Rome I took the road to Florence. I had frequently, in my collegiate life, visited the cascade at Terni, and I therefore made no important rest, until I arrived at Perugia. The

celebrated painter, Pietro Perugino, had just died. He was one of the best and latest of the old school, and united all the excellencies of Masaccio, Ghirlandaio, and others. I saw several of his paintings in the churches and houses of Perugia. The picture generally considered as his master-piece, is raised over the altar in the church of St. Peter. The subject is the ascension of Christ. The outline of Perugino is as crude and dry as that of most of his predecessors. If he had confined himself to the painting of St. Jerome, and other professors of mortification, his style would not have appeared faulty; but he compensates for his errors by the grace of his heads, particularly of young men and women, the elegance of attitudes and the delicacy of colours. His landscapes, too, had an amenity unknown to the other masters of the old school. His mind was not very inventive, for he was contented with the same disposition of figures, whether the subject were the ascension of Christ or of the Virgin. He was fond of boasting his exemption from the odious crime of plagiarism; no man borrowed, however, more from himself. He closed his days at Perugia, for he quitted Florence, being unable to endure the rising reputation of Michelangiolo. Praise was mea-

sured out unwillingly to Pietro, for he was hated at Perugia on account of the atheistical profligacy of his opinions, and the meanness and avarice of his conduct; and though he died at the protracted age of 78, yet it was not thought that the lamp of life had gradually wasted, but that his end had been hastened by grief for a pecuniary loss. He has the merit of having forced his way through great obstacles to some eminence in his profession, but perhaps posterity will chiefly notice him as one of the teachers of Rafaello. (75)

SIENA.

When I had viewed the pictures of Pietro Perugino, I recommenced my journey. An idle jealousy of strangers kept the gates of Cortona closed against me. It was some pleasure, however, to view even the walls of the ancient capital of Etruria. They are more than two thousand five hundred years old. There are some modern fortifications; but solidity and strength appear on the side of antiquity. I then advanced to Arezzo, and found, when I conversed with the people of the Casentine and Arno, that their only article of sale consists,

as in Dante's time, of hogs, and that they do not deserve to have his reproach removed from them, that they are as surly as their animals of traffic. There is nothing for a stranger to behold in Arezzo, except a cottage, wherein I was told Petrarca was born. I then went to Siena, through roads seldom passed by any people except the peasants, and often regretted that I did not, like most travellers, make Siena an excursion from Florence.

Every one enters Siena thinking of the epithet, vain, which Dante applies to it :

> ———— fu giammai
> Gente sì vana, come la sanese?
> Certo non la Francesca si d'assai.
>
> Dell Inferno. Canto 29.

The word palazzo being given to very mean habitations, made me justify the poet. The Sienese boast of their descent from Rome, and accordingly the she wolf, in stone, is to be met with in every corner of the city. Patricians as well as plebeians are merchants, for the former class wasted their estates, and were obliged to resort to trade. Siena, indeed, is the rival of Florence, in respect of commerce. There is an emulation of splendour too, as well as of trade, between the Florentine and the Sienese merchants,

and the fine arts have, therefore, found patrons at Siena. The Sienese are not so much celebrated for architecture as for painting. The cathedral is gothic and not of the purest sort, for it contains many marks of the Lombard style, such as the belfry not being incorporated with the pile, circular arches resting on double pillars, doors with double architraves, columns based upon lions tearing lambs, marble walls polished on both sides in alternate course of black and white, the front of the cathedral overcharged with ornaments on the outside, and plain within, and various other violations of propriety. (76) The pavement represents many stories of Scripture, and is a curious monument of ancient art. The effect of Mosaic is produced by the insertion of grey marble into white, and shaded by black mastic.

PAINTING AT SIENA.

Like most foreigners, I was delighted with the gay style of painting at Siena, a style so exactly correspondent with the fervid and vivacious nature of the people. The choice of colouring and the air of the faces have a reference to joyfulness. No where has the art

a more splendid appearance than at Siena, for the best pictures of the Sienese masters are openly exhibited in the churches; whereas at Rome and Florence, the altar pieces are not always of the first rate merit. No school of painting has more invention than that of Siena, for no people are more quick and animated: tasteful in description, elegant in ornament, and rich in allegory, every picture is a poem.

There is little that is interesting in the early history of Sienese painting. It is said that there were painters at Siena in the twelfth century, and perhaps in antecedent times, for in the thickest night of Gothic barbarism, some rays of ancient art shot across the gloom. Siena contends for the honor of being the oldest school of painting. A picture of Guido, a Sienese artist, in the church of St. Dominico, in Siena, is dated in the year 1221. The Florentine Cimabue, generally called the father of modern painters, was not born till 1240. Simon Memmi, of Siena, was a celebrated painter at the close of the thirteenth and in the first half of the fourteenth century: his elegant works wear the appearance of subsequent times. His name is interesting to the lovers of poetry, for he painted Petrarca and Laura, and was celebrated by the Italian amatory songster in two sonnets. A

long series of men of genius gradually improved the Sienese school. At the commencement of the present century, so excellent were the Sienese painters in design, coloring, and perspective, that if there had been at Siena a family like the Florentine Medici, it is impossible to say to what a height the art would not have arisen. The Sienese school has profited by the discoveries of other academies. Razzi, a genius in design, learnt chiaroscuro from Lionardo da Vinci. Meccherino or Dominico Beccafumi studied carefully the works of Michelangiolo and Rafaello, and introduced both grandeur and elegance into the Sienese school.

Baldassare Peruzzi, the last and greatest artist of my time at Siena, requires a distinct notice. He was born in the diocese of Volterra, in the Sienese state. Distress fettered his mind during all his life, for his modesty and timidity rendered him unfit to struggle with his mean and arrogant antagonists. After having acquired the principles of his art at Siena, he went to Rome, and painted various frescoes for Pope Alexander VI. and the great. He knew and admired Rafaello, and proofs of that admiration are sufficiently obvious, in the Sybil predicting to Augustus the birth of Christ, in the Fonte Giusta of Siena. There is, moreover, an air

of enthusiasm in this picture, which Rafaello himself, who has depicted the same subject, could not reach. Peruzzi was one of the best architects of his day, and would have been second to none in painting, if his colouring had been as beautiful as his design. Rome, Ferrara, and other cities, boast many instances of his abilities in architecture. I particularly admired his altar piece, in the principal church at Siena. He was one of the assistants of San Gallo in the buildings of St. Peter's. He reduced the plans of Bramante, and worked on the building, without reward, till the death of Leo X. In painting buildings or rooms he so well imitated the objects, that so good a judge as Tiziano could scarcely believe that a perspective of some stucco work was the effect of the pencil. It was no wonder that he was an admirable scene painter. He painted scenes for some plays that were acted before Leo X. I cannot learn that any one preceded him in this art. He invented the art, and made it perfect. (77)

I passed three days at Siena, and reached Florence on the tenth day after my departure from Rome.

CHAPTER IV.

FLORENCE.

General Remarks on Florence.— Its Literary Glories. — The Tuscan Triumvirate of the Fourteenth Century. — Sketch of the Life of Dante. — Considerations on his great Poem. — Its Plan. — Object of the Poem. — Stories of Francesca da Rimini, and Ugolino of Pisa. — Characteristical Feature of Dante's Mind. — Particular Passages of Striking Beauty. Moral Tendency of the Poem. — General Estimate of the Merits of the Divina Commedia. — Dante's Commentators. — Petrarca. — His Life. — The Nature of his Attachment to Laura considered. — Laura's Character. — Petrarca's Hypocrisy and Libertinism. — His Poetical Merits. — His Learned Acquisitions. — Boccaccio. — His Life and Writings.

CHAPTER IV.

FLORENCE.

FLORENCE detained me many months, but a stranger must pass a much longer time in the city of the Medici and in the garden of Tuscany, before his mind would sink into a state of indolence and satiety. No scenery can be richer than the storied vale of Arno, flourishing in the beauty of perpetual spring. The convents and villas, half hidden in the recesses, or standing prominent on the eminences of the neighbourhood of Florence, are studies for the painter. I have often traced, with my Boccaccio in my hand, the various landscapes that extend before the windows of the Franciscan convent which Cosmo de' Medici built on the top of Fesole, and have admired both the beauties of the scenery and their picturesque delineation in the pages of the

father of Italian prose. Nor did I fail to linger for many an hour in the villa at Fesole, where Lorenzo de' Medici, with his lettered friends Pico de Mirandola and Angelo Poliziano, passed his attic days. But when my mind was in a mood of more than ordinary seriousness, I used to fly from the splendours of Florence, from the *leggiadre maniere* and the *bellezze di donne et donzelle*, to the solitudes of Vallambrosa. Ariosto has celebrated the religion and hospitality of the Benedictine monks of the Vallambrosan abbey :

> ——— Vallambrosa
> Cosi fu nominata una badia,
> Ricca e bella, non men religiosa,
> E cortesa a chiunque vi venia.

Some sublimer bard must describe the solemn magnificence and the gloomy grandeur of its Apennine scenery. (78) But to pass from the natural into the intellectual world, the proper subject of my contemplations, nowhere did I find the delights of literature more numerous and rich than in Tuscany. Florence is now in the third century of its intellectual greatness. I cannot speak of Machiavelli and Guiccardini, the two most illustrious Florentines when I was in the city, without thinking of the men in

whose track they followed. I cannot regard the scholars of the fifteenth century, without enquiring whether they were the first great men of their country, and whether they shone with original or borrowed splendour. The mind then ascends to another age, and beholds with profoundest interest Dante, Petrarca, and Boccaccio. Before their time, indeed, a few faint glimmerings of light had shot across the darkness; but the literary glories of Florence and of Italy commence in reality with this triumvirate; and at the hazard of saying many things that may be found scattered in other works, I shall relate in this chapter the circumstances of their lives, and also attempt to appreciate their literary characters. The history of literature, as connected with the Medicean family, will form the subject of the next division.

DANTE.

Dante, or more properly Durante Alighieri, was born at Florence in the year 1265. His family was of distinction and wealth, and his education was, therefore, liberal. Brunetto Latini, a Florentine, and who is described as a master of all the science of the age, instructed him in the elementary branches of knowledge. Dante

cultivated the arts of music and design, and the same biographers who have mentioned these circumstances, add to their notices of his youthful accomplishments, the fact that his handwriting was remarkably elegant. He was in love, and wrote poetry in very early youth: his mistress died when she and Dante were both twenty five years old. His love was, we will hope, an affair of the imagination rather than of the heart, for Boccaccio asserts, in his commentary on the second canto of the Inferno, that the lady died the wife of a Florentine gentleman. Dante celebrated his early attachment in many a sonnet and canzone, and in a work which he called the Vita Nuova. That work is a mixture of prose and poetry. Some of his minor poems are full of common thoughts, expressed in common language. Others have all the *concetti* and metaphysical subtleties which I have already said characterized the early ages of Italian poetry. But sometimes there are indications of the grandeur of idea and vigour of style of the Divina Commedia; and occasionally a strain of ardent or melancholy fondness is breathed, which Petrarca might have envied. With a noble consciousness of superior powers, he tells his Beatrice that he will one day celebrate her in a way in which no woman had ever been distinguished.

"Sicchè, se piacere sarà di colui a cui tutte le cose vivono, che la mia vita peralquanti anni perseveri, spero di dire di lei quello che mai non fu detto d'alcuna."

He fancied that nature had copied the charms of his early mistress in the form of Gemma, a lady of the Donati family, a family of high honour at Florence. He married her in the year 1291, a twelvemonth after the death of Beatrice. The marriage was an abundant source of infelicity. His wife was a Xantippe, instead of being the personification of a poet's fancy. But she was a woman of spirit and talent ; and when her husband was banished from Florence, she wrung from the state a decree for her dowry (treating the banishment as a civil death,) and was thus enabled to sustain her family. Three of the sons of the marriage died young : the other two survived and became men of respectable abilities and attainments. It is interesting to observe that his only daughter was named Beatrice.

Dante had, in early youth, entered himself among the Minor or Franciscan friars, but he threw off the cowl before the close of his novitiate. He was a servant of the state. He both fought and negotiated for her, and when he was about thirty-five years old, he was elected one of the Priori, or chief governors of the city. This elec-

tion took place ten years after the battle of Campaldino, wherein he had been on the conquering side, and in which the Ghibellines were defeated. Dante was more a Guelf than a Ghibelline, because he preferred aristocratical to democratical rule. From his devotion to politics all his misfortunes arose. The embers of civil war were rekindled by the heads of two factions of Pistoia, who removed their dissensions to Florence. Superficial observers thought, that when either the Guelfs or the Ghibellins should become absolute masters of Florence, an end would be put to civil broils. The Guelfs were lords of the city during the priorship of Dante. The necessity of union and the spirit of party had held them together during their contests with the Ghibellins: but though that struggle had ceased, the pride and ambition which had given rise to it still mastered their minds. Their mischievous restlessness, and consequent love of contention, eagerly embraced the quarrel of the whites and the blacks, for such were the names of the disputants of Pistoia. The merits of the case made a schism among the Guelfs; the family of the Cerchi took part with the whites, and the equally illustrious family of the Donati were on the side of the blacks.

Florence became the theatre of great disor-

ders. At the suggestion of Dante, his fellow-priori took the wise and bold measure of banishing the chiefs of both parties. The whites soon returned, it is said, on account of the illness of the poet, Guido Cavalcanti, one of their members. Dante had no public concern with that return, for he had previously resigned his priorship. The government was so feeble, and the principles of justice had such little influence, that every person who mingled in politics was obliged to connect his mind and his fortunes with some of the parties of the state. Dante sided with the whites. The blacks not only intrigued with the pope, but even wished for the interference of foreigners to appease the state troubles, as they said; or, rather, to aid them in crushing the whites. Charles de Valois, brother of the French King Philip the Fair, became master of Florence. Dante was at that time at Rome, endeavouring to persuade Boniface VIII., the father of the Latin Christian world, to adopt the virtues of impartiality and benevolence. The Florentine populace, following the course of conquest, plundered and then destroyed the house of Dante. His enemies, the blacks, in the first stage of ferocity, passed a sentence of exile and confiscation against him and his moderate patrimony; and, by a second decree, condemned

him and his adherents to be burned alive. This proscription happened about the year 1302.

After some ineffectual efforts to recover his station in Florence, Dante submitted to his sentence of banishment. He became a Ghibelline, or Imperialist; and he did so on principle, because the pope, the head of the Guelfs, had deserted his friends, and had aided the blacks to overthrow the Florentine government. In a moment of strong reliance on the Imperialists, Dante wrote his treatise De Monarchia. It does not possess much literary ability. The author maintains the absurd position, that an universal monarchy is necessary for the world; but with more knowledge and talents, he denies the dependence of princes upon the pope, and bounds the power of the Holy See within ecclesiastical limits.

Dante quitted every thing that was most dear to him, and this dissolving of his domestic ties was the first arrow that was shot from the bow of exile.

> Tu lascerai ogni cosa diletta
> Più caramente; e questo è quello strale
> Che l'arco dell' esilio pria saetta.
>
> Del Paradiso. Canto 17.

Dante wandered over all Italy; his political connexions were numerous, and he, therefore,

sometimes found a place of refuge. But his manners, though mild, were not courtier-like. He was grave, cold, and reserved. In the most brilliant society his mind would wander into philosophical abstractions. When he spoke it was in sentences of oracular wisdom or of biting satire, except, indeed, to women, whom he always addressed with the gallantry of a poet.* One

* But in his great poem, women are not spared from the lash of satire.

Per lei assai di lieve si comprende
Quanto in femmina fuoco d'amor dura,
Se l'occhio, o 'l tatto spesso nol raccende.

DEL PURGATORIO. CANTO 8.

By her it easily may be perceiv'd
How long in woman lasts the flame of love,
If sight and touch do not relume it oft.

CARY'S TRANSLATION.

And, with still stronger censure,

——— onde buon zelo
Mi fe' riprender l'ardimento d'Eva:
Che là, dove ubbidia la terra e'l Cielo,
Femmina sola, e pur testè formata
Non sofferse di star sotto alcun velo.

DEL PURGATORIO. CANTO 29.

Then did I chide
With warrantable zeal the hardihood
Of our first parent, for that there, where earth
Stood in obedience to the heav'ns, she only,
Woman, the creature of an hour, endur'd not
Restraint of any veil.

of the Scaligeri, the lords of Verona, expressed surprise that he was more fond of the society of buffoons than that of Dante, whom the world reputed to be so great a genius. The poet, however, very unceremoniously accounted for the partiality, by remarking, that similitude of manners was the basis of friendship. Yet this asperity of temper did not always influence him, for he dedicated the third part of his poem to the man whom he had satirized. Dante met with sympathy and consolation in the society of some noble spirits; but, in general, the tedium of exile was embittered by all the miseries that could wound a lofty and delicate mind. He found how salt was the taste of another's bread, and how painful it was to climb and descend another's stairs. Still more galling was it to his lettered and elegant mind, to be compelled to witness the rudeness and ignorance of the vile and worthless company into which his poverty sometimes cast him.

Tu proverai si come sa di sale
Lo pane altrui, e com' è duro calle
Lo scendere e'l salir per l'altrui scale.
E quel, che più ti graverrà le spalle,
Sarà la compagnia malvagia e scempia,
Con la qual tu cadrai in questa valle.

Del Paradiso. Canto 17.

He sheltered himself from insult and misfortune under the armour of his integrity.

Sotto l'usbergo del sentirsi puro.

The hope that justice would one day triumph cheered many a solitary hour. As it contained the record of his opinions, he called his sacred poem the cause of all his years of poverty; but still he thought that it might one day conquer the cruelty that kept him from Florence. Then he would be rewarded with the love and admiration of his fellow-citizens, and, standing before his baptismal font, he would receive the laureate crown.

In sul fonte
Del mio battesmo prendero 'l cappello.

He not only often wrote to particular individuals of the government, but also to the people of Florence; and, among other letters, there is one which begins with the pathetic exclamation of the Psalmist, "Populi mi quid feci tibi." It appears that, in the year 1316, he might have returned to Florence, on paying a fine, and asking absolution for offence. But his soul disdained to sacrifice its honour. "Is it thus," he says in a letter to a friend, "is it thus, that the

Florentines would recompense innocence that all the world knows, and the toil of unremitted study? Far from the man who cries aloud for justice, be this compromise by his money with his persecutors. No, this is not the way that they shall lead me back to my country. But I will return with hasty steps, if a way can be opened to me, that will not derogate from the fame and honour of Dante. But if by no such way Florence can be entered, then Florence I will never enter. What! shall I not every where enjoy the sight of the sun and stars? and may I not seek and contemplate in every corner of the earth under the canopy of heaven, consoling and delightful truth, without first rendering myself inglorious, nay infamous, to the republic and people of Florence? Bread, I hope, will not fail me."

About the year 1313, Dante went to Paris, and displayed great scholastic subtlety in a public disputation. His prose work, Convito, written about this time, shows his acquaintance with the learning, such as it was, of his age, and the barbarous dialectic in which reason was fettered. Dante, on his return to Italy, continued his wandering life for some years, till he associated himself with Guido Novello da Polenta, who was a man of letters, and of such

a noble mind, that even the proud spirit of Dante did not disdain to accept its protection. Guido was lord of Ravenna, and Dante was appointed his ambassador at Venice. The minister was unsuccessful, and his consequent chagrin was said to be the cause of his death, which happened soon after his return to Ravenna, September, 1321. Dante, clad in his poetical habit, was buried in the city wherein he died. The kings of France and the popes wished to wreak their vengeance on his bones, but his friends saved them till the general voice of Dante's fame rendered the offices of private affection needless. The family of the Polenti raised a monument to his memory; and, about the year 1483, the father of the celebrated cardinal Pietro Bembo, ornamented it with a marble arch and other signs of honour. The tomb of Dante has always been the object of the pilgrimage of poets, and the citizens of Ravenna have been so proud of their venerable treasure, that they have refused to restore it to Florence, when the Florentines, sensible of Dante's greatness, were anxious to possess even his earthly remains. (79)

I come now to speak of the Divina Commedia which has so long preserved the fame of Dante. The history of its composition is obscure. Boc-

caccio tells us, that the first seven cantos of the Inferno were written by Dante before his expulsion from Florence. Sacchetti, in one of his novels, says, that the Inferno was written by Dante previously to his banishment, and that it was read and even sung by the people in the streets. On the other hand, every city of Italy which the poet visited in the course of his exile, has claimed the honour of being the seat of his muse.

The story of the Divina Commedia is briefly as follows: — Dante found himself once, by means which he knew not, in a forest near Jerusalem. Wild beasts threatened to devour him. Virgil appears; and, in answer to his supplications for aid, offers to conduct him from thence, as the sole mode of escape, through those two worlds of shades, where sinful men are either suffering woes which will be eternal, or are expiating their offences, and preparing themselves for another state. But Virgil is considered as a rebellious spirit, and, therefore, after the infernal and purgatorial regions are passed, some worthier being must conduct him to heaven. Dante expresses fears of his abilities for such an high enterprise. The Mantuan poet answers, that while he was in the place which God had ordained for those who knew not the

true religion, a woman of more than mortal beauty and brightness descended from heaven, and implored him to hasten to the aid of her friend, who had lost his way in a horrible desert. She was Beatrice, she said, and love was her guide. Virgil consented, and had accordingly come to him. Dante's courage revives, as tender flowers, he says, which, closed by the cold of night, rise all unfolded when the sun shines anew.

Qual' i fioretti dal notturno gielo
Chinati e chiusi, poi che 'l sol gl' imbianca,
Si drizzan tutti aperti in loro stelo ;
Tal mi fec' io di mia virtute stanca.

INFERNO. CANTO 2.

Dante and Virgil then traverse the woody path, when this inscription on the arch of a lofty portal meets their eyes :

Per me si va nella città dolente :
Per me si va nell' eterno dolore :
Per me si va tra la perduta gente.
Giustizia mosse 'l mio alto Fattore.
Fecemi la Divina Potestate,
La somma Sapienza, e 'l primo Amore.
Dinanzi a me non fur cose create,

Se non eterne, et io eterno duro:
Lasciate ogni speranza, voi, che 'ntrate.
INFERNO. CANTO 3.*

This was the entrance to the abode of misery. They passed under the gate, and then, says Dante,

Quivi sospiri, pianti, et alti guai
Risonavan per l'aere sanza stelle,
Per ch' io al cominciar ne lagrimai.
Diverse lingue, orribili favelle,
Parole di dolore, accenti d' ira,
Voci alte e fioche, e suon di man con elle
Facevano un tumulto, il qual s'aggira
Sempre 'n quell' aria senza tempo tinta,
Come la rena, quando 'l turbo spira.†

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* Through me you pass into the city of woe:
Through me you pass into eternal pain:
Through me among the people lost for aye.
Justice the founder of my fabric mov'd:
To rear me was the task of power divine,
Supremest wisdom and primeval love.
Before me things create were none, save things
Eternal, and eternal t' endure.
All hope abandon ye who enter here.
CARY'S TRANSLATION.

† Here sighs with lamentations and loud moans
Resounded through the air, pierc'd by no star,
That e'en I wept at entering. Various tongues,
Horrible languages, outcries of woe,

To Dante's question why they lamented so loudly, Virgil replies,

Questi non hanno speranza di morte.
E la lor cieca vita è tanto bassa,
Che 'nvidiosi son d' ogni altra sorte.
Fama di loro il mondo esser non lassa:
Misericordia, e Giustizia gli sdegna.
Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda, e passa.*

The poets advance and soon reach the banks of the Acheron, the place of assemblage of those who died under the anger of God. Charon transports the souls of reprobates across the stream. Virgil and Dante likewise passed, and found themselves on the brink of an abyss, whose lowest depth Dante's eye searched for in vain. This was the pit of hell. The two poets de-

---

Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,
With hands together smote that swell'd the sounds,
Made up a tumult, that for ever whirls
Round through that air with solid darkness stain'd,
Like to the sand that in the whirlwind flies.

* ——— These of death
No hope may entertain; and their blind life
So meanly passes, that all other lots
They envy. Fame of them the world hath none,
Nor suffers; mercy and justice scorn them both.
Speak not of them, but look, and pass them by.

scended into its seven circles. In the first circle dwell the wise and the good of paganism, and all those who, though not stained with sin, were yet unworthy of heaven, because they had not been baptised. Their lamentations were not the expressions of positive pain, but signs of sorrow that they could never reach celestial joys. In the second circle dwell the dissolute; in the third are the gluttons. The prodigal and the avaricious torment each other in the fourth. Then succeed the choleric and the proud, and those who have been guilty of fraud and violence. Homicides, incendiaries, blasphemers, and usurers are next in the order of vice and punishment. Then are to be found hypocrites, heretics, followers of the Arabian impostor, coiners, calumniators, and traitors. In the centre of the last circle, Lucifer himself is placed in a sea of ice. This spot, too, is the centre of the earth. Virgil, with Dante round his neck, descends, we are told, the fields of ice that cover the enormous wings of Satan. The Mantuan poet turns and begins to ascend. He goes out through the opening of a rock, places Dante on the brink, and he himself follows. A river and a mountain are in view. Having purified himself in the stream, Dante, still guided by Virgil, commences his ascent of the mountain, on

whose sides are the seven circles of purgatory, each rising above the other. A terrestrial paradise, the emblem of primitive innocence, is at the summit of the mountain. In these circles there are myriads of souls, who are expiating their offences. Arrived at the summit, Dante beholds Beatrice, and Virgil disappears. She conducts her earthly lover into Paradise, shows him the blessed in their abodes in stars, planets, the moon, and the sun. She then departs. St. Bernard displays to him the triumph of the mother of God. The Virgin Mary listens to the prayer of the saint that Dante might be allowed to contemplate the source of eternal felicity. The poet fixes his eye on the place to which his attention was commanded to be directed, but his mind was overpowered by the glorious vision; nor are his powers of expression adequate to the description of the wonders that he saw; and thus the poem terminates.

To record all his knowledge and all his sentiments, appears to have been Dante's object in the composition of his poem. The Commedia is the repository of his political principles, his opinions of the world and individuals, his religious creed, and his moral judgements. Dante shines forth in this poem as the constant friend of virtue, the ardent lover of the freedom of Italy, as the enemy

both of papal interference in political transac
tions, and of the introduction of foreign troop
into Italy, though circumstances at one time
compelled him to become an imperialist. He
has no respect for vice, even when clothed
in purple. On earth, he says, there are many
kings, accounted powerful, who soon, like swine
shall wallow in the mire of hell, leaving behind
them horrible dispraise. The vices of the clergy
had been, as I have said, a favourite subject of in
vective and satire with the provençal poets; bu
no writer before Dante has, I believe, applied to
the popes the prophetical denunciations against
evil of the Apocalypse, or dared to place any o
the pontiffs in hell. The machinery of the poem
apparently singular to us, was not uncommon in
Dante's time. The monks were accustomed to
give what may be called dramatic representations
of the sorrows of the damned. On one occasion
the bed of the Arno was supposed to be hell.
People rolled and tossed in it amidst the apparent
tortures of fire, serpents, and every thing in the
arsenal of monkish horrors. This exhibition took
place in the year 1304, two years after Dante's
banishment; and I only mention it as a proof of
the general disposition of the monks to this sys-
tem of terrifying the populace. That he should
tell his tale in a vision was perfectly natural, for

visions, whether of beatitude or misery, were the common modes of instruction before Dante's time: and we had better refer his conduct to the general literary practice, than force any comparison between the Divina Commedia and that wretched book, the Tesoretto of his old master, Brunetto Latini, or any other book in particular. Dante calls his work a Commedia, for, according to his definition of styles (De Eloq: vol. 1. 2. c. 4.) the word may be used for that general species of poetry, which is not altogether sublime nor altogether pathetic.

It was very elegant in Dante to make the object of his early love the representative of the goodness of God; and that by her, whether immediately or mediately, he should be led to a knowledge of mysteries. With great classical taste, too, Dante has made Beatrice appoint Virgil to be his guide through the infernal and purgatorial regions. Besides, the Florentine poet would naturally select the Mantuan bard, for it was by the assiduous study of the Eneid, that the style of the Divina Commedia was formed.

Or se' tu quel Virgilio, e quella fonte,
Che spande di parlar sì largo fiume?
Risposi lui con vergognosa fronte.
Oh degli altri poeti onore e lume,
Vagliami 'l lungo studio, e 'l grande amore,
Che m'han fatto cercar lo tuo volume.

Tu se 'l lo mio maestro, e 'l mio autore.
Tu se ' solo colui, da cu' io tolsi
Lo bello stile, che m' ha fatto onore.*

DELL ' INFERNO. CANTO I.

Homer would have been as sure a conductor and Dante occasionally speaks of Homer; but there are no indications in the Commedia of much Greek literature. It is probable that Dante knew Homer merely by quotation, for it does not appear that a complete copy of the Iliad and Odyssey was known in Italy, before the Commedia was written; and certainly there was no Latin translation so early. The Italians were only acquainted with Homer by means of a Latin abridgment of the Iliad, by a writer who called himself Pindar. It is in Latin hexameters, and contains about a thousand lines. Moreover, in his Convito Dante speaks of his two Latin versions of Aristotl

* And art thou, then, that Virgil, that well-spring,
From which such copious floods of eloquence
Have issued? I with front abash'd, replied,
Glory and light of all the tuneful train!
May it avail me that I long with zeal
Have sought thy volume, and with love immense
Have conn'd it o'er. My master thou, and guide!
Thou he from whom alone I have deriv'd
That style, which for its beauty, into fame
Exalts me.

CARY'S TRANSLATION.

contradicting each other, and his consequent ignorance of his author's true meaning. Had Dante's mind been saturated with classical literature, what wise and pathetic reflections would he not have scattered over his great poem on the majestic and melancholy wreck of antiquity that Italy presents to the eye!

Although the grand and the terrible are attributed to Dante, as the most striking characteristics of his genius, yet it is not by these qualities that the strongest impression is made on our feelings. The two most remarkable passages in the Divina Commedia, and those by which he is most commonly known, describe the guilty loves of Francesca da Rimini and her brother-in-law Polo, and the death of Count Ugolino and his children; and these two stories interest us by addressing our tenderness and our compassion. Some circumstances of a horrid and almost disgusting nature, are, however, set in bold relief before the pathetic of the latter story.

The chronicles of the Polenta family furnished Dante with Francesca's tale. Guido of Polenta, in order to consolidate peace between himself and Malatesta, lord of Rimini, engaged to bestow his daughter Francesca in marriage upon Lancilletto, son of Malatesta. The young man was in person

so little likely to engage the affections of a woman, that it was apprehended Francesca would at first sight reject him. It was concerted, therefore, unknown to her, that he should be married by proxy. His brother Polo, a handsome cavalier, was his substitute; Francesca saw and admired him, and gave her hand to him as her first and only love. She discovered too soon the deceit that had been practised upon her. The impression which Polo made upon her heart could not easily be effaced, and her passion was returned. The husband, suspecting no wrong, quitted Rimini for awhile; but he was recalled by a servant who detected the criminals. One stab of Lancilletto's sword pierced them both. Such is the tale of Francesca da Rimini, as recorded by Boccaccio, in his Commentary on the Divina Commedia; and upon it Dante has constructed the most beautiful passage in his poem. But his friendship for the Polenta family restrained him from exposing the base and unkindly artifice, which had both occassioned the calamity, and afforded the only apology for Francesca; and however deeply we may sympathize with her and Polo, even in Dante's relation, yet the poet has prevented us from making any inference hostile to the cause of morality; for he has placed the

guilty pair in those regions of sorrow which are devoted to the reception of Helen, Dido, Cleopatra, Paris, Achilles, Tristan, and a thousand other carnal sinners (i peccator carnali), whose reason was submissive to their passions.

" Among the fleeting throng," says Dante, "I expressed to Virgil my wish of addressing two shadows who moved together light as the wind. My guide directed me to address them in the name of that love which guided them, and they would approach. When the shadows drew nigh I exclaimed, 'Oh! wearied souls, come and converse with us, if no higher power restrains you.' As doves moved by soft desire pursue with expanded wings their steady flight to their much-loved nest, so those shades, leaving the ranks where Dido stood, traversed the foul air and approached us, such was the power of my appeal. 'O gracious and benevolent being, who breathing this dense atmosphere, visitest us, us whose blood the earth has stained, if the Ruler of the universe regarded us with favor, we would pray to him for thee, since thou hast pity on our evil state. Of what thou desirest to hear or to speak, of that we will hear, and speak to thee, while the wind, as at present, is hushed.' 'The land where I was born,' continued the female spirit,

'is on the shore in whose seas the Po descends to repose his streams. Love, which soon is learnt by a gentle heart, inflamed mine with passion for that beauteous form which was afterwards taken from me by means that I still resent. Love, that admits not refusal of return from the beloved object, inspired me with so strong a desire to please him, that, as thou seest, this desire has not yet forsaken me.* Love led us together to one death. The fate of Cain awaits our destroyer.' Thus spake these unhappy shades, and I drooped my head, and remained so long in silent affliction, that Virgil said to me, 'What thoughts engage thee?' I replied, 'What soft imaginings, what ecstasy of rapture led them to these paths of sorrow?' Turning to them, I exclaimed, 'Your misery moves me to tears. But tell me, in the time of your sweet sighs, how and by what signs did love inform you of your yet imperfect desires.' 'Alas,' she replied, 'there is no greater grief than in misery to re-

* Amor, ch' al cor gentil ratto s'apprende
Prese costui della bella persona,
Che mi fu tolta, e 'l modo ancor m' offende:
Amor, ch' a null' amato amar perdona,
Mi prese del costui piacer sì forte,
Che, come vedi, ancor non m' abbandona.
Dell' Inferno. Canto 5.

member past times of happiness.* But if thou ardently desirest to know the origin of our love, I will relate it, as those who weep while they tell their tale. One day we read for our amusement the story of Lancelot, and how love enthralled him. We were alone and without suspicion. While we read, our eyes often mingled, and then the colour fled from our cheeks. But one passage quite subdued us. When we read of the wished-for smile being kissed by the ardent lover, then he who never shall be divided from me, pressed his trembling lips to mine. The book and the author were the messengers of love. That day we read no more.' † While

* Ma dimmi: Al tempo de' dolci sospiri,
A che, e come concedette amore,
Che conosceste i dubbiosi desiri?
E ella a me: Nessun maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.

† Per più fiate gli occhi ci sospinse
Quella lettura, e scolorocci 'l viso:
Ma solo un punto fu quel, che ci vinse.
Quando leggemmo il disiato riso
Esser baciato da cotanto amante,
Questi, che mai da me non fia diviso,
La bocca mi baciò tutto tremante.
Galeotto fu il libro, e chi lo scrisse:
Quel giorno più non vi legemmo avante.

one of these shades spoke thus, the other sighed and wept so bitterly, that sympathy with their fate quite overcame me, and I fell like a corpse on the ground."

The pages of the history of Pisa, relating to the year 1288, furnished Dante with the history of Ugolino. Pisa was distracted by various aspirants for sovereignty, and at length Count Ugolino's ambition was successful; at the expense, however, of some dishonorable and treacherous actions. But his foe, the archbishop Ruggieri degli Ubaldini, the head of the Gualandi, Sismondi, Lanfranchi, and other Ghibelline families, seized the moment of the defection of the fickle populace from Ugolino, and poured into their credulous ears an exaggerated tale that he had sold his country to Florence. The archbishop then attacked the count in his palace, killed some of the family, and made prisoner of the count himself, with two of his sons and two of his grandchildren. They remained in the usual state of the confined, till the Pisans locked the door of the prison, threw the key into the Arno, and kept from them their common allowance of food. Famine led to death, and the count in his last agony, says Villani the historian, was heard from without confessing his treachery, but no priest was allowed to approach the prison.

In the ninth and last circle of hell, destined for the torture of traitors, the poet beheld two spirits wedged in a foss of ice. "One of the heads was like a cap to the other; and as a hungry man eats bread, so the teeth of him that was uppermost were fixed on the other, where the spine joins the brain. 'O thou,' I cried, 'who showest so brutal a sign of hate against him that thou devourest, tell me the cause of this hatred, that on my return to earth I may revenge thy memory, if my tongue be not dried up.' The guilty creature raising then his jaws from their horrible repast, and wiping them with the hair of the head whose neck he had mangled, exclaimed, 'You wish me to revive a sorrow that is without hope, and the thought whereof breaks my heart, even before I speak of it. But if my words can contain the germ of disgrace of that traitor whom I devour, thou shalt hear my tale delivered in tears. I know not who thou art, nor the mode by which thou hast reached this spot, but thy speech declares thee to be a Florentine. Know then that I was count Ugolino; he the archbishop Ruggieri. I will tell thee why I fix upon him so closely. I need not relate that trusting in him I was taken and murdered in consequence of his perfidious counsels. But what

thou canst not have heard, namely, the details of my death, thou shalt hear, and then shalt judge if he has injured me. In the tower, which from me the name of Famine bears, wherein others have since been immured, a small opening had already shown me the light of several moons, when a fearful dream drew the veil from futurity. This archbishop appeared the master of the chase, driving the wolf and his whelps to the mountain which conceals Lucca from the Pisans. The Gualandi, Sismondi, and Lanfranchi, with lean and ravenous dogs ranged before him, and I thought I saw the sharp teeth of these animals enter their sides. When I awoke before the morning, I saw my children who were confined with me weep in their sleep, and I heard them cry for bread. Thou art the most obdurate of men, if thou art not moved at thinking of what my heart foretold, and if thou dost not now weep, why hast thou ever wept? Now they were awake, and the hour approached when the day's nourishment should be brought; but dreams had made each of us doubtful of the future. I heard the closing of the gate of the horrible tower. Then I looked upon the faces of my children without uttering a word. I did not weep, so petrified was I within me. They wept, and

my little Anselmo said, 'How thou lookest, father; what ails thee?' Still I wept not, nor answered all that day, nor the next night, nor until another sun appeared. When the first faint ray pierced our doleful prison, and I saw my own image on four faces, I bit both my hands in agony, and they thinking I did so from hunger, immediately rose, and cried, 'Father it would pain us less if you would eat of us. You clothed us with this miserable flesh, and you may tear it from us.' Then I calmed myself that I might not make them more wretched. That day and the next we all remained silent.* O cruel earth, why didst thou not open to receive us? When the fourth day arrived, Gaddo fell extended at my feet, crying, 'Canst thou not help me, father?' He died, and as clearly as you see me, I saw the remaining three fall one after the other, on the fifth and the sixth day. Now grown blind I crept over them all, and for three days lamented aloud their death. Then, those paternal feelings that had supported my life gave way to famine." When he had uttered these

* Quetàmi allor, per non fargli più tristi.
Quel dì, e l' altro stemmo tutti muti.

DELL' INFERNO. CANTO 33.

words, rolling his eyes, he fixed his teeth with canine fierceness on the wretched skull.

Dante's creative imagination, his richness of ideas, his grandeur and elegance appear in every page; but, perhaps, the peculiar and distinguishing feature of his intellectual character is the power of energetic brevity of expression. No minister of an oracle, no holy seer of religion, ever spoke with such concentration of wisdom. When Dante collects his might, every line is a character, every sentence is a treasure of philosophy. His ability of opening a world of thoughts by a few words appears even in prose translations of the Francesca and the Ugolino, particularly in the former tale. In the invective against Pisa which follows the story of its murdered count, how noble is the burst of indignation, how tremendously energetic the expressions.

Ahi Pisa, vituperio delle genti
Del bel paese là, dove 'l sì suona;
Poi che i vicini a te punir son lenti,
Muovasi la Capraia e la Gorgona,
E faccian siepe ad Arno in su la foce,
Si ch' egli annieghi in te ogni persona:
Che se 'l Conte Ugolino aveva voce,
D'aver tradita te delle castella,
Non dovei tu i figliuoi porre a tal croce.

Innocenti facea l' età novella,
Novella Tebe, Uguccione, e 'l Brigata,
E gli altri duo, che 'l canto suso appella.*

The short description which closes the fifth canto of the Purgatory is a fine instance of Dante's pregnant brevity of phrase when domestic woes are the topic.

Ricorditi di me che son la Pia :
Siena mi fe', disfecemi Maremma ;
Salsi colui, che 'nnanallata pria
Disposando m' avea con la sua gemma.†

---

* ——————— Oh thou Pisa ! shame
Of all the people, who their dwelling make
In that fair region, where the Italian voice
Is heard, since that thy neighbours are so slack
To punish, from their deep foundations rise
Capraia and Gorgayna, and dam up
The mouth of Arno, that each soul in thee
May perish in the waters ! What if fame
Reported that thy castles were betrayed
By Ugolino ; yet no right hadst thou
To stretch his children on the rack ! For them,
Brigata, Uguccione, and the pair
Of gentle ones, of whom my song hath told,
Their tender years, thou modern Thebes ! did make
Uncapable of guilt.
CARY'S TRANSLATION.

† ——————— then remember me.
I once was Pia. Siena gave me life.
Maremma took it from me. That he knows,
Who me with jewell'd ring had first espoused.
CARY'S TRANSLATION.

Can the dignity and calmness of wisdom be described with more conciseness and beauty than by saying that

> Genti v' eran con occhi tardi e gravi,
> Di grand' autorità ne' lor sembianti:
> Parlavan rado con voci soavi.
>
> DELL' INFERNO. CANTO 4.*

Thus, too, of the vanity of fame:

> La vostra nominanza è color d' erba,
> Che viene e va, e quei la discolora
> Per cui ell' esce della terra acerba.
>
> DEL PURGATORIO. CANTO 11.†

Again, on the same subject, in the same canto:

> Non è 'l mondan romore altro, ch' un fiato
> Di vento, ch' or vien quinci, e or vien quindi,
> E muta nome, perchè muta lato.‡

---

* There dwelt a race, who threw their eyes around
Majestically mov'd, and in their port
Bore eminent authority; they spake
Seldom, but all their words were tuneful sweet.
CAREY'S TRANSLATION.

† ——————— Your renown
Is as the herb, whose hue doth come and go,
And his might withers it, by whom it sprang
Crude from the lap of earth.
CAREY'S TRANSLATION.

‡ ——————— The noise
Of worldly fame is but a blast of wind
That blows from diverse points, and shifts its name,
Shifting the point it blows from.

Of equal merit is his description of the insatiableness of ambition.

> Ma come fatto fui Roman pastore,
> Cosi scopersi la vita bugiardo.
> Vidi, che li non si quatava 'l cuore,
> Nè più salir potèsi ni quella vita. *

To gratify his ruling passion, the avaricious man disregards his own flesh.

> O avarizia, che puoi tu più farne,
> Poi ch' hai 'l sangue mio a te si tratto,
> Che non si cura della propria carne?

The fire and energy of the Divina Commedia are partly attributable to the perturbed state of its author's mind. Indignation against his country gave new vigour to his feelings. He dipped his pen in the gall of his anger as well as in the pure stream of Helicon. He joined the bitterness of his soul to the sweetness of poesy. He was animated both by his muse and his resentment. But if the injustice of the Floren-

* ——————— But when I became
Rome's pastor, I discern'd at once the dream
And cozenage of life: saw that the heart
Rested not there, and yet no prouder height
Lur'd on the climber.

times kindled his indignation, Florence herself was ever dear to his heart. He could keenly satirise the government by contrasting the versatility of its principles with the stability of the ancient republics; Athens and Sparta, he asserts, made slow progress in civil improvements compared with Florence, who used such wondrous subtlety, that the thread woven in October scarcely reached to the middle of November. Dante lamented the depravity of the times wherein he lived: he thought with fondness of those pure days when his native city made no false boast of embroidered damsels; when there was no zone more attractive than the form which it embraced; when mothers handled the spindle, and their faces were coloured by nature, not art.

> Non donne contigiate, non cintura,
> Che fosse a veder più che la persona.
> * * * * *
> La donna sua sanza 'l viso dipinto:
> * * * * *
> E le sue donne al fuso, et al pennecchio.

And now the times were such, that it was the preacher's task to command the unblushing dames of Florence to veil those beauties which even women of barbarian countries concealed.

But the former days were chiefly happier than the present, because then

——————— Ciascuna era certa
Della sua sepoltura.

"Every one was certain of burial in his native land." How deep the misery of his exile—how affectionate his love for Florence must have been—if a satisfaction like this were the subject of Dante's meditations!

In the conduct of the poem, one of the most striking excellencies is the moral connection between offence and punishment. Sensualists are blown to and fro in hell; as such a mode of torture is emblematical of the storm of the passions. The avaricious and the prodigal are perpetually driven against and injure each other; nor can they be recognized by Dante, for ignoble devotedness to money has marred their features. False and pretended prophets have their necks and heads reversed, and are never permitted to look forwards. The sighs of some of the damned blow the murky waters into waves, into which a miry race, whose crime on earth was anger, now with hands and feet cut each other to pieces. Hypocrites are dressed in cowls, gilded without and leaden within. To make a coiner consumed by thirst is not very

intelligible; but it is poetically and morally beautiful, that he should see, without being able to taste, the streams from the Casentine hills falling into the Arno.* The same punishment of tantalization is in the purgatory inflicted on gluttons. That the idle should be forced to labour, that the choleric should be choked, that the envious should hear nothing but songs of the praise of others, and that tyrants and homicides should always lie in a ditch filled with blood, are circumstances perfectly consistent with the principles of retributive justice. He condemns the idle to the same punishment of sighs, lamentations, and outcries of misery as

* Li ruscelletti, che' de verdi colli
Del Casentin discendon giuso in Arno,
Faccendo i lor canali e freddi, e molli,
Sempre mi stanno innanzi, e non indarno,
Che l' imagine lor via più m' asciuga,
Che 'l male, ond' io nel volto mi discarno.

INFERNO. CANTO 30.

The rills that glitter down the grassy slopes
Of Casentino, making fresh and soft
The banks whereby they glide to Arno's stream,
Stand ever in my view; and not in vain;
For more the pictur'd semblance dries me up,
Much more than the disease which makes the flesh
Desert these shrivelled cheeks.

CAREY'S TRANSLATION.

had been inflicted on those angels who neither rebelled from, nor were faithful to, their God. He adds, with great boldness. "the idle never lived!" (80)

Questo misero modo
Tengon l'anime triste di coloro,
Che visser sanza infamia, e sanza lodo
Mischiate sono a quel cattivo coro
Degli angeli, che non furon ribelli,
Nè fur fedeli a Dio, ma per se foro.

— — — —

Fama di loro il mondo esser non lassa:
Misericordia e Giustizia gli sdegna.
Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa.

— — — —

Questi sciaurati, che mai non fur vivi.

Dell' Inferno. Canto 3.

From this praise of due harmony between offence and punishment, I except, of course, the disgusting circumstances mentioned in the eighteenth canto of the Inferno, though the description is a strong proof of Dante's abhorrence of the vice of flattery.

The Divina Commedia abounds with passages of unrivalled beauty on every subject. What can be more classical than the description of the pagan deity, Fortune, in the seventh canto of the Inferno; or the personification of Fraud in

the sixteenth canto of the same book? With what truth and dignified severity he paints the avarice of the popes.

Che la vostra avarizia il mondo attrista,
Calcando i buoni, e sollevando i pravi.
Di voi Pastor s'accorse 'l Vangelista,
Quando colei, che siede sovra l' acque,
Puttaneggiar co' Regi a lui fu vista,
Quella, che con le sette teste nacque,
Edalle diece corna ebbe argomento,
Fin che virtute al suo marito piacque.
Fatto v'avete Dio d' oro e d'argento.
E che altro è da voi all' idolatre,
Se non ch'egli uno, e voi n' orate cento?
Ahi, Costantin, di quanto mal fu matre,
Non la tua conversion, ma quella dote,
Che da te prese il primo ricco patre!

DELL' INFERNO. CANTO 19.*

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* ——— Your avarice
O'ercasts the world with mourning, under foot
Treading the good, and raising bad men up.
Of shepherds, like to you, th' Evangelist
Was 'ware; when her, who sits upon the waves,
With kings in filthy whoredom he beheld;
She, who with seven horns tower'd at her birth,
And from ten horns her proof of glory drew,
Long as her spouse in virtue took delight:
Of gold and silver ye have made your god,
Diff'ring wherein from the idolater:

How brilliant is his opening of the second part of his poem; and how soothing and picturesque is the following description of evening, taken from the eighth canto of that part: —

Era già l' ora, che volge 'l desio
A'naviganti, e intenerisce 'l cuore
Lo dì, ch' han detto a dolci amici a Dio;
E che lo nuovo peregrin d'amore
Punge, se ode squilla di lontano,
Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che si muore.*

Is it necessary to describe the holy beauty of the following lines? —

But he that worships one, an hundred ye?
Ah, Constantine! to how much ill gave birth
Not thy conversion, but that plenteous dower,
Which the first wealthy father gained from thee!
CAREY'S TRANSLATION.

* Now was the hour that wakens fond desire
In men at sea, and melts their thoughtful heart;
Who in the morn have bid sweet friends farewell,
And pilgrim newly on his road with love
Thrills, if he hear the vesper bell from far
That seems to mourn for the expiring day.
CAREY'S TRANSLATION.

E *Te Deum laudamus* mi parea
Udire in voce mista al dolce suono.
Tale immagine appunto mi rendea
Ciò, ch' i'udia, qual prender si suole,
Quando a cantar con orgagni si stea ;
Ch 'or si, or no s' intendon le parole.*

As a contrast to the suavity and grace of these passages, let me mention his description of a storm in hell.

E gia venia su per le torbid 'onde
Un fracasso d'un suon pien di spavento,
Per cui tremavano amendue le sponde,
Non altrimenti fatto, che d'un vento
Impetuoso per gli avversi ardori,
Che fier la selva sanz, alcun rattento,
Gli rami schianta, abbatte, e porta i fiori ;
Dinanzi polveroso va superbo ;
E fa fuggir le fiere, e gli pastori.†

---

* And "We praise thee, O God," methought I heard
In accents blended with sweet melody.
The strains came o'er mine ear, e'en as the sound
Of choral voices, that in solemn chant
With organ mingle, and, now high and clear,
Come swelling, now float indistinct away.
CAREY'S TRANSLATION.

† And now there came o'er the perturbed waves
Loud, crashing, terrible, a sound that made
Either shore tremble, as if a wind
Impetuous, from conflicting vapours sprung,

Poetical comparisons with rural scenery abound in every description. The views of external nature which Dante has given, are particularly observable; for no Italian or Sicilian poets before his time had painted the fine scenery they lived in. There are some passages as beautiful and sublime as those which I have mentioned: and, perhaps, our admiration of the Divina Commedia proceeds rather from the excellence of particular parts than from the strength of the whole. Dante's rich and energetic sentiments impress themselves on the mind. His pregnant brevity is convenient for solitary meditation and conversational quotation. The misfortune is, that we feel no interest in the story. Although Dante is in the course of his journey perpetually shedding tears and fainting with terror, still our confidence in the sufficiency of Virgil's guardianship is so complete, that we are not alarmed for our hero's safety. It is sufficient to be told once, that the two poets pass with slow and solemn steps through the solid temperament of

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That 'gainst some forest driving all its might,
Plucks off the branches, beats them down, and hurls
Afar: then onward passing, proudly sweeps
Its whirlwind rage, while beasts and shepherds fly.

darkness, conversing in few and brief sentences on the life to come. But we soon become wearied with the mention of roads and bridges, circles, abysses, precipices, and rocks. We are pleased, however, when Dante meets with, and expresses, gratitude to his old master, Brunetto Latini, and reverentially bends his head :

——— Il capo chino
Tenea com' uom che reverenti vada.

Or, when Virgil saves his charge with parental care; or encourages him to exertion by such noble lines as these :

Omai convien, che tu cosí ti spoltre,
Disse 'l Maestro; che seggendo in piuma,
In fama non si vien, nè sotto coltre,
Sanza la qual chi sua vita consuma
Cotal vestigio in terra di se lascia,
Qual fummo in aere, ad in acqua la schiuma.
INFERNO. CANTO 24.*

* " Now needs thy best of man ;" so spake my guide:
For not on downy plumes, nor under shade
Of canopy reposing, fame is won,
Without which whosoe'er consumes his days
Leaveth such vestige of himself on earth,
As smoke in air, or foam upon the waves.

The reader feels no interest for Beatrice. She is too visionary, mystical, and allegorical to excite any sentiment in our minds. Although we are told that she grows more bright and beautiful the higher she ascends into heaven, still we affix no ideas to such seraphic charms, and cannot sympathize with a metaphysical abstraction. For the innumerable flitting shadows in the drama, our interest is equally faint. The mixture of profane and sacred characters is offensive to good taste. The legend is as much borrowed from as real history. With all Dante's endeavour to vary the punishments of hell, still there is left upon the mind only one general impression of horror and disgust. There is nothing that can raise or soften the feelings in a description of liquid pitch, boiling blood, gales of fire and snow, the mixing of the bodies of men and serpents, and the cries and shrieks of the damned. A picture of corporeal sufferings must be repulsive whether it be drawn in a sermon or a poem, by a minor friar or by Dante. Would that the author of the Inferno had described the characters, the councils and the actions of the Prince of Darkness! But his description of Lucifer, his making him a beast rather than a being of intellectual energy, checks the wish. Nor do I greatly admire his account of the demons, in the

twenty-first canto of the Inferno. What can be more offensive to delicacy than the conclusion of that canto?

The Purgatory is only an adumbration of the Inferno; for sinners of the same description are in both worlds. In the former place, however, they are persons who repented before they died; but in the more doleful regions of Hell, they are offenders who perished obdurate in their violations of the laws of Heaven.

The Paradise is not, I believe, often read, even by Italians themselves. The want of passion is more felt in this part of the poem than in the preceding cantos. In resolving to make, at all hazards, the third book as long as each of the others, Dante did not consider the dangers of prolixity.

Metaphysical and scholastic subtleties appear occasionally in the Purgatory, but they abound to satiety in the Paradise. Poetry, the language of passion, is ill calculated for discussions on the nature of angels, free will, original sin, and the mysteries of redemption. The various astronomical remarks, and the occasional medical theories, are not, apparently, of heavenly or of scientific origin. We feel no poetical pleasure in being perpetually told of blazes of light, and the singing of hosannahs. We pass through planets, and moons, and suns, without finding any thing wonderful or distin-

guishing. We are wearied by theological symbols, and crosses extending over all the heavens. The inability of man to describe celestial bliss ought to have repressed the muse of Dante; but the pious humility of confessing ignorance was no part of the religion of the time. Consistently with the best principles of religion, Dante has made tranquillity one species of happiness. But tranquillity is a point, and admits of no description. Call in recollection, and ideas of pain as well as of pleasure are summoned up. Anticipations will be either of hope or of fear, agreeably to the cast of mind and circumstances of the individual. In every case tranquillity will be changed into restlessness. Dante's notion that happiness consists in knowledge is beautiful and philosophical. But when we find that this knowledge is the Aristotelian philosophy in a degraded state, or the miserable theology of the monks, or academical distinctions between moral and speculative virtue, our understandings are not much enlightened, and the conclusions we draw are not very suitable to the dignity of the subject.

If the character of his times had led him to a happier theme, and had his learning been that of the sixteenth instead of the thirteenth century, our admiration of Dante's genius would be greater than what it is. We read the Divina

Commedia as a task, and feeling that the invisible world is a subject, which even the genius of the great Florentine cannot describe, we wish that he had treated of matters purely of terrestrial interest. His religion is not the pure Gospel, his philosophy is not divine, and the awfulness of his subject should have forbidden him from making his book a political satire. But so beautiful are his rural images, so fine are his occasional paintings of the workings of passion; he is so energetic and so pathetic; his moral strain is so sublime, (except when he inculcates revenge as a sacred duty) and his satire is so keen, as to impress upon his poem a character of merit so far transcending all former attempts at rhyme in the Italian language, that we hail him as the father of his country's poetry, and apply to him his praise of Virgil,—that his fame will be co-existent with the world's duration:

O anima cortese ———————
Di cui la fama ancor nel mondo dura,
E durerà quanto 'l moto lontana.

DANTE's COMMENTATORS.

The Divina Commedia, soon after the author's death, became the study of the wise, and the amusement of ordinary minds. Its politics, its personal allusions, and its religion, were subjects of general interest. The question of the independence of Italy involved the happiness of every state; scarcely a great family but was praised or satirised in the poem, and every class of religionists found their opinions censured or commended. But Dante was not always intelligible to common readers. He had enriched the poetical language of his country, by introducing into it many forcible and beautiful words taken from the various vernacular idioms of Italy. He sometimes used them in their general acceptation; but often the difficulties of his subject compelled him to apply them in new significations, and those difficulties occasion the Divina Commedia to abound in poetical licences. From other causes Dante is an obscure writer. By a single stroke of his pen he often draws a character; but he conceals the name of the person. Much of his poem is allegorical, and many of his theological speculations

are so visionary, that some sober and judicious mind is wanted to give them an intelligible form

O voi, ch' avete gl' intelletti sani,
Mirate la dottrina, che s' asconde
Sotto l' velame degli versi strani.

INFERNO, c. 9.*

Dante's sons, Pietro and Jacopo, in 1331 thirteen years after their father's death, wrote Latin commentary on the poem. In 1350, six scholars, under the patronage of Visconti, archbishop of Milan, made a similar work. Boccaccio was the next illustrator of the Divina Commedia. He always considered Dante as the first of modern poets; and it was his unceasing care to inspire the Florentines with a liberal admiration of their illustrious citizen. At length the senate decreed the foundation of a professorship expressly for the interpretation of the poem. The public could fix its eye on none but on Boccaccio to withdraw the veil from the terrible graces of Dante. He performed the office for only a few months; for he was then in the last stage of his life. His lectures only extend to the sixteenth canto of the Inferno. The lectureship was continued at Florence. Bologna, Pisa

* ———————— Ye, of intellect
Sound and entire, mark well the lore conceal'd
Under close texture of the mystic strain.

and Venice, raised similar honours to the genius of the great Italian.

The people of Italy seldom attempt to read Dante without the aid of a commentary. The one in most estimation is written by Christofero Landino, who will be mentioned in the next chapter, in association with the Medici and the Platonic philosophers. The exposition by Alessandro Vellutello, who is also an editor of Petrarca, has its admirers. There has likewise been printed the commentary of Benvenuto da Imola, delivered in the shape of lectures on Dante, in the university of Bologna, at the close of the fourteenth century. At present romantic and Platonic verses enjoy more popularity than the sublime and moral strain of Dante; and I have sometimes thought that the author of the Divina Commedia is looked upon as an ancient barbarian, except by the higher and mightier spirits. But since the invention of the art of printing, and during my time of observation, the poem of Dante has been printed nearly twenty times. The presses of the Giunti, at Florence, of Spira and Aldo at Venice, have given editions of it to the world, in all the richness and beauty of typography. But in the same space of time more than thirty impressions of Petrarca may be counted.

From considering the character of Dante, I turn to a man of equal eminence in the eyes of foreigners, but who, as I have just hinted, is regarded with deeper interest by Italians. Genius, elegance, and sensibility, are qualities generally ascribed to Petrarca, and, naturally enough, the lover finds more friends than the moralist. Regarding him as a worshipper of classical wisdom I approach Petrarca with feelings of respect which in no Italian breast can be more sincere Considering him as the man who added the grace of melody and a thousand elegancies of a rich imagination to the charms of his native poetry I will accord him all the praise which his most enthusiastic countrymen can desire; and if I differ from them on one subject of his history, I do so, because I have viewed it with a mind accustomed to consider truth divested of the delusion of romance. An imagination nourished only by the fictions of poetry will rise with dissatisfaction from the perusal of my remarks on the loves of Petrarca and Laura: but I am less apprehensive of censure from men whose knowledge of human nature has been derived from actual experience and observation. To all I shall use the language of Dante:—

> Se la voce sarà molesta
> Nel primo gusto, vital nutrimento
> Lascerà poi quando sara digesta.

PETRARCA.

Francesco Petrarca, the second person of the illustrious Italian triumvirate, was born on the 19th of July, 1304. His father was a Florentine of respectable family, but decayed fortune, who suffered, like his friend, Dante, in the overthrow of the Whites; and, for some time after his banishment from Florence, dwelt at Arezzo. In this town of exile Francesco was born. He passed his youth at Incisa in the vale of Arno, at Pisa, and Leghorn; and in 1313 the family transported themselves to Avignon, the common place of refuge of proscribed Italians. There, or in the village of Carpentras, four leagues distant from it, they continued for several years. The father and mother died about 1326, and Francesco and a brother were left with a very small patrimony. Petrarca had been designed for the profession of the law, and had complied with his father's wishes, in spending some years at Montpelier, and at that more famous seat of jurisprudence, Bologna. He did not come forth, however, a great civilian; and, except an occasional pleading or two for friends, forensic exertions form no part of his history. He assumed the clerical tonsure, not with the intention of performing the duties of a regular

or a secular priest, but that he might be able to enjoy some of the numerous sinecure places which abound in the Roman Catholic establishment. Petrarca mingled in the gay society of Avignon. His literary accomplishments gained him the admiration, and his polished manners the kindness, of the world. A friendship which he had formed at the Bolognese University with Giacopo Colonna, a noble youth of the distinguished Roman family of Colonna, introduced him to the regard of the great and powerful. His talents ripened his opportunities; and, in the course of a few years, he became one of the most distinguished men of Italy and the south of France. He enriched his mind by foreign travel. In the course of the year 1333 he journeyed for eight months through midland and northern France into the Low Countries, as far as Cologne. When he returned to the south, he found that the Colonna family were at Rome, and Petrarca, professing to detest the luxury and vice of Avignon, chose Vaucluse for his residence. He obtained the friendship of the Avignonese popes, John XXII. and Benedict XII. All his eloquence and zeal could not induce them to remove the papacy to its original seat, and the only fruit of his labours was the gift to himself of a canonry at Lombes, a town tha

gave the title of bishop to his friend, the Cardinal Giovanni Colonna. About the year 1336 he visited the Colonna family at Rome; and, on his return to Florence in the following spring, he fixed himself at Vaucluse, where he purchased a small dwelling. Of his literary life during these years but little is known. It appears that he gained considerable celebrity by various sonnets and canzone in his vernacular idiom. He also wrote part of a Latin poem called "Africa." No man was more ambitious of literary honours than Petrarca. All his connections with the great and learned had in view the attainment of some popular testimonial of his merit. He was created a doctor in poetry; but his ambition was not satisfied, for his classical reading instructed him that in the Roman world poets and musicians were crowned till the days of Theodosius, when the Capitoline games were abolished, as forming part of the pagan superstition. Petrarca at length succeeded in inducing the modern Romans to revive the games of the capitol, and to crown him with laurel, the meed in ancient times of mighty poets. His interest was equally powerful in France; and on the same day when the Roman Senate tendered him the laureate wreath, the Parisian University offered him a similar honour. He

preferred Rome. "Then," as he tells us in that piece of overweening self-conceit, his Letter to Posterity, "although, like most young men, he was inclined to entertain a lofty opinion of his own abilities, yet he blushed at the idea of seeming to adopt the decision of those who had invited him, however firmly they might be convinced that he was entitled to the compliment." He therefore visited Naples; and in the presence of King Robert, the most enlightened sovereign of his time, gave abundant proofs of the variety and extent of his literary abilities. He also read some part of his "Africa" to the king. But it was the universally acknowledged excellence of his Sonetti and Canzonieri that gave him the best popular title to the laurel. Petrarca's diploma allowed him liberty to exercise the arts of poetry and history, to read, dispute on, and explain ancient books, make new ones, compose poems, and wear at all times a crown of laurel, ivy, or myrtle, which ever pleased him, and also the poetical habit. The reflections which Petrarca made late in life upon the subject of his laureate crown are very curious. He thus writes to a friend: "Those laurels with which my brows were bound were too green. If I had been of a mature age and understanding, I should not

have sought them. Old men only love what is useful; while the young desire every thing that is splendid, without any regard to intrinsic worth. This crown rendered me neither more learned nor more eloquent: it only drew upon me the envy of the malignant, and robbed me of my wonted repose. Ever since that time, I have been constantly under arms: every tongue, every pen has been pointed against me; my friends have been changed into enemies; and I now suffer for my audacity and presumption."

Soon after his coronation at Rome, in 1341, Petrarca went to Parma, and remained there for a year, occupied partly in completing his "Africa," and partly in the society of Azo of Corregio and his family. He was made Archdeacon of Parma. The death of Benedict XII. gave birth to new hopes in the breasts of Italians of the return of the papacy to Rome. Petrarca was the orator of a Roman deputation to Clement VI. at Avignon; but the mission was unproductive of benefit to the church, and its only issues were personal to Petrarca. The poet became the friend of the new Pope: a priory in a church of Pisa was the first mark of papal favor; and an embassy to Naples was the more important sign of confidence. His mission had no great political results; and Petrarca, shocked

at the profligacy of the Neopolitan court, repaired to the north of Italy, intending to reside at Parma; but that city was distracted by civil commotions, and the poet fled therefore to his transalpine paradise, as he called Vaucluse. Petrarca was one of the most restless of men, perpetually travelling, and soon impatient of living in any particular place, though it contained every thing that could interest his affections. When he was at Avignon or Vaucluse, he wished to be transported to his beloved Italy; and when he was in Italy, he could only think of the waters and shades of Vaucluse. In 1345 he went to Verona; but the solicitations of his friends in France soon made him return to Avignon. Petrarca's literary fame was all this while expanding, by means of his Italian poetry, his various Latin works, and his zealous cultivation of classical literature. His love of the learning of Rome led him, however, to the folly of applauding the futile attempt of Cola di Rienzi to restore the majesty of the republic; and enthusiasm had such mastery over the poet's mind, that he could balance the massacre of most of the Colonna family, which Rienzi had caused, with the importance of a political renovation of Italy. The great pestilence of 1348 swept away most of the friends of his youth.

Some of the succeeding years of his life were passed in the alternations of literary solitude and public employments. But I shall pass by his studies for the present; and in his more active employments there was nothing out of the common road of negotiation. But it is interesting to observe that, in the year 1352, as he was travelling from Rome to Florence, he received distinguishing marks of honour in Arezzo, the place of his birth. The circumstance that most tenderly touched his susceptible heart, was the being conducted by the chief men of the town to the house wherein he was born; and to learn from them that, although the owner had often wished to change its appearance, yet the municipality had constantly interfered, in order to preserve unaltered the spot which his birth had honoured. The year of the occurrence of this honest and affectionate tribute of respect was also marked by the equally gratifying circumstance of the Senate of Florence revoking the decree which had sentenced his father to banishment, and conferring on Petrarca the rights of Florentine citizenship.

Petrarca was so much distinguished for his sensibility and taste, that he was the counsellor of lovers and of poets. The ladies appealed to his decision as to that of a supreme and infallible

judge, in all perplexing conflicts of inclination and principle; and, in a letter to a friend, he bitterly complains of the poetical madness of his times. "Never," he says, "were Horace's words more true than now: 'scribimus indocti doctique pœmata passim.' It is a sad consolation to have companions; I would prefer to be ill alone. I am tormented by my own ills and those of others. I am allowed no repose. Every day torrents of verses pour in upon me, not only from my own country, but from France, Germany, England, Greece, &c. Were I to answer all the letters which I receive, my whole time would be devoted to one occupation. In cases where I make no reply, I am called haughty and disdainful. If I blame, I am accounted an odious illiberal censor; when I praise, I am deemed an unmanly flatterer. It would be nothing if this contagion were confined to the court of Rome. But what, think you, is the employment of our lawyers and physicians? They know neither Justinian nor Esculapius. Deaf to the cries of their clients and the sick, they only listen to Virgil and Homer. But is this all? No. Carpenters, masons, and labourers, abandon their tools for the lyre of Apollo and the Muses. I cannot explain the reason why this pest, so rare formerly, is so common in these times. It is said

that my example has been contagious. I am, indeed, punished in various ways for gathering laurels when they were too green. Tormented as I am in the house, I can hardly venture to walk abroad. People surround me in the street, submitting to me their disputes on classical subjects. But one day a father, his face bathed in tears, met me, and exclaimed, 'See how you treat me: I who have always loved you. You have destroyed my only son!' I was so much astonished at this salutation, that I could not, for some moments, tell him that I knew neither him nor his son. 'I care not whether you know him,' rejoined the old man, 'but he knows you too well. I ruined myself in the expenses of having him taught the law, and he now tells me that he is resolved to tread in your footsteps. I am now quite without hope, for I fear that he will not prove a lawyer or a poet.' I was ready to smile, but the old man departed in tears."

During many of the last years of his life, Petrarca resided at Pavia, Milan, Venice, and Padua, in the society of those who were most illustrious for ancestral dignity, or personal worth. He possessed a canonry at Padua, and one at Carpentras; the former was the gift of his friends of the Carrara family, lords of that city; and the latter was obtained from one of the popes, by the inter-

venient solicitation of the city of Florence. Though always professing moderation and disinterestedness, yet, in the last years of his existence, and even when he felt the approaches of death, he sighed for further appointments. Petrarca's last residence at Vaucluse was in the year 1355; the remaining years of his life were passed in the cities of northern Italy; and on the 20th of July, 1374, he drew his last breath in his villa at Arqua, near Padua.

These, then, were some of the most remarkable events in the life of Petrarca. But if I were to follow in the track of most of his biographers, I should make love his great spring of action for more than twenty years of his life. According to these romance writers, every journey which he took from Avignon was to banish, if possible, the remembrance of his Laura; and whenever he plunged into the solitude of Vaucluse, it was for the purpose of avoiding her disdain. Restlessness of disposition, and various political occupations, do not, it seems, sufficiently account for his frequent change of place. For my part, I am not disposed to degrade an illustrious reviver of letters into a mere creature of sighs and tears. Petrarca was a man of genius and sensibility; and therefore easily susceptible of noble and

tender passions; but though love might, perhaps, for a while, have reigned in his heart, it could only have been in conjunction with the sentiments of friendship, the desires of literary ambition, and all the generous feelings that constitute man's life.

On the 6th of April, 1327, Petrarca saw, for the first time, in the church of St. Clair, at Avignon, Laura, the wife of Hugh de Sade, a gentleman of that city. She was then twenty years old. Petrarca, it is said, instantly entertained sentiments of love for her: but there was no reciprocation of passion, and her virtue, amidst the general dissoluteness of Avignon, is the most wonderful part of the tale. She would not have violated the tone of morals of society if she had yielded to love; for it had been decided in the provençal courts of love, (whose decrees were held infallible at Avignon,) that marriage was not to be put in opposition to the feelings of the heart. But Laura loved her husband, and there is not the slightest reason for the thought that Petrarca was urgent. If her character is to be estimated from the poems of her admirer, she must be regarded as a finished coquette. She could vex or soothe as the occasion required. She practised all the *dolci durezze* and *placide repulse* of lovers. If Petrarca's countenance breathed presumption, anger flashed in her's. If he was in despair, her

eyes softened into pity. When he returned to Avignon from a journey, among the Alps for instance, wherein he had sought amusement in comparing himself with the snow that had not seen the sun for many years, Laura's eyes spoke at once reproach and encouragement. Her coquettish disposition appears in many of the sonnets, and is fully displayed in the second part of Petrarca's Trionfo della morte.

> Questi fur teco mie' engegni e mie arti,
> Or benigne accoglienze ed ora sdegni.

There were few married women, however, in the fourteenth century, or indeed within the time of my observation, (but, of course, I mean no general satire on the sex,) who would not sacrifice something of propriety, if they could obtain by it the elegant praises of a distinguished poet; and in that part of the Trionfo already referred to, she owns her love of the immortality which his poems gave her. Laura smiled upon Petrarca in public, for the world applauded such gentle signs of love. Her cheek became pale when he talked of absence, and then her lovely languor was sure to be celebrated in beautiful verses. She dropped her glove, in order that he might restore it to her, and afterwards commend

the wondrous whiteness of her hand in at least four sonnets. Her vanity was particularly flattered, when, on account of the fame of her supposed passion, Charles de Luxemburgh, at a public entertainment at Avignon, singled her out, and courteously saluted her as the lady whose charms the poet of Vaucluse had sounded over all Europe. Her case is of dangerous example, as it is an exception to the maxim, that when a married woman once steps beyond the line of propriety, she only wants opportunity to reach the line of criminality. Laura, however, preserved not only her virtue, but also her affection for her husband; for she was the mother of no less than eleven children, nine of whom survived her. She died during the general pestilence in 1348: or, as the poet expressed it, "in the same town, on the same day, and at the same hour," (twenty one years after his first beholding her,) "this light, this sun, withdrew from the world. "I was then at Verona, ignorant of the calamity "that had befallen me." (81) During this interval of thrice seven years Petrarca wrote more than two hundred pieces of poetry, in the Italian language, to the praise of Laura's beauty, and on the subject of his own adoration of her charms. For several years after her death his muse still hung upon its accustomed theme. Laura is

often mentioned in his Letters, but it must be remembered that few of his letters were written in the full flow and confidence of friendship. In general they are studious, formal compositions, and were evidently intended for public perusal. That Petrarca was at first enamoured with Laura, is a circumstance sufficiently probable, for she was beautiful; (at least the poet says so;) he was a young handsome and accomplished man; and his feelings, or Dante might have told him, that love quickly finds its way into a gentle heart.

> "Amor, ch' al cor gentil ratto s' apprende."
>
> DELL' INFERNO. CANTO 5.

We cannot expect to find simple truth in the poetical effusions of a heated fancy: but the far celebrated sonnets prove thus much, that Laura's charms had made a stronger impression upon Petrarca's imagination than upon his heart. There is very little evidence of intense feeling in any of these poems. Love knows no ornaments but simplicity and truth. But Petrarca's muse is prodigal of decoration and refinement; extravagant metaphors, elaborated conceits, and mystical expressions of passion. So fond is the poet of attempting an ingenious play upon words, that it is not always easy to discover whether he was

attached to the laurel crown, the laurel plant, or a woman named Laura. At other times, the lady is so angelical as to be beyond the reach of mortal passion. She is so ethereal that there are not between her and Petrarca the expectations, and disappointments, the fond confidings, and painful misgivings of lovers. He wrote in the same strain in the twentieth year of his phantasy as in the first; and, no wonder, for Petrarca knew Laura chiefly in his own mind. The vision dwelt there in such colours as his fancy created. He never spoke to her alone; and he used to behold her only at church, or in general society. Laura's beauty, it seems, faded early. What though her hair had lost its golden lustre, and time had quenched the brilliancy of her eyes, Petrarca found comfort in the reflection that it was a religious spirit, a divine sun, which he adored. Nature forbids us from honouring this rant with the name of love. We can sympathise with heroism, or tenderness; but a well-formed mind revolts from mysticism.

The similarity of the strain of the sonnets can be accounted for on easier principles than the supposition of the unvaried permanency of his affection to Laura, during more than twenty years; a supposition outrageously abused; for, in the case of these two persons, there were no

communications of friendship, no endearments of love, to preserve passion by fond recollection. The first proofs which Petrarca gave to the world of his sentiments towards Laura were sonnets. He wrote them in the Italian language, as every poet did who wished for general applause. The world rang with commendations of his genius, and on that reputation he aspired to the laureate crown. Petrarca could not but continue his strains, for society still paid him its homage of praise, and praise was the life-blood of the poet. In every action he carefully sought the admiration of the world. When he thought proper to retire awhile from the gay scenes of life to his delightful solitary valley, he proclaimed that he went thither to temper the ardour which devoured him amidst the shades of the woods, and in the cold waters of the marvellous fountain of Vaucluse. The customary sonnet appeared: it was read and admired by the wits and beauties of Avignon; and the author, adored by the ladies as the mirror of constancy, was in his retirement laughing at the good-natured credulity of the world, or writing his philosophical and moral works, most of which he tells us had either their commencement or their completion at Vaucluse. The brilliant circles of Avignon wondered that he could exist

in a place where the only woman that he saw was a servant, dry and sun-burnt as the Libyan sands: and he replied, with no little self-complacency, that people who regard the pleasures of the world only as the sovereign good, cannot believe that any one will willingly renounce them. "But they know not my resources," he continues. "I have friends whose society is delightful; men of all countries, and of every age, who come and who leave me when I will; who are never capricious, and who answer all my questions. Some bring before me the events of past ages, and others open to me the secrets of nature; again, I learn the art both of living and of dying well, all selfishness is banished, and I descend into and know myself; in a word, they open to me the door of all the arts and sciences, and I find in them all my wants. In return for these great services, they only require from me a retreat in the corner of a room in my cottage. They sometimes accompany me into the fields, whose silence I prefer to the tumult of cities." After remaining at Vaucluse a decent time, he used to return to his expecting friends at Avignon, telling them, in the language of Ovid, that the remedy for love was not to be met with in solitude.

Quisquis amas, loca sola nocent: loca sola caveto.
Quo fugis? in populo tutior esse potes.

Laura was the plaything of Petrarca's fancy but he loved other women in the ordinary way His ethereal chimæra, his incorporeal tender ness, did not prevent him from having tw children, of whom the wife of De Sade was no the mother: so little truth was there in hi assertions, that his love for Laura refined hi thoughts and purified his passions. One of thes pledges of affection came into the world in th year 1337, and the other in 1343. When th first child was born he was in the very midst o his ecstacies regarding the beauty of Laura, an his own unalterable love for her, and declarin that he would die if he could think that it was i the power of death to extinguish the fire whic consumed him. When the second pledge o illicit love was presented to him, he wrote to friend that his passion for Laura was as arden as ever; and so great is the reverence whic genius receives, that the poet has been generall credited and regarded as a man who wrote onl as the purest love dictated.

Io mi son un, che, quando
Amore spira, noto, et a quel modo,
Che detta dentro, vo significando.

DANTE.

The eldest of his children was a boy; the youngest was a girl: their names were Giovanni and Francesca. Illegitimacy is a canonical disqualification from holy orders; but Petrarca obtained a dispensation from Pope Clement VI., and Giovanni was suffered to enter the church. He obtained a benefice, but he died before he had enjoyed it many years. Francesca married one Francesco da Brossano. They had a child that died in its infancy, in the year 1368, much to the regret of its grandfather. Giovanni and his sister are occasionally mentioned in the correspondence between our Platonic poet and his friends; but a veil of silence hangs over the mother, or, perhaps, mothers. Petrarca makes frequent asseverations of his own virtue, and, like the Jewish prophets, he denounces woe to immoral cities; but he is not always consistent in his hypocrisy. Thus, in his work, De Contemptu Mundi, written, as he says, with his usual affectation, in the sixteenth year of his passion, he confesses his love for Laura, and afterwards acknowledges that he has always found it impracticable to govern his licentious passions. This treatise was composed in the year 1343, five years before the death of Laura. (82)

Petrarca was fond of disclaiming all merit to his sonnets : he calls them mere juvenile exercises, mere sportive indulgencies of his wit and fancy, which he often intended to cast into the fire. This renunciation of honor must however be placed among the artifices of literary men. He says in one of his sonnets, that if he had anticipated the applause which his Italian poetry had met with, he would have written it with more care.

> S' io avessi pensato, che sì care
> Fosser le voci de' sospir miei in rima,
> Fatte l'avrei dal sospirar mio prima
> In numero più spesse, in stil più rare.

But it is certain that Petrarca did use all possible diligence ; that he did give all the powers of his mind to the revision of his sonnets and canzonieri. Some of his own manuscripts are yet in being. In them the poet has marked the various corrections which he made in any particular verse, and the year, the day, and the hour when each successive change was made. These manuscripts destroy the supposition that he did not rest any of his hopes of fame on his Italian poetry. Besides, Petrarca in his old age solicited his friend, Coluccio Salutati, to correct his works,

except his verses in the Italian language; for those he had polished, he says, as highly as he was able. Petrarca had so much of the irritability of genius, that it was impossible for him to pass over with indifference any of his literary productions. He wrote some wretched eclogues in imitation of Virgil; and was deeply mortified that they were censured by his judicious friends. If he had been dead to fame on the subject of his sonnets, why was he jealous of Dante's great poem in the vernacular idiom? The existence of that jealousy is evident from his cold and sneering letter to Boccaccio, when that honest son of genius, not observing in Petrarca's library a copy of the Divina Commedia, made one with his own hand, and sent it to his friend, with a letter, in which he acknowledges that Dante's mind had first illuminated his own. Why, when Petrarca mentions the poet of the invisible world is it always in company with, and in no higher terms of eulogium than he bestows upon, the wretched versifiers who lived in the first ages of Italian poetry?

The worst sonnets of Petrarca are full of extravagancies of opinion, and conceits in language. They are fit for the perusal of those persons who wish to possess a favorable notion

of those much praised, but little read, authors, the Troubadour poets. Petrarca's genius was so much superior to that of his precursors in the gay science, that it gave brilliancy and pathos to their lifeless forms. His excellent sonnets, and they are so many that I cannot particularize them, though not pictures of a heart torn by passion, are rich, fanciful, and elegant: at least, as much so as can be expected in that Procrustes of poetry, the sonnet. The Graces are very decorously dressed in the verses of Petrarca. The perfect chasteness of his muse is astonishing, when we read the licentious ravings of the Troubadours. The Provençal bards, like the poet of Vaucluse were mystics in love. But nature forced her way through their Platonism. It is difficult to suppose, considering the amatory character of Petrarca, that if his feelings for Laura had been those of ardent love, some corresponding expression would not have escaped him. The Canzoni of Petrarca, on moral and political subjects, have often ideas astonishingly noble, conveyed in expressions of majestic gravity. Lyrical poetry has not many finer pieces than his canzoni beginning with the words, "O aspettata in ciel," and, "Sprito gentil, che quelle membra reggi," in the former of which he endeavours to revive the spirit of crusading; and in

the latter, he writes on a subject which, from his love of classical literature, was always dear to him, — the restoration of Roman liberty. Petrarca's lyrical genius appears in full display in several others of the canzoni, particularly in those whose initial lines are "Chiare fresche e dolci acque," "Di pensier in pensier, di monti in monti," "In-quella parte dove amor mi sprona;" and "Nella stagion che 'l ciel rapido inchina." His Trionfi of death, chastity, &c. are, for the most part, dull and frigid allegories, seldom illuminated by the rays of poetic fancy, or made interesting by the glow of poetic feeling. Petrarca, like Dante, owes much of his celebrity to the circumstance that he was one of the earliest writers of genius in the Italian language. To him, as a man who contributed to the perfection of this most melodious dialect, posterity bow with veneration; for the purity, taste and melodiousness of his verses are beyond all praise. But he has a still nobler title to fame; for he was one of those illustrious few who aroused the world from their long slumber of ignorance; and with some remarks upon that subject I shall conclude my account of Petrarca.

His mind was so much more elegant than the prevailing tone of intellect, that it took its chief delight in studying the historians, the philoso-phers, and the poets of the classical world. He

cultivated polite letters with all the ardor of a man of genius. He was in constant correspondence with the most distinguished personages of his time, on the subject of the high advantages which the world would enjoy if the monkish philosophy should give place to classical literature. Through many an essay and epistle, his wish is breathed in sententious brevity or glowing eloquence that the authority of Virgil and Cicero should triumph over the fame of Aristotle and his Arabian commentators. He searched for, and transcribed, manuscripts of ancient authors, and was the earliest scholar who thought that much light could be thrown upon ancient history, if complete collections were to be formed of classical medals. He says that it is impossible, nor would he wish, to destroy his desire of restoring the literary glories of Greece and Rome. He diligently studied such fragments as were then known of Statius, Ovid, and Claudian. He discovered part of Varro and Quinctilian. But Cicero was his idol. Petrarca never could speak of him except in language of deep and enthusiastic veneration. The sweetness and sonorousness of Tully's periods charmed his ear: he had read him in early youth; and, though unable to penetrate the depths of his philosophy, yet Petrarca's vigorous fancy often soared with the

Roman orator into the highest regions of imagination. When he was young, he studied Virgil and Cicero instead of the dry and dismal books that generally formed the reading of youth. His father accidentally discovered him in the midst of his unauthorized occupation, and in the first moments of his anger he would have cast the classics into the fire; but the tears and prayers of the youth restrained him. Petrarca diligently, but in vain, endeavoured to recover such of Cicero's works as were not then known. The celebrated treatise, De Gloria, was once in his possession; but he lent it to an old friend, who pledged it for a loan of money, and Petrarca never recovered the book.

Petrarca's Latin style is pure and elegant. The beauty of the language is the great merit of his numerous prose works, on philosophy, geography, or history. It is amazing that a man who was so far above his age as to despise the barbarous Latin of the monks, had not the same sympathy with the good sense of the ancients as he had with their elegance. It is more surprising, when we consider that he frequently ridicules the alchymical and astrological studies of his contemporaries. But his treatises on a Solitary Life, on Fortune, and on many other topics are cold, dry, spiritless, and feeble. There is nothing

in any of them that can please or instruct us, and the stiffness of his allegories repels approach. Petrarca, from his admiration of Virgil, resolved to write an epic poem. He took Scipio Africanus for his hero, and entitled his poem "Africa." In collocation of words it has the merit of being classic; but it has no antique simplicity of taste, and is indeed a history in verse instead of being an epopee. Late in life Petrarca entertained the same opinion of his "Africa" as that which posterity has expressed: he could not bear that his friends should converse before him upon the subject; he did every thing within his ability to suppress such copies as were in circulation, and it was with great difficulty that after his death his old literary associates, Boccaccio and Coluccio Salutati, could obtain a complete copy of it from his heirs.

It was not until after his coronation in the capital that Petrarca attempted to add a knowledge of Grecian literature to his other literary acquisitions. The Greek language very rarely formed a branch of education in the early part of the fourteenth century. In the year 1342, Petrarca met at Avignon a Calabrian monk named Barlaam, the ambassador of the Greek emperor to Pope Benedict XII. Petrarca, whose mind was always thirsting after knowledge, learnt from Barlaam the rudiments of the language,

and tasted some of the beauties of Plato; and then his Italian poetry became more mystical and refined than before. It is observable that Petrarca in the third canto of his Trionfo della Fama, gives the first place among the philosophers to Plato. Dante, in the third canto of his Inferno, calls Aristotle the master of wisdom, and makes Socrates and Plato his inferiors.

About the year 1354, a learned Greek, whose acquaintance he had cultivated at Avignon, sent him, at his request, from Constantinople, a copy of Homer. Petrarca, in his letter of thanks, says, that it is a treasure of great value and perfect rarity in Italy, "and would be inestimable, if you were here to serve as my guide in the labyrinth of this strange language. But what can I do without your aid? Death has taken my master, Barlaam, from me, or, rather, I have removed him by contributing to his elevation to a bishoprick. Homer is dumb, or rather I am deaf, having lost both the ears, one by death, the other by absence, with which I could have heard him. However, I am happy beyond measure to see him. I often embrace the volume with sighs, and exclaim, 'Illustrious Bard, it is my dearest wish to be familiar with you!' I thank you a thousand times for enabling me to place side by side the chief of poets and the chief of

philosophers. You will not oppose the conferring of this title upon Plato. I am quite proud of entertaining two such noble guests. By translations I had mastered some of their beauties, but I prefer to see them in their original and native forms, although those forms are strange to me. However, I do not despair of gaining full acquaintance with them. Cato was older than I am when he learned Greek. Already I anticipate the feeling of confidence which success gives rise to, and I request you to send me Hesiod and Euripides. I do not know why my name is more known in the West than it deserves to be; but make it known, if you think proper, among the great men of your city. I shall be happy if, by your means, the Emperor of Constantinople should honour a man whom the Emperor of Rome has honoured.' "

Leontius Pilatus, who taught Greek to Boccaccio, (as I shall soon have occasion to mention,) remained a while at Venice, previously to his departure for Greece. Petrarca was in the city at the time; but it does not appear that he and Pilatus read much Greek together. Petrarca seems to have been only acquainted with Homer by means of a Latin version of the Iliad, and part of the Odyssey, made by Pilatus at the request of Boccaccio. The arrogance and

capriciousness of the Greek teacher disgusted the sensibilities of the poet. The lover of Laura found Pilatus (I use his own words) *una gran bestia.* He feared (as mental infirmities, like corporeal ones, are contagious) to live with him long; and gladly saw him depart for Greece with a copy of Terence, which he gave him as his travelling companion—a foolish present, as Petrarca says, for there was no resemblance between the most gloomy of all the Greeks and the most lively of the Africans! When at Venice Pilatus had perpetually inveighed against Italy and the Latin name. No sooner, however, did he arrive at Constantinople, than he wrote a letter to Petrarca, "longer and more disgusting than his beard," expressive of his wish to return to what he now called the joys of Italy: but Petrarca would not reply to his request for renewed hospitality, and told Boccaccio that Pilatus should dwell in misery in a country whither his insolence had carried him. The Greek however, set sail; but, in the course of a storm, he lashed himself to a mast, and in that exposed situation was killed by a flash of lightning. Petrarca did not lament his death; but was only anxious to enquire whether the copies of Sophocles, Euripides, and other Greek authors, which Pilatus had promised him, had perished. (83)

Such, then, was Petrarca, and such was his connection with letters. He possessed the seemingly discordant qualities that form the politician and the poet. His worldly sagacity was as remarkable as his genius. He could penetrate the wiles of a state intrigue, and then, like Plato, passing from the actual into the ideal world, his magical fancy would play with the innumerable forms of its own creation. Dante's life was one of suffering; Petrarca basked in the sunshine of prosperity—happy in the kindness of the great and powerful—enjoying the felicities of friendship, and the admiration which the elegance of his manners, the fineness of his genius, and the deep tenderness of his sensibility, elicited from the world. But though the countrymen of the sonnetteer have paid him the homage of following his steps in the brilliant realms of imagination, yet the author of the Divina Commedia has met with the higher honour of the reverence due to a superior being, of adoration, and despair of rivalry. Dante's pride was noble, for its aspirations were for immortality; and it was amiable, because Dante, like Horace, felt the joys arising from the love and admiration of his fellow citizens. Petrarca's literary vanity is sufficiently conspicuous in his affair with Laura; but we must not conclude

that the love of temporary praise was his only feeling, for, in his time, no present reputation awaited the man who, like the student of Vaucluse, gave his days and nights to classical literature.

I pass now, with pleasure, to the third great ornament of Tuscany in the fourteenth century, whose life and works form a fine contrast to the gloomy fortunes and sombre page of Dante, and whose conduct, though as immoral as that of Petrarca, does not disgust us by the affectation of an amorous sensibility of more than ordinary refinement.

BOCCACCIO.

The celebrated Giovanni Boccaccio was the illegitimate son of a Florentine merchant, whose family was originally of the Castle of Certoldo, in the Val d' Elsa, twenty miles from Florence, and whose ancient residence Boccaccio was, for reasons which I know not, so proud of recollecting, that he described himself in most of his literary works as Boccaccio da Certoldo. His mother was a Parisian. He was born at Paris in the year 1313, during a mercantile journey of his father to France; but was taken in his tender infancy to Florence. In very early youth

he gave proofs of a poetical genius. His father wished him to pursue the family course of life; but, after many struggles between nature and duty, the accidental sight of Virgil's tomb, and the acquaintance which he formed with Petrarca, gave the love of literature such ascendancy over all other feelings, that the old man was obliged to permit his son to renounce commercial pursuits. Still, however, some compromise was made between fame and fortune; and the lucrative walks of the law were pointed out to Boccaccio by his father instead of the fragrant but unfruitful regions of poetry. After a short study, Giovanni revolted with disgust from the Code and the Institutes, and he therefore devoted himself to philosophy and the belles lettres. His father was, as a merchant, sufficiently rich to preserve his son from the usual infelicities of literary men. Indeed, in consequence of the respectability of his family, Giovanni was often employed by the signiory of Florence on foreign embassies. But sometimes the expences of pleasure and of literature exceeded his revenue. Petrarca was the only friend who adhered to him through all seasons. Boccaccio preferred the enjoyment of his personal independence to all the charms of rank and fortune, and, therefore, declined to use the interest of Petrarca in the

obtaining of some state employ of wealth and permanence. Petrarca then wished that Boccaccio would share his moderate means, as he had already enjoyed his affections. Neither did this proposal suit. Petrarca's reply is simple and noble. "I praise you," he says, addressing himself to Boccaccio, "for having refused the great riches which I have offered you, and for preferring liberty of mind and a state of life of tranquillity and poverty; but I do not commend you for refusing what a friend—and you have often called me so—has since proposed. I am not able to make you rich. If I were, it should be by my actions, and not by speech or my pen. But I am in circumstances sufficient for two men who will only have one heart and one dwelling. You will offend me if you disregard this offer; and the offence will be doubled, if you doubt my sincerity." It does not appear that the two friends lived together. It is curious to observe that Petrarca bequeathed to Boccaccio fifty golden florins to furnish him with a comfortable winter garment for study and nocturnal meditation. "D. Joanni de Certaldo, seu Boccatio (verecunde admodum tanto viro tam modicum lego) quinquaginta florenos auri de Florentia, pro una veste hemali, ad studium, lucubrationesque nocturnas."

During most of Boccaccio's life, the muses were not the only ladies who had dominion over him. Venus had at least half of his heart. He was criminally attached to an illegitimate daughter of Robert, King of Naples, who was married to a Neapolitan nobleman. For her he wrote his romances of Filocopo and Fiammetta, and his poems called the Theseida and the Filostrato. The reputation of these poems was so high, that the English poet Chaucer has founded one of his most celebrated tales, that of Palamon and Arcite on the former, and his Troilus on the latter. Chaucer has shown great taste in rejecting the superfluities, and improving the general arrangement of both stories. He has abridged the Italian poet's pedantic display of ancient history and mythology, and has given an air of nature and life to many situations and circumstances of the characters which Boccaccio made cold and unaffecting. (84)

Petrarca, the private friend as well as the literary companion of Boccaccio, in no case proved his regard more affectionately than in his constant endeavours, by writing and conversation, to turn him from profligacy. His counsels were without effect; and they certainly lost much of their natural force, from being unsupported by any good example in the author.

Superstition, however, worked the change. One day a monk introduced himself to Boccaccio as the bearer of the last words of a friar exhorting him to renounce women and poetry. Jesus Christ had appeared to the dying man. On the Lord's face were written the history of many individuals; and he saw, in legible characters, denunciations of eternal punishment to Boccaccio. Petrarca counselled his friend, who was terrified into virtue, to adhere to his resolution of reforming his manners, but to regard the story as an instance of priestcraft, and not to be diverted from his usual literary studies. Boccaccio's enthusiasm did not, however, accord with this wise and pious counsel. He who had incessantly written against the corruptions of the monastic orders, now strangely thought that virtue could dwell under a cowl. He became an ecclesiastic; and the circumstance of his illegitimacy was easily dispensed with by the Pope. For a while he studied theology; but although age, and reason, and superstition, might have cooled his passions, yet nature showed that his literary inclinations were the masters of his mind. He soon returned to the belles lettres; and he reconciled his desires with his principles by the reflection, that it was the duty of every man to

cultivate the talent, whatever it might be, with which Heaven had endowed him.

Boccaccio's first ambition was to become the greatest poet in Italy after Dante. But when he read the canzoni of Petrarca, he threw his own lyrical pieces into the fire. He preserved his poems of the Theseida and Filostrato. His ambition then aspired to excellence in prose; and accordingly the Decamerone appeared, which soon was considered as much the standard of one mode of writing as the Divina Commedia was of the other. Part of it was published in 1353, the remainder some years afterwards.

On other accounts Boccaccio was regarded as a great beacon in the intellectual darkness of the fourteenth century. Not only, as I have already said, was he a diligent gatherer of classical manuscripts, but his labours in transcription far exceeded those of any hired copyist. He has the honour of being one of the first Europeans who endeavoured to revive the study of Greek letters in the West. In his work De Genealogia Deorum, he rejoices, with commendable pride, that he had recalled Homer and other ancient sages into Tuscany. His expressions are not, perhaps, to be interpreted literally, for they

proceeded from warmth of feeling; but he says, that in his time there were no Italians who understood even the characters of the Greek language. During his residence in his youth at Naples he had learnt something of the Greek tongue, for a corruption of it formed a part of the vernacular idiom of Magna Græcia. But it does not appear that he studied it grammatically. Petrarca, as we have already seen, learnt but little Greek from Leontius Pilatus. He introduced, however, the Calabrian to Boccaccio; and this introduction is a most interesting circumstance in the history of literature, for Boccaccio was immediately inflamed by the noble ambition of reviving Greek literature in the West; and at his solicitation the Florentine state created a professorship of Greek, the earliest one that was established in Europe. This circumstance occurred about the year 1360. Boccaccio conducted the Calabrian in triumph to Florence, and lodged him in his own house. They lived together for three years; and so strong was Boccaccio's zeal for letters, that he disregarded the inconveniences of entertaining as his mensal companion a man filthy in person, morose in manners, and pedantic in speech.

Boccaccio's attainments in literature were not great, if an opinion may be formed from the classical passages scattered over his works. He often mistook the author's meaning. He read Homer and much of Plato with Pilatus; but he conjectured the sense, instead of discovering it by grammatical analysis. Although his own individual scholarship was imperfect, his example diffused a taste for Greek literature. In consequence, however, of the extreme rarity of Greek books, curiosity gradually died away.

Nor did he confer inferior benefits on Italian than on Greek literature. Boccaccio always considered Dante as the first of modern poets; and it was his unceasing care to inspire the Florentines with a liberal admiration of their illustrious citizen. At length Florence decreed the foundation of a professorship, in honor of the man whom the same city not a century before had condemned to be burnt alive. Boccaccio was fixed upon as the interpreter of La Divina Commedia. He performed the office for a few months; but he was then in the last stage of life; and his lectures extend only, as already mentioned, to the sixteenth canto of the Inferno. He wrote the life of the subject of his commentaries. There are some elegant

passages in it, particularly the apostrophe to the Florentines on their neglect of their city's ornament. But the work will disappoint a reader who turns to it with anxiety to know what one great man has said of another. There is more of romance than history in the book.

Boccaccio spent the last years of his life at Certaldo. In that delightful retreat he composed his works, De Genealogia Deorum; De Montibus Sylvis, &c.; De casibus virorum et fœminarum illustrium; and De claris mulieribus. Much of the book De Genealogia Deorum, is avowedly taken from a work called the Collectivum, written by Paulus Perusinus, a contemporary of Boccaccio. Perusinus was librarian to Robert, king of Jerusalem and Sicily, and is described by Boccaccio as collecting Greek history and poetry from Barlaam and other Greeks. But upon the whole, considering the great difficulty of acquiring classical literature in the fourteenth century, the work on mythology does Boccaccio honour. It held its ground as a book of study for many years, and, indeed, until the philologists and gramarians of Italy had cleared the avenues to the temples of classical literature. Boccaccio's other works are neither interesting nor curious. The biographical notices are faint sketches, and

the remarks on character do not merit the praise of being called philosophical.

I made an excursion to the last retreat of Boccaccio, with the feelings of a pilgrim to classic ground. The simple house is perfectly in the state in which Boccaccio left it. The Medici family have put their arms in relief on a tower which forms one end of the building. Underneath there is this inscription:

> Has olim exiguas coluit Boccatius ædes,
> Nomine qui terras occupat, astra, polum.

Boccaccio died at the close of the year 1374, a few months after the death of his friend Petrarca, and was buried in the church of St. Jacopo and Filippo, at Certaldo. In his epitaph, written by himself, it is curious to observe, that he mentions poetry as if it had been the only subject of his genius.

> Hac sub mole jacent cineres ac ossa Johannis,
> Mens sedet ante Deum, mentis ornata laborum
> Mortalis vitæ. Genitor Boccacius illi
> Patria Certaldum, studium fuit alma poesis.

Although Boccaccio, out of despair of rivaling Petrarca, abandoned his ambitious hope of being the poet next in honour to Dante, yet there are cir-

cumstances about his poetical efforts which make him an object of attention. He certainly was the earliest Italian poet who used that beautiful form of verse, the ottava rima. Not that he was the inventor of it: for in a rude form it existed among the Sicilian poets; and is even to be met with in the poems of the Troubadours. He used the ottava rima in his early poems of the Theseida and the Filostrato. There is another circumstance in these poems interesting to the history of poetry. Before Boccaccio's time, poets were accustomed to make visions and dreams the vehicles of their tales. Boccaccio boldly imitated the classical poets, imagined a fable, and conducted it, by various events, to the close. The language of these poems is very pure. Boccaccio also has the merit of being the inventor of pastorals containing a mixture of prose and poetry; a species of composition which has been highly in favour with the Italians.

It is, however, as the father of Italian prose, that Boccaccio stands pre-eminent. He gave it richness, purity, and harmony. Whether such was his wish or not, his fame rests on his novels, and of those, on the Decamerone chiefly. It is generally said that he depended for immortality on his Latin works only; and that he wrote his Italian pieces for relaxation of mind. This asser-

tion may be opposed by the fact, that his novels are far longer and more numerous than his other pieces, and that at the conclusion of the Decamerone he often complains of the *lunga fatica* of his work. Towards the close of his life, he certainly regretted that so much licentiousness had fallen from his pen; and this opinion gave rise, perhaps, to the assertion which I have mentioned.

Of the Decamerone I must say a few words. Boccaccio supposes, that during the dreadful pestilence which raged through Europe in the fourteenth century, and which devastated the rich and populous city of Florence, in the year 1348, seven young ladies and three gentlemen retired to a beautiful house and garden, a short distance from the city, and diverted the time by telling tales. Each person told one tale a day. Ten days formed the time of the continuance of the party, and, therefore, the compound word Decamerone is given to the budget of stories. It is an amusing proof of Boccaccio's fondness for Greek literature, that he has given a Greek title to his book, and Greek names to the ladies and gentlemen who recite the tales. To assemble several persons, whose object it is to narrate tales, is a common artifice in Oriental literature, and was well known in Europe in Boccaccio's time, by French and Latin translations of a collection

of Asiatic fictions, called the Seven Wise Men. The machinery which surrounds the Decamerone has been imitated by several succeeding writers. Chaucer has adopted the fashion which the popularity of Boccaccio gave rise to, of investing tales in a dramatic form: but he has infinitely improved on his original, by collecting a number of pilgrims, who agreed to deceive the road, by telling tales. Each person speaks agreeably to his character and circumstances; and the judicious appropriation of stories to individuals is a great subject for the exercise of the author's ingenuity. The want of this harmony makes Boccaccio's machinery occasionally appear cumbrous. Besides, as pilgrimages were often made excursions of pleasure as well as of religion, the telling of tales was a natural part of the entertainment, much more conformable to situation than an amusement of that sort in the midst of a public calamity.

Few of the tales in the Decamerone are the perfect creations of Boccaccio's genius. Most of them existed already in a rude shape. The collection of tales called the Gesta Romanorum, by Peter Berchorius, prior of the Benedictine convent of St. Eloy at Paris, was a very favorite work in the fourteenth century, when it was written, as well as in after times. Boccaccio has occasionally

drawn from it. He calls his master Leontius an inexhaustible archive of Grecian tales and fables. Hence many Oriental and Greek fictions are to be met with in the Decamerone. Boccaccio likewise borrowed from the Trouveurs of the north and the Troubadours of the south of France. Italian cities were in Boccaccio's time so much infested by vagrant French minstrels, that their excesses were made the subject of municipal regulation. Some germs of the Decamerone are to be found in the Golden Ass of Apuleius, in the tales of the Seven Wise Men, and others in the collection of popular stories called the Cento Novelle Antiche. Many had been long the hereditary property of the travelling Italian minstrels, and not a few were mere village stories. The proud lord, the polite cavalier, the lovely damsel, the cruel and avaricious father, coquettes, and cuckolds, luxurious monks, and crafty friars, were common members of society in Boccaccio's time, and he has introduced them into his tales in every possible variety of exhibition. He gave vitality and spirit to the meagre forms of ancient fiction, and his pictures of his contemporaries are striking and faithful. The elegance of the narratives, the richness and naïveté of the style, the wit of the conversation, the remarks on life, the poetic

grace of description, in short, the genius of the whole, must be claimed by Boccaccio alone.

There is unhappily much in the Decamerone that offends delicacy ; and yet the poems were written for the amusement of the ladies, *per cacciar la malinconia delle femine*, as the author says. It has been well and pointedly remarked, that Boccaccio has been less scrupulous in violating the laws of morals, which we receive from God, than in shocking the rules that regulate the purity of language, and which proceed only from the will and caprice of men. Some passages have even been construed into a contempt of religion. His wit may not, perhaps, always be under restraint, and occasionally improper expressions may have escaped him in censuring the profligacy of the monastic orders. Indeed whenever any act of peculiar sensuality and atrocity is to be performed, a monk is the actor. It was surmised that his laughter at false relics proceeded from a secret contempt for religion. None of his stories gave greater scandal than that wherein he describes a witty preacher imposing upon his congregation a parrot's feather for a feather dropt from the wing of the angel Gabriel, and some common coals as part of the fire which had roasted Saint Laurence. But no man was more free from the vanity or hardihood

of impiety than Boccaccio. His various books abound with passages expressive of religious awe; and, indeed, in his large work on the heathen gods, he even proposes the modest doubt whether such a subject can with propriety be treated by a Christian. It is no wonder that the monastic clergy have always inveighed against the Decamerone. But they never succeeded in impeding its popularity. It was too consonant with the taste of the world for authority to overthrow it. The young and the gay read it for its scenes of pleasure; the man of the world admired its lively pictures of human nature; and the scholar found in it the treasures of Italian prose. Once only did the monks prevail. At Florence, in the year 1497, the monk Savonarola persuaded the people to destroy all the copies which they possessed of the Decamerone. Dante and Petrarca were similarly honoured. (85)

CHAPTER V.

FLORENCE.

State of Letters and Art in Florence in the time of the Medici. — Cosmo de Medici. — The Architects Brunelleschi, Michelozzi, and Alberti. — Sculpture. — Donatello and Ghiberti. — Chrysoloras and his patron Palla Strozzi. — Ambrogio Traversari. — Lionardo Aretino. — Poggio Bracciolini. — Filelfo. — Greeks at Florence. — Pletho. — Gennadius. — Bessarion. — George of Trebisond, and Theodore Gaza. — Introduction of the Platonic Philosophy. — Lorenzo de Medici. — The Platonic Academy at Florence — Ficino. — Landino. — Poliziano. — Pico de Mirandola. — Italian Poetry. — Burchiello. — The Pulci. — Benevieni.

CHAPTER V.

FLORENCE.

When particular places and buildings at Florence brought former times to my mind, I often wished that I had lived and travelled in the days of Cosmo de' Medici, and his grandson, Lorenzo the Magnificent. Yet I always consoled myself by the thought, that I could combine reflection with observation, and that my knowledge of the literature of Tuscany must be more perfect than if the subject had been viewed by me at any earlier period. When I resided at Florence, the literary heroes of the fifteenth century were yet fresh in fame, the fire which they kindled was still alive, and if in conversing with the learned men of the age, or in reading

their works, I sometimes thought that literature had declined, the idea was immediately qualified by the reflection that their predecessors were giants in learning, that the present race paid adoration rather than respect to the past, and that so much had been performed that the days of originality were no more.

When Florence threw off the imperial yoke, all the elements of society were set in action, and full scope was given to the moral and intellectual powers of her citizens. Amidst the contentions for mastery between the friends and the enemies of freedom, and the respective hypocrites of each party, no family was more conspicuous on the democratical side than that of the Medici. They were among the most enterprising, able, and successful merchants of Florence. Talent and good fortune appeared to be hereditary possessions, and their wisdom was as conspicuous in political as in commercial affairs. Giovanni de' Medici was the great supporter of his family's eminence at the close of the fourteenth and the beginning of the fifteenth century. After many political troubles, after the commission on every side of those crimes, which state necessity is called on to justify, Cosmo de' Medici, the son of Giovanni, became the real

and efficient lord of Florence, though the constitution of the city was nominally republican. The passion for knowledge had ever predominated over him, and when he became possessed of sovereign power he surrounded himself with men of letters and art, whose works he encouraged, and in whose instructive society he found the relief of his cares. He was not the ostentatious patron, but the simple and equal friend. His anxiety respecting the discovery of manuscripts I have mentioned elsewhere. He formed one of the largest and most valuable libraries of his time, and his wealth and taste filled his native city with rich and magnificent public buildings.

BRUNELLESCHI. (86)

One of Cosmo's most favoured artists, Filippo Brunelleschi, may be regarded as the reviver of the style of ancient architecture. His original occupation was that of a goldsmith and watchmaker. He studied sculpture under the great Florentine Donatello. He learnt the rudiments of architecture from the works of Vitruvius, which had lately been recovered, but he chiefly enlarged his mind and purified his taste by studying the

antiquities of Rome. He measured, compared, and described the architectural remains. The first fruit of his labour, as the earliest glimmer of day, was the distinction of the five Orders among the ancients, a distinction so essential to the art, that it is better to preserve it in all its rigour at the risque of monotony, than to mix the Orders, and run into the danger of plunging the art into its former state of barbaric confusion. Brunelleschi built the church of St. Lorenzo at Florence, the first modern edifice that was raised on Grecian principles of architecture. He crowned the cathedral or church of Santa Maria del Fiore with the octagonal cupola, which even Michelangiolo himself could never regard without admiration. The history of the edifice is recorded in the inscription :—

Tal sopra sasso sasso
Di giro in giro eternamente io strussi,
Che cosi passo passo
Alto girando al ceil mi ricondussi.

Brunelleschi's ideas were so much superior to those of his age, that his plans were ridiculed by the artists who met together at Florence, from every part of Europe, upon the subject of the cupola. No one better understood, than he did, the great principle of art, that the union of perfect

parts can alone make a complete whole. He not only was the builder, as well as the architect, but not a stone or a brick was placed in the edifice without his examination. With more wit than piety, Cosmo thus expressed his merits to Pope Eugenius IV.: "Holy Father, I send you a person whose genius is so great, that if Providence were to give him a chaos to arrange, he could execute the task."

MICHELOZZI. (87)

Michelozzi was another artist of Cosmo's patronage. He was not formed like Brunelleschi, to be the founder of art, but his knowledge was considerable, his perceptions were clear, and his taste was correct. Grandeur was the characteristic of Brunelleschi's mind, simplicity that of Michelozzi's. The former artist was, therefore, patronized by Cosmo, to raise public buildings, and the latter to erect private edifices. But Michelozzi's talents were differently estimated by other great men. Some of the most splendid palaces, and austere convents in Florence, and its neighbourhood, are of his architecture.

ALBERTI. (88)

The architectural taste of the Florentines, which Brunelleschi, and Michelozzi created, was preserved in its purity and freshness by their fellow citizen Leon Batista Alberti, of whom the present is a convenient occasion to speak. He lived through the greatest part of the fifteenth century. His mind comprehended severe studies and elegant accomplishments. He took a doctor's degree in canon and civil law at Bologna. He wrote in Latin prose a comedy called Philodoxeos, which he imposed upon the learned world as a genuine remnant of antiquity. His poems describe the art of love, and his moral treatises the mode of regulating that and other troublesome passions. He painted indifferently well, and he wrote upon the subjects of painting and sculpture: but architecture was his favorite study, and that in which he was most successful. The church of St. Francesco, at Florence, is a noble proof of his powers. He designed also the magnificent façade which Giovanni di Paolo Rucellai added at his own expense to the church of Santa Maria Novella. The palace of Cosmo Rucellai, in the strada della Vigna, is the work of Alberti.

Alberti's work on architecture has been, and continues to be, of infinite use to students. It was published at Florence, about the year 1481, and, therefore, somewhat preceded the work of Vitruvius, and more than thirty years the publication of that author, with such a commentary as has made his book valuable, and indeed intelligible. Alberti reduced into system all the observations which he had made upon ancient architecture. I understand that he writes clearly, and that his work is full of judicious criticism, and important precepts. The Greek orders are the subject of his worship, and he correctly describes those principles of beauty, upon which their permanency in taste is fixed. (89)

SCULPTURE.

But to return to the state of art, and letters, in the time of Cosmo. The subject of painting, indeed, I shall reserve for a more appropriate place in the next chapter. In sculpture as well as in architecture, the glories of Florence, in the age of Cosmo, far transcended the brightness of any other Italian city. Donato or Donatello, was a Florentine artist, that lived from the year 1383 to the year 1466. He was an architect of

considerable abilities, but is principally remarkable for his sculptures. No one can view his numerous statues in Florence and Padua, without amazement. He may be considered, indeed, as the precurser of Michelangiolo. He was the earliest artist that distinguished himself for excellence in bassi relievi.

His fellow citizen and contemporary, Lorenzo Ghiberti, will ever live in the praises of Bonarruoti, for the bronze doors on the Baptistery of Florence. Those portals represent the sacrifice of Abraham, the life of John the Baptist, and many other circumstances connected with the object of the building itself. The government of Florence had decreed, that the work should be performed, and artists were invited to produce specimens of their abilities. Lorenzo Ghiberti, and seven other persons, answered the call, and thirty-four excellent judges declared Lorenzo's to bear the greatest proofs of genius. He was not then (A. D. 1402,) more than twenty-two years old. The gates were not completed till the year 1423.

In the year 1439, an adjourned session of a council for terminating the differences between the Greek and Latin churches was held at Florence. Cosmo entertained the clerical and

lettered strangers with imperial magnificence. My learned countrymen found the Florentine literary circle already familiarized with their language. Emanuel Chrysoloras had been the ambassador of the Emperor Emanuel Paleologus to the Western princes for succour against the Turks at the close of the preceding century. Chrysoloras taught the Greek language as well as negotiated for his lord, and was more successful as a teacher than as an envoy. He rekindled in the minds of men the love of Grecian literature that Petrarca and Boccaccio had created, but which since their time had died away. Chrysoloras was about to return to Constantinople, when a Florentine named Palla Strozzi induced his fellow citizens to offer to the stranger the Greek professorship in Florence. He took the chair about the year 1396. Five or six years afterwards he removed to, and taught at Milan: Rome and Venice, likewise, boast that they partook of his literary communications; and indeed such was the ardour during the sixteenth century with which Greek letters were studied, that Italy appeared a Greek colony. Of the principal men of that time I shall now give some account. But the Mecænas of Chrysoloras must not be overlooked. No individual stands higher among illustrious patrons of letters than

Palla Strozzi. He was the descendant of a noble family of Florence. He frequently represented the state in foreign countries, and relieved himself from the perplexities of negociation by literary studies. Letters owed him much when he reformed the University of Florence. The studies were judiciously classed, learned men were appointed professors, and in a short time the youth of foreign countries flocked to the capital of Tuscany. Tommaso da Sarzana, afterwards Pope Nicholas V., was protected by Strozzi as well as by Cosmo de' Medici, and his literary assistance was the fair and valuable return for their friendship. When Chrysoloras commenced his course of Greek lectures at Florence, a want of Greek books was soon experienced. Palla Strozzi immediately sent money to Greece that the necessary manuscripts might be purchased. Copies of Plato, Plutarch, and other authors, were soon returned to Florence. Aristotle's politics were likewise brought, and from that transcript after having served for the lectures of Chrysoloras, Lionardo Bruni of Arezzo, whom I shall presently mention, made his translation.

The families of the Medici and Strozzi were rivals in literary patronage, and also contended for preeminence of political distinction. Cosmo finally prevailed, and about the year 1434,

Strozzi was compelled to remove to Padua. After all the storms of life, he found in that city respect and peace. He engaged the literary services of John Argyropolus, a learned refugee Greek. The natural history of Aristotle was one of the chief books that they read together. Strozzi's knowledge of the Greek language was completed by the lessons of another of my countrymen. Strozzi died at Padua in 1462, having reached the age of ninety. (90)

AMBROGIO TRAVERSARI.

The life of Ambrogio Traversari, generally called Camaldoli, because he was the head of some Camaldolite friars, need not detain me long. He was born in the year 1386, in the castle of Romagna in the Apennines near Forli; but as he was educated at Florence the people of the latter city claim him as their own. He was a pupil of Emanuel Chrysoloras, and so distinguished did he become in the knowledge of Greek literature, and in acquaintance with Greek manners, that by the command of Pope Eugenius IV. he conducted (A. D. 1438) the Greek Emperor and his ecclesiastics from Venice to Ferrara, and was a most skilful interpreter

between the strangers and the Italians who met in council. Traversari died suddenly in 1439. By his learned conversation more than his literary works he diffused the love of letters. His Latin translations of Diogenes Laertius and other Greek authors have the merit of correctness, but not of elegance. His epistles and his Hodoeporicon give interesting accounts of the times. (91)

LIONARDO ARETINO.

Lionardo Bruni, or Aretino, from his birthplace Arezzo, requires fuller mention. The disposition of his mind to letters was early inflamed by the circumstance, that in a room in which he was once confined, a portrait of Petrarca was always before his eyes. He studied Latin under Giovanni of Ravenna, a pupil of Petrarca, and whose school, kept in different towns, was the most celebrated one in Italy, at the close of the fourteenth and commencement of the fifteenth centuries. He acquired both the rudiments and the elegancies of Greek from Emanuel Chrysoloras. He was apostolical secretary to several Popes, and he died while he was chancellor of the Florentine republic.

I need not transcribe the oration or the meed of mournful verse that expressed the universal sorrow, for the characters of grief are uniform, but it was a singular expression of respect to place his history of Florence upon his breast. His vast literary attainments were so generally known, that strangers used to visit Florence in order to behold the prodigy. But praise caused no vain inflation of mind. His manners were as much loved as his learning was respected. His courtesy was always guided by moral principle. He long abstained from the society of his friend Niccolo Niccoli, because that Florentine had seduced the affections of the mistress of one of his own brothers. The conduct of Lionardo will appear in great lustre when contrasted with that of the generally correct Ambrogio Traversari. That man of letters wrote to Niccoli, requesting him to present his regards to the most faithful Benvenuta.

Lionardo's principles of rectitude influenced him in the most trying cases. His personal pride gave way to the noblest sentiments of honor. On one occasion, while chancellor of the republic, he thought that the people were too warm in their plaudits of Giannozzo Manetti, and he accordingly expressed himself with some bitterness against the young candidate for fame. But

Manetti replied to him with such mildness and respect, that Lionardo's mind was touched with shame. At day-break the next morning the old man went to Manetti's house. Giannozzo was astonished to see at his humble dwelling so distinguished a person as the chancellor of the Florentine republic. Lionardo requested his company on important business, and they walked together; at length, suddenly stopping himself, Lionardo said to his companion, in a loud voice, "Yesterday I grossly insulted you. My mind has been since so much distressed that I could not sleep, and I know that I cannot be happy without acknowledging my fault and requesting pardon."

Lionardo's literary works embrace almost all the known subjects of his time. A catalogue of his historical and philosophical pieces would be uninteresting, for the books possess no peculiar merit: at least such is the judgment of the ablest critics, for I confess that my acquaintance with them is very slight. But his numerous translations from the Greek enjoy such high reputation, that he may be regarded as one of the great revivers of classical taste. (92)

POGGIO.

Poggio Bracciolini was born in the year 1380, of a poor family, in the Castle of Terranuova, in Arezzo. He learnt Latin from Giovanni of Ravenna, and Greek from Chrysoloras, and went to Rome as a literary adventurer. Boniface IX. extended Papal protection to him, and so high was his literary merit that he became apostolical secretary. His abilities were likewise employed by Innocent VII., Gregory XII., Nicholas V., and John XXII. Of his studies the account is not important, but it is pleasing to observe that the greatest use which he made of his exalted friendship, was to advance the fortunes of Lionardo Aretino, the companion of his youthful days. Poggio went to England, but he did not remain long in that country, for the Cardinal Beaufort did not realize his professions of patronage. Poggio was affected by the political convulsions which agitated Martin V. and Eugenius IV. He hoped for peace at Florence, but Cosmo at the time was in banishment. Poggio did not hesitate to express his admiration of this illustrious exile, and to carry on a literary war on the subject of dreadful bitterness with the celebrated Filelfo.

Poggio, upon the restoration of the Medici, fixed his residence in the vale of Arno. Small as had been his fortune, yet by a judicious application of his means he had amassed a very large library, a choice collection of pictures and statues, and an infinity of coins and medals. The seignory of Florence paid letters the rare compliment of exempting Poggio from the payment of public taxes. The exemption was extended to his children, and four, (he had at one time fourteen) all illegitimate, by one mother, enjoyed the benefit. He endeavoured by the usual means of libertines to atone for early extravagancies. At the age of fifty-five he married a girl of eighteen : like a literary man he wrote a treatise on the question, whether there was too great a disparity of years, and like a true votary of Venus he decided that there was not. In a letter to a friend, Poggio says that he arrived at the age of fifty-five doubting whether he should adopt the secular or the clerical character, and was at last determined for the former, and had resolved not to spend the remainder of his days in cheerless solitude. No one would suppose from this letter that Poggio had been living for many years in constant violation of the laws of God, and had lately turned his children upon the world, without provision. The marriage

was a happy one, and in the retirement of literary ease and social love he wrote some of his best works. With Pope Nicholas V., that zealous friend of letters, he was on the happiest terms of literary intimacy, and his last honor was the chancellorship of the Florentine republic. He died in the year 1459. His children obtained permission to suspend his portrait in a public situation, and his fellow citizens erected to him a statue which was placed in the façade of the church of Santa Maria del Fiore.

Poggio stands eminent in literary history for the depth of his learning, the philosophical cast of his mind, the elegance of his taste, and the enthusiasm of his spirit. His love of classical literature and his discoveries of ancient manuscripts place him among the great lights at the resurrection of letters in the West. I can scarcely mention an author who wrote Latin with purity before Poggio. At the desire of Pope Nicholas V. he translated Diodorus Siculus, and the Cyropedia from Greek into Latin. His history of Florence is unsatisfactory, only because it is a fragment. It reaches from the year 1350 to 1455. Poggio composed it late in life, when the Florentine archives were open to him. It never received the finishing touches of his pen.

Of all his philosophical treatises, that on the

vicissitudes of fortune is the most interesting. His essays on avarice and hypocrisy make an astonishing exposure of the vices of the cloister, and of the clergy in general. His skill in decyphering ancient manuscripts, his judgment and learning, are the admiration of scholars; but he enjoys notoriety as well as fame, for his book of Facetiæ is in the hands of all the world. The officers of the Roman chancery were accustomed to meet in a common hall, and so idle was their conversation, that the name bugiale, from bugia, a lie, was given to the room. The Facetiæ are the result of Poggio's acquaintance with the place. The classical reader will often discover in them the jests of antiquity. They abound, too, with literary and political anecdote, and are, therefore, generally interesting. The sovereign pontiff is spared as little as other persons. Blasphemy and licentiousness, are the chief characteristics of the book; and yet the place of publication was the court of Rome; the author too was seventy years of age, and had censured his friend Panormita of Naples for publishing his Hermaphroditus, telling him, among many other beautiful truths, that the writings of a Christian ought to be as pure as his morals.

It will not be worth while to enter into a detail of Poggio's literary quarrels. It is suffi-

cient to say that they were violent and bitter in the extreme; and yet in his general deportment Poggio was both dignified and mild: — an apparent inconsistency by no means uncommon in the literary character. (93)

FILELFO.

I now come to speak of Francesco Filelfo, a man of most extensive abilities. He was born at Tolentino, in the march of Ancona, in the year 1398. He studied at Padua; and, when only eighteen years old, he arrived at the distinction of being professor of eloquence in that city. He afterwards became so eminent at Venice, that he was made a citizen by a decree of the senate. At the age of twenty-two he was appointed secretary to a Venetian embassy to Constantinople. He had solicited the office solely from his desire to learn the Greek language. Under the care of John, a brother of Emanuel Chrysoloras, he travelled with success through a long course of Grecian literature. His abilities were heard of in places generally inaccessible to literary fame; and the Emperor John Palæologus took him into his service with the title of secretary and counsellor. Filelfo

went on behalf of the Venetian republic to Amurath II., the Turkish emperor; and afterwards, as the representative of Paleologus, to the Emperor Sigismund at Buda. So great an impression did his talents make upon the assembled princes, that he was invited and went to Cracovia as the imperial orator at the marriage of the King of Poland. On his return to Constantinople, he married Theodora, a daughter of John Chrysoloras; and from her lips, as from those of another Aspasia, he learnt the delicacies of the Greek language. He repaired to Venice in the year 1427; but the plague which raged in that city drove him to Bologna, and he there enjoyed for a few months the chairs of eloquence and moral philosophy. Bologna, however, revolted from the Pope; a pontifical army attempted its reduction; and the studies of peace were banished from the city. Filelfo joined the literary men of Florence. His knowledge and industry were perfectly astonishing. At day-break he was accustomed to explain to his four hundred pupils the philosophy and oratory of Cicero, or the history of Livy, or the poems of Homer. In the course of the day he read publicly some other classics. He often used to add lectures on morality; and even, on occasions of festivity, he delivered lectures on

the most beautiful pieces of the Tuscan poets in the church of Santa Maria del Fiore.

Filelfo escaped from an assassin's dagger; and he chose to think that it was the Medici family who had paid the wretch. He became their determined foe; and, whether they were in exile or in power, he poured forth the most obscene and sanguinary satire against them. He went to Siena when Cosmo became sovereign of Florence, and carried on the war against the Medici so vigorously, that the Florentine government declared him a rebel. The assassin again attempted his blow, but he was taken, and punished with the loss of his hand, a mitigated punishment inflicted at the instance of Filelfo himself, from the horrid principle that it was better the criminal should live mutilated and covered with infamy, than that he should be delivered by an immediate death from bodily pain and the remorse of conscience. What share in direction or connivance Cosmo had in this case of the assassin, or whether the whole was not contrived and executed by some other foe of Filelfo, never appeared. It is only certain, that soon after Filelfo went to Siena, Cosmo ardently desired a reconciliation with him; and, on the other hand, that so fully assured was Filelfo that Cosmo was his enemy, and so bitter was he

in revenge, that he hired an assassin to murder the Prince of the Medici. The trader in blood was prevented, and his punishment was exemplary.

In the midst of these stormy scenes, Filelfo discharged his literary duties. He instructed his pupils by his lectures, and the world by his books. The remainder of his life, though it was of many years duration, may be shortly told. He was generally attached to the Dukes of Milan. He was honoured by the Senate of Bologna; and so highly did Alfonso of Naples esteem him, that he made him a knight, adorned him with a laurel crown, and gave him licence to use the royal arms. Sixtus IV. was more favourable than his learned predecessor Pius II. had been to Filelfo, although Filelfo had been the tutor of Pius, and had mainly contributed to his elevation. Pius assigned him a pension, which, after the first year, was never paid. Such was the vigour of his mind, that he lectured on the Tusculan questions of Cicero in the seventy-seventh year of his age. The last and most important act of his life was his reconciliation with the Medici. His friendship with Lorenzo procured for him what he desired most, the abolition of the decree of banishment. As the crown of his reconciliation, he was named

to fill the Florentine chair of Grecian literature. Although he was eighty-three years old, he did not decline the engagement. He removed from Milan to Florence, but he died before he could commence his lectures.

Filelfo's domestic life was neither more prosperous nor calamitous than that of any other man. But it was more fertile of event, for he had three wives and twenty-four children. He took his second wife with that haste after the decease of his first which always marks the conduct of those who are outrageous in grief. It is interesting to observe, that though, at the capture of Constantinople, his mother-in-law and two of her daughters fell into the hands of the Turks, yet that the sultan, from what motive I know not, released them without ransom, at the solicitation of the Italian. Filelfo was one of the most restless men living. He was always flying from place to place. He had not much of the simplicity or the modesty of a man of real learning. Though he was sober and moderate at table, he loved a splendid appearance, and that inclination added to the necessary charges of a large family, and his expensive searches for manuscripts, always kept him poor. To the disgrace of literature, he used to replenish his funds by perpetually petitioning the

great. Filelfo, however, was a generous man, for he allowed his brother to enjoy the patrimonial estate for life; and, after he died, Filelfo extended the kindness to his child. He used to think himself, not only the most learned man of his time, but of all ages. Virgil, he says, wrote in verse, and Cicero in prose, and both in their mother tongue; but that he has published oratorical, poetical, and philosophical pieces in Latin, Greek, and Italian; and that he was the first of the moderns who wrote Greek verses. He was the author of an infinity of books: few of them, however, received the finishing strokes of his pen. His translations from the Greek are numerous and valuable. He so far mistook his talents, as to suppose that he excelled in writing Latin poetry. He published an abundance of orations and philosophical treatises. The most interesting are the Convivia Mediolensia, or collection of dialogues, where he introduces his learned friends conversing on subjects of science and morals. All his works give abundant proofs of the author's learning, critical acumen, sound judgment, and ability of vigorous expression. But it was by his lectures and his friendship with the learned, that Filelfo principally extended knowledge. He directed the studies of so many young men, and was in

such constant literary connection with authors, that more of his mind was expended in conversation than in books. (94)

GREEKS AT FLORENCE.

Among the Greeks, whom the concerns of religion brought to Florence in the year 1439, was George Gemistus Pletho. He was even then of an advanced age, for he had been tutor to Emanuel Chrysoloras. All his life he was a worshipper of Plato; and, when he went to Florence, he endeavoured to excite a kindred fervor in the minds of the learned of that city. Aristotle had for ages possessed nearly absolute sovereignty over the intellects of the people of the West; for it was from the Stagerite that the Arabian philosophers, the predecessors of the schoolmen, had derived their wisdom. But the lofty visions of Plato were well suited to that enthusiastic love of Grecian literature which distinguished Florence. Cosmo was among the warmest admirers of the new philosophy; and what he loved was loved by thousands. But Aristotle was not to be dethroned without a contest; and for nearly a century the war raged between the votaries of the two philosophers.

In the end, principally in consequence of the powerful influence of the Medici, the Platonic philosophy prevailed. The war commenced by invectives, and ended, like most other quarrels, by accommodations. The Greeks were the chief combatants, the Italians were generally spectators. George Scholarius, or Gennadius, the man so well known in ecclesiastical and political history for the vacillations of his mind on the subject of the reunion of the Greek and Latin churches, was one of the earliest and ablest enemies of Pletho. On the other side was Bessarion, a pupil of Pletho. He had risen to the dignity of Archbishop of Nice, and was held to be of sufficient eminence and learning to assist at the great council of Ferrara and Florence, and maintain the purity of the doctrines of his church. At that memorable endeavour to unite the two communions, Bessarion acknowledged himself to be vanquished; and, as his personal interest was gratified immediately afterwards, he was charged with having betrayed his nation. Eugenius IV. gave him the purple; and Bessarion nobly spent all his revenues in promoting literary works, in advancing the studies of Greek and Italian youth, and in equalizing the fortunes with the deserts of the learned. In truth, he showed himself the friend of letters, by every

means that zeal, guided by ability, whether intellectual or pecuniary, could suggest. Bessarion was mild in his manners, and was often obliged to censure my too irritable countrymen for their acrimonious mode of carrying on the argument. He loved Plato—he loved Aristotle,—and he only wished that each of these great men should have his due praise.

The two most celebrated Greeks of the time, George of Trebisond, and Theodore Gaza of Thessalonica, were opposed to Bessarion. The former was of Trebisond by origin, but of Crete by birth; but in compliance with his foolish prejudices, he was always distinguished by the name Trebisond. He was a fierce and unrelenting enemy of Plato. He disputed in favor of the Aristotelian philosophy in the most unphilosophical manner; for he used personally to assault those who differed from him. George was professor of Greek literature in several Italian cities, and was a great translator of the Greek classics into Latin. It was expected that his version of the Almagesta of Ptolemy would have been of great use to astronomy; but he has rendered it into such barbarous Latin, that the former translations from the Arabic are preferred to his from the original Greek. He was so zealous and energetic in his opinions, that he was engaged

in literary quarrels with most of the learned men of his time; and, indeed, with Pope Nicholas V., who was at one period his patron. A circumstance relating to them during their friendship is honourable to both. One day the Pope presented George with so large a sum of money, that his modesty suggested his refusal of it. "Take it, take it," replied his friend; and added, with commendable pride, "you will not always have a Nicholas."

Of Theodore Gaza, the other illustrious Greek refugee, I shall only say that he was thought by Erasmus to be the best Greek grammarian in the West; and that the most excellent of his numerous translations is one of Aristotle's admirable history of animals. (95)

Cosmo de' Medici died in the year 1464, at the age of seventy-five. The literary character of Florence was upheld during the short life of his son Piero, but it received no additional features; and his life, as connected with letters, was a copy of the life of Cosmo. New glories surrounded Florence in the time of Lorenzo de' Medici. He was the son of Piero, and was born in the year 1448. His talents were elicited by his mother, who was a woman of letters. His first

master was a learned ecclesiastic named Gentile D'Urbino. Cristofero Landino was his second preceptor. John Argyropylus, a refugee Greek, taught him to read the poets, and Marsilius Ficino the philosophers, of Greece. As head of the first family in Florence, much of his time was occupied in attending to commercial affairs, as chief of a city with numerous foreign interests, and continually disturbed by the machinations of the seditious, all the cares of a politician were upon his mind: and yet the cultivation of literature was pursued by him with the ardour of a sole and engrossing occupation. "When my mind is disturbed with the tumult of public business," says he in a letter to Ficino, "and my ears are stunned with the clamours of turbulent citizens, how would it be possible for me to support such contention, unless I found a relaxation in science?" The library which his grandfather Cosmo had founded was encreased by Lorenzo, who sent his agents into every part of the world to collect manuscripts, and such was his zeal, that, as I have already mentioned, he used to wish that his money was exhausted in the purchases, and that he was compelled to mortgage his lands. Indeed on his death-bed his great regret was to die, leaving his library incomplete.

At his recommendation the Florentines re-

solved upon the re-establishment of the university of Pisa, and Lorenzo added considerable sums to the six thousand florins annually granted by the state. He established a Greek academy in Florence; John Argyropylus, who had been his own preceptor, and Demetrius Chalcondyles, and many other eminent men of my country were successively the tutors; its fame quickly spread, and the introduction of Greek into most countries of Europe may be traced to the circumstance of their students resorting to Lorenzo's academy at Florence, for that city since the time of Boccaccio had been universally regarded as the fountain of Greek literature.

The introduction of the art of printing into Italy gave full scope to Lorenzo's passion for the advancement of letters: the collating of manuscripts for the purpose of publication was immediately commenced by Lorenzo's friends, Landino, Poliziano, and others; and many excellent editions of classical authors and works on general literature were the fruits of their labours. Unless he had purchased the manuscripts, Poliziano's abilities would not have been occupied in the revisal of the text of Justinian's Pandects. The fine arts in every branch were patronized by Lorenzo with the same judicious ardour which distinguished his protection of literature and

science. He thought, like his grandfather Cosmo, that were the artists to study the antique, purer ideas of beauty, and a more graceful expression both in sculpture and painting, would be the result. Cosmo had collected numerous fragments of ancient statuary. Lorenzo added to the collection, and dispersed the whole amidst his gardens which were open to students. The powers of genius were unfolded by every means; for self-emulation was excited in contemplating perfection, and a generous rivalry was provoked by honorary rewards. Never was poverty the enemy of talent, for the poor student was always supported by Lorenzo. He was not, like Leo, capricious and partial in his patronage; merit, independently of selfish considerations, had his regard.

I should only make a catalogue of all the great artists of his time, were I to mention the objects of his friendship. In more than one case he paid homage to the illustrious dead. To the memory of the painter Giotto he raised a marble bust in the church of Santa Maria del Fiore. He wished to obtain from the inhabitants of Spoletto the ashes of their fellow citizen, Filippo Lippi, and to erect a mausoleum to him in the same church. On their refusal, a refusal which honoured them as much as the artist, Lorenzo erected the monu-

ment at Spoletto itself by the hands of Filippo the younger, a skilful sculptor and son of the painter. Poliziano, the friend of Lorenzo, wrote beautiful Latin inscriptions for both subjects. Such was Lorenzo's taste in architecture that his contemporary sovereigns of Italy often consulted him. He contributed more to the embellishment of Florence than the patronage of his grandfather Cosmo had effected. He began and completed many structures; and finished several, the church of San Lorenzo and the monastery of Fesole for instance, which his ancestor had commenced. He was the first person that marked the uncommon abilities of Giuliano, afterwards called San Gallo. That architect raised for him the lofty and ample cieling of the hall in the palace at Poggio Cajano. Giuliano went to Naples on a commission of taste, and in return for his labor and skill he declined the horses and money which the king offered, but he accepted and then presented to Lorenzo some fragments of ancient art, one of which, the head of the Emperor Hadrian, now adorns the entrance of the Medicean garden. He obtained such celebrity on account of a monastery which he built for an hundred brothers near a gate at Florence, that Lorenzo with great kindness and respect called him from the place Giuliano da San Gallo.

At first the architect was averse from resigning his family appellation, but he was reconciled to the change when Lorenzo asked him, whether it were not more honorable that his name should proceed from his own talents than from the reputation of others.

Lorenzo's taste for letters, his liberal kindness, and his free and engaging manners, made him the centre of the literary men of his time. But Lorenzo could write, as well as judge of, books. He may be considered, indeed, as one of the restorers of Italian verse. The poets of Italy, whether from poverty of genius, despair of excellence, or the too powerful influence of classical literature, had seldom sung in the vernacular idiom since the laureate fraternity of the fourteenth century. Lorenzo's amatory strains, like those of Petrarca, spring more from the imagination than the heart. He did not always desire an object of his own passion to describe in the language of love, for the deceased mistress of his brother Giuliano, was the first subject of his verse. The young lady had, indeed, been generally loved, and her death was mourned by all the Florentine youth. Lorenzo says, that while all the wit and eloquence of Florence were exerted in honouring her memory, he yielded to the general fashion, and in order to give the appearance of reality to his sonnets,

he too endeavoured to convince himself that he had lost the object of his love. It was then that he began to think whether there remained any lady in the city worthy of being the theme of a poet. Lorenzo's eye surveyed with anxious curiosity the persons and manners of the Florentine ladies: but so many perfections did his fancy combine in the Laura of his imagination, and so often did he find in life the mixture of defects and merits, that he could not easily discover the object of his search. At last, however, a young lady appeared of such surpassing grace, that he considered the fair one who had died, only as the star Venus, which at the approach of the sun is dim and eclipsed.

Lorenzo's amatory poems have much of the beauty of thought, but little of the elegance of Petrarca's expression. They are often, indeed, exceedingly inharmonious, bearing greater marks of the infancy, than the maturity, of a language. Lorenzo's fancy was fertile in poetical comparisons, and there is a rich colouring of imagination over all his verses. In his poem, called L'Altercazione, he describes with far more clearness than his contemporaries have done in prose, the wonders of the Platonic philosophy. But his poetical genius never appears so rich as when

it paints natural objects. Lorenzo describes beautiful scenery and simple pleasures, with a mind in perfect harmony with nature. In other subjects, for his talents attempted to grasp every excellence, he did not move with equal ease. His satires are neither very severe nor very poignant, they are only interesting as contending for priority of invention in that species of composition in the Italian language, with the satires of the Venetian Secretary Vinciguerra, which I shall here seize the occasion of saying, always appeared to me to be only ordinary declamations against vice, and not much distinguished for keen observations on life. But though rude, and destitute of all elegance, that quality of style dear above all others to the Italians, yet they are so much admired as to be generally known by rote. The fire of Lorenzo's imagination, and the gaiety of his temper, are sometimes more conspicuous in his canti Carnascialeschi. To gratify his fellow citizens he wrote pieces appropriate to the carnival, and not enveloping himself in oriental etiquette, or philosophical austerity, he used to descend from his palace into the midst of the gay throng; sing and act some assumed part, and then return into the house amidst universal applause. In truth the carnival was changed by Lorenzo from a theatre

of the grossest orgies into a subject of elegant amusement. At night there was a procession of magnificent chariots round the illuminated city. Men in splendid masquerade dresses accompanied the vehicles, playing various instruments of music, and singing the airs of Lorenzo, and of those poets who modelled their taste by his.

Such was Lorenzo de' Medici; and such were the benefits which he conferred on the liberal arts: and when we reflect that he died at the early age of forty-four years, the mind is amazed at the magnitude of his work. (96)

PLATONIC ACADEMY AT FLORENCE.

The project of Cosmo for the formation of a Platonic academy, was realised by Lorenzo. At his palace at Florence, or in his beautiful gardens at Careggi, the Platonists used to meet. After partaking of a Roman meal they commenced their philosophical work, and each person in his turn explained or commented upon some passage in the works of Plato, or his ancient followers. The Platonic academy had various objects. Science was cultivated as well as letters. The reveries of the judicial astrologers

were freely refuted, and experience and observation were substituted for insane reveries.

The institution survived Lorenzo, but its place of meeting was changed. No spot at Florence attracts more attention from the literary stranger, than the Orti Oricellarii, as the gardens of the Rucellai family are called. They are not admirable solely on account of the disposition of the ground, or the beauty of the ornaments, for every city of Italy possesses gardens as picturesque, and statues as noble as those I am speaking of. But in the Orti Oricellarii were carried on the celebrated disputes between the Aristotelians and the Platonists, after the death of Lorenzo de' Medici. The mother of Bernardo Rucellai was the daughter of the celebrated Palla Strozzi, and Bernardo married Nanina de' Medici, sister of Lorenzo. His family connections, therefore, entitled him to the character of a Mecaenas. He was an author as well as a patron. There is in existence a work of his in manuscript, on the antiquities of Rome. It is written with great elegance and learning; but still Rucellai has better claims to fame, from the circumstance of his having opened a house and garden, for the sittings of the academy, in the Via della scala, near Florence. He died in the year 1514, at the age of about sixty-five. His

son, Giovanni, was fully his father's equal in talents and accomplishments. He died about the year 1526, without having obtained one great object of his ambition, a Cardinal's hat, and which his connections with the Medician Popes justified him in expecting. His tragedies I shall mention in another place. His poem, called le Api, is not a mere copy or paraphrase of that part of the fourth book of the Georgics relating to bees, but is an original poem written with great knowledge of the subject, expressed often in poetical, and always in elegant, language. The work was a posthumous one, and published by Trissino, for Rucellai on his death-bed recommended his literary works to his brother, as he had no children to entrust to his charge. "Carry them," he continued, "to our dear friend Trissino; I have dedicated them to him, and I wish that they should receive from his pen, those corrections which I am unable to give them. If his taste, which is so refined, should approve of them, let them be printed, and fear nothing for their success with the world, when they obtain the approbation of so great a man as Trissino." (97)

Some of the members of the Platonic Academy merit a short notice. One of them was

MARSILIO FICINO.

He was the son of a surgeon of Florence, but diverted from medical to philosophical pursuits by Cosmo, who educated him as his own son, and handsomely provided for his personal wants. Piero, after the death of Cosmo, continued the family friendship for him; and Lorenzo was not less warm in his regard than his father or grandfather. Ficino made a paraphrastical translation of the whole works of Plato, wrote voluminous commentaries on Plato and his followers, and lectured upon philosophical subjects to men of the first intellect and learning. Ficino lived with the simplicity and privacy of a philosopher. He idolized Plato, and he was, therefore, a creature of the imagination. He supposed that the epithet divine was attributed to Plato, because that philosopher had not spoken like common men, but had concealed the wisest meanings under common words. Ficino, in imitation, therefore, of the supposed style of his master, wrote and conversed in a mystical style. He learnt music, and sung the hymns of Orpheus to a Greek harp, because Plato had recommended music as a soother of the passions.

LANDINO.

Cristofero Landino, though a Platonist, was not such an exclusive one as Ficino. Cosmo and Piero de' Medici had relieved him from the necessity of pursuing juridical studies, and had enabled him to cultivate philosophy and the fine arts. Piero appointed him tutor of his sons, Lorenzo and Giuliano, and with the former the literary connection ripened into private friendship. Landino enjoyed political, as well as literary honors. He was professor of eloquence at Florence, and he was secretary to the signiory: the title and emoluments of the latter place he was allowed to enjoy, even when age had incapacitated him from the drudgery of daily business. But he was one of those whose minds are exercised, and not exhausted, by literary occupation, for he lived till the age of eighty. He wrote various philosophical pieces, and also works on elegant literature. He conferred a real benefit upon letters by translating the Natural History of Pliny into Italian; and so great was thought to be the merit of his commentary on Dante, that he was rewarded by the senate with the grant of a villa. Landino died in the year 1504. (98)

POLIZIANO.

Angelo Poliziano was remarkable for the precociousness, as well as the eminence, of his abilities. He was born in July, in the year 1454, at Monte Pulciano, or Poliziano, a small town in the territory of Florence. He poetically substituted this name for the name of his family, and called himself Poliziano instead of Ambrogini. Before most boys had overcome, by unremitting drudgery, the elements of grammar, Poliziano is said to have gained a masterly knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages, and the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle. The tendency of his mind was to poetry, and in the fondness of admiration it was said that the world had seen no one like him since Ovid. Even at the age of twelve he made such beautiful verses that it was affirmed they were worthy of the times of Alexander and Augustus. He used to amuse himself by outwitting the learned, and passing off the effusions of his own genius as fragments of Catullus or Martial, found by him in a neglected corner of the Medicean library. Poliziano needed patronage. He had read in Petrarca that the vulgar eye sees no

beauty in the laurel and myrtle. "Mark the poverty of philosophers," is the sneer of the avaricious fool.

> "Povera e nuda vai Filosofia,
> "Dice la turba al vil guadagno intesa."

Poliziano, in the vexation of disappointment, declares that a bard is the mere sport of the vulgar, and that he will, therefore, quit the muses.

> Dulce mihi quondam studium fuit; invida sed me
> Paupertas laceros terruit uncta sinus.
> Nunc igitur quoniam vates sit fabula vulgi,
> Esse reor satiùs cedere temporibus.

But the hope of finding friends among the great dissipated his gloom. He wrote, and he made the tournament of Giuliano de' Medici the subject of his verse. But he dedicated the poem to Lorenzo, and, in consequence, became the literary and social friend of the chief of the Medici, and the tutor of his children. Some writers affirm that he wrote this piece when he was not fifteen: but, perhaps, he was not quite so young. We only know that the tournaments of Lorenzo and Giuliano de' Medici took place in

February, 1468, and that Lodovico Pulci's verses in honour of Lorenzo, preceded, in point of time, Poliziano's work. Incomplete as is the latter poem, and though its thousand lines are spent only on the opening the preparation for the combat, it forms one of the most brilliant ornaments of Italian poetry. In painting the occupations and amusements of Giuliano's youth, it shows all the freshness and fertility of a young imagination, and the vigorous intellect of learned maturity. In describing the enchanted isle of Cyprus and the palace of Venus, Poliziano has poured forth all the riches of poetical fancy; and it is curious to trace in that description the first model of Ariosto's celebrated "Isle of Alcina." Poliziano gave the ottava rima, invented by Boccaccio, a harmony and a roundness which not even the songster of Orlando Furioso could improve. Poliziano's glory for having caused an epoch in Italian dramatic literature will be mentioned elsewhere. His minor poems (particularly the canzone "Monti, valli, antri, e colli,") have much of the sweetness of Petrarca. Nothing can be more elegant than his description, in Latin prose, of the conspiracy of the Pazzi. His characters are among the first of historical paintings; and no wonder, for he took Sallust for his model. His partiality for

the Medici, however, made him sometimes forget that truth was the primary duty of an historian. Four of his Latin poems may be placed among the best which have been produced since the revival of letters. They were recited by him as lectures on classical literature at Florence; and those lectures were attended by professors as well as scholars. The subject of the first is poets and poetry in general: that of the second, georgic poetry, or a series of critical observations upon Hesiod, and the Georgics of Virgil. The object of the third is an analysis of, and commentary on, the Eclogues of the Mantuan swan. The fourth is an elegant guide to the beauties of the Iliad and the Odyssey. These pieces are written in the purest Latinity, and are full of interesting detail, just criticism, and brilliant descriptions. Poliziano professed Greek and Latin literature at Florence, and his elegant discourses drew to him even the scholars of my countryman, Demetrius Chalcondyles. When he was careless, or his audience were not composed altogether of the keenest judges, he used other people's labours for his own with the greatest composure. One day he pilfered largely from Herodotus. John Lascaris drew him apart, to censure him for his boldness. "I am astonished," replied Poliziano, "that one of

your oratorical nation should not know the tricks by which public favour is gained. There were not more than three or four among my audience who had read Herodotus; and what is so small a number as that, when compared with the crowd of scholars who applaud me to the skies?" Poliziano could imitate to perfection the gaiety and taste of Horace. Many of his Greek epigrams possess the merit, that a simple and natural thought is beautifully expressed. Others are called Anacreontic; and certainly display as much licentiousness as elegance. His genius embraced the whole range of literature. His translation of Herodian is not inferior to the original; and, in reading his commentary on the Pandects of Justinian, we must remember that there had been but few before him who had swept from its pages the dust of barbarism. As classical literature was the chief object of Poliziano's study, no wonder that taste was his chief intellectual quality. That taste, however, was not without some alloy of a bitter spirit. When his passions were excited, he imitated the grossest passages of Catullus, Martial, and Horace. He collects from the two first authors all their terms of indignation, and pours them on the poet Marullus. He raked up all the obscenities in two disgusting odes of Horace,

and threw them at an old woman who had offended him.

This literary miracle, as Erasmus calls Poliziano, died at the premature age of forty; and among the causes of his death, chagrin at seeing the house of Medici gradually losing its splendour and power has been mentioned as one. His grateful attachment to that house made the enemies of the Medici calumniate his moral character; and his love of classical literature was affirmed by bigots to be accompanied by a rejection of Christianity. Even Melancthon, one of the mildest of the reformers, gave currency to a remark said to be Poliziano's, that it was loss of time to read the Scriptures. John Manlius, in his collection of common places, drawn for the most part from the lectures of Melancthon, says, that it was the reading of the breviary of which Poliziano spoke so contemptuously. As the style of the classics was Poliziano's standard of taste, it is not wonderful if he were sometimes foolishly betrayed into irreverent expressions concerning the language of the Bible. But it is neither just nor charitable thence to infer that he was a disbeliever in the great Scriptural truths. (99)

PICO DE MIRANDOLA.

The intimacy of their friendship, the similarity of their minds, and the prematureness of the death of each, call upon me to class Giovanni Pico, Count of Mirandola, with Angelo Poliziano. Giovanni was born in the year 1463. When quite a boy, the quickness of his memory and the readiness of his wit induced high hopes of future intellectual eminence. Even before his understanding was mature enough to embrace the full meaning of language, he was able to repeat, both in a regular and an inverted order, a long piece of poetry which had been once recited to him. Like Poliziano, belles lettres and poetry seemed most agreeable to his mind; but as his faculties could make every description of knowledge their own, he learnt the canon law at Bologna, the seat of the best professors, in order to qualify himself for the church, in which his family had interest. It does not appear that he ever received the clerical tonsure. He was not solicitous about wealth, but always lived with philosophical simplicity. He made a literary pilgrimage through France and Italy. He learnt philosophy and

theology at the most celebrated schools; and, by constantly disputing in public with his fellow students, he acquired the address and eloquence of a debater. He was master of the classical languages, of the Hebrew, and several oriental dialects connected with that sacred dialect; but as his powers of judgment were not equal to his powers of acquisition, he became the dupe of an impostor, who sold him as the genuine composition of Esdras a collection of Jewish cabbala, in the vain study whereof Pico lost much valuable time. He was only twenty-three years old when he closed his literary tour. He fixed his residence at Rome; and in the gymnasia of disputation performed prodigious feats of intellectual dexterity. To show the climax of his abilities, he offered to maintain, against all opposition, in a general session of the learned, the truth of nine hundred propositions, on morals, physics, mathematics, metaphysics, theology, and even magic, drawn from the Latin theologians, and the philosophers of the Arabic, the Greek, and indeed every known school. But the propositions are so frivolous, that they would better become the scholastic learning of the twelfth, than the classical learning of the fifteenth, century. They are altogether useless

in philosophy and morals. They neither discover nor confirm any principles which concern man in his religious or political connections. The range of mind which they display was regarded with bitter envy by his literary associates. The sciolists contended, that as Adam had been driven from Paradise for affecting, by the knowledge of good and evil, to make himself equal with God, so the descendants of Adam, who are full of vain curiosity after knowledge, should be banished from the church of Christ. As they could not conquer him, they resolved to ruin him; and those who cannot wield the battle sword are able to use the poisoned chalice. A malignant enquiry was instituted into the nature of the nine hundred propositions. The blight of heresy was said to be on thirteen of them. His enemies were as ignorant as malignant. One of them being asked the meaning of the word cabbala, against which he had thundered his declamations, replied, that he was a heretic who had written against Jesus Christ, and whose followers bore the name of Cabbalists. The foolish Pope Innocent VIII. condemned the obnoxious propositions. Disgusted with the dialectic art, Pico's mind took a new direction. By the

favour of Lorenzo de' Medici, he retired from scenes of noisy disputation to a delicious retreat on the hill of Fesole. He there devoted himself to theological studies, and the vain endeavour of reconciling the Platonic and the Aristotelian systems of philosophy. His mornings were spent in study; elegant literature, or social enjoyments, divided the afternoon; and the night was passed in sleep, or in perusing the Holy Scriptures. He died at Florence in the thirty-third year of his age, in the same year wherein the world was deprived of his friend Angelo Poliziano. This is Pico's modest epitaph:

> Joannes jacet hic Mirandula: cætera norunt
> Et Tagus et Ganges: forsan et Antipodes.

The Florentines who had enjoyed the society of Pico, when speaking of him to me, always called him the phœnix of his time. But those who could not listen to his conversation, must seek for other proofs of the extent of his acquirements, the fertility of his invention, and the keenness of his wit. Traditionary praise of skill in conversation must fade away, unless the assertion of intellectual eminence be supported

by proofs, of which every person can discern the validity. In turning over his works, do I find this praise justified? No. Some scintillations of fancy and intellectual dexterity appear; but there is none of that daring grasp of thought, there are none of those soarings after truth, that characterize genius. His total want of solid judgment is apparent in every page; and however great may be his learning, the display of it in books elicits not that admiration which a ready use of it in conversation creates. He gave much promise of poetical excellence, and here I limit my commendation. His scholastic and theological treatises are frivolous and absurd; and though he wrote against judicial astrology, it was only for the sake of giving firmer support to a system of astrology which he dearly cherished. (100)

ITALIAN POETRY.

Among the just claims to merit of Lorenzo de' Medici, I have mentioned the circumstance of his being one of the restorers of Italian poetry. With him in this species of honor may be associated his friend Poliziano, whose poem on the

tournament of Giuliano de' Medici, and whose musical drama of Orfeo, are most beautiful specimens of the Tuscan dialect. In the seventy years that intervened between the death of Boccaccio and the birth of Lorenzo, it would be difficult to find more than one poet who wrote in language which the Italians can call pure, correct, and elegant. That poet was named Domenico Burchiello; and though an humble barber at Florence, he lived in friendly communion with all the great men of his time. He died in the year of Lorenzo's birth. His poems are chiefly satires upon the manners of the Florentines. Shrewdness of observation, strength and simplicity of expression, frequently appear; but it must be confessed that, in consequence of the changes of manners, much of the wit is at present very obscure. The purity of his style is acknowledged even by those who do not regard him as a poet; and he has at least one claim to immortality, for a derivation from his name has passed into many of the languages of Europe to express extravagance of humour.

THE PULCI.

Three brothers of a noble Florentine family, called Pulci, contemporary with Lorenzo, were illustrious supporters of the dignity and beauty of the Tuscan muse. The Italians commend Bernardo, the eldest of the three, as being the first of their nation that transfused into the vernacular idiom the eclogues of Virgil. Luca, the second brother, celebrated in pure Tuscan rhymes the tournament of Lorenzo de' Medici: he wrote also some beautiful pastoral poetry, and a romantic epopee, called the Ceriffo Calvanco. This last poem was left imperfect. By the order of Lorenzo, a poet named Bernardo Giambullari added three cantos to the seven which Luca wrote. But both the original and the additions have been eclipsed by the Morgante Maggiore of Luigi Pulci, the youngest brother. For some remarks on that poem I shall find a more convenient place, when I come to speak of the romantic poetry of Boiardo and Ariosto. Luigi's other poems, whether burlesque or pastoral, add nothing to his reputation. (101) Girolamo Benevieni, a Florentine, is generally placed among the revivers of Ita-

lian poetry. He was of the school of Lorenzo de' Medici in philosophy, and his muse, therefore, chose Platonic love for her theme. I have not read the poem, nor is it much noticed by the Italians, except when the history of their language is spoken of.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

The literary history contained in these volumes is in conformity with the facts recorded in works of acknowledged authority on the arts and letters of Italy. Similar coincidences of opinion likewise sometimes exist. To satisfy the reader, therefore, that the circumstances asserted by Theodore Ducas accord with the statements of truth, and that occasionally his opinions are in harmony with the criticisms of the judicious, the Editor has added the following notes. He has also taken this occasion of explaining and illustrating the text.

Note (1). — Page 6.

Crusius, Turco Græciæ, libri octo, fol. Basil. 1584. p. 537. Montfaucon, Palæographia Græca, p. 82. 111. Bembi, Epist. Leonis X. nomine script. l. 4. 8. p. 85. Epist. Sadoleti, p. 299. note. ed. 1754. Jovius, Elogia, c. 31. Tiraboschi, Storia della Letteratura Italiana, vol. 7. parte 2. lib. 3. c. 2. Hodius de Græcis Illustribus, &c. p. 253, &c. Boernerus, De doctis hominibus Græcis, &c. p. 204. The Greek college at Rome is alluded to by all the Italian writers at the com-

mencement of the sixteenth century. Take, for instance, part of the address to Pope Leo X., which Beroaldo the younger prefixed to his edition of Tacitus. Tu vero qui utramque linguam optime calles, ad perfectam eruditionem, litterarum Græcarum cognitionem sciebas esse pernecessariam, eodem Lascare auctore ipsam prope modum Græciam in Italiam quasi in novam coloniam deduxisti. Pueros, n. ex tota Græcia in quibus vis ingenii et bona indoles inesse videbatur cum suis præceptoribus Romam evocasti, ut et linguam ipsis nostram commodius nos traderemus suamque illi nobis liberalius impartirent: ac per hoc seminarium utriusque gentis litteræ altioribus radicibus innixæ transferri ac latius propagari possent.

Note (2). — Page 14.

Hodius, de Græcis Illustribus, p. 294. Boernerus, de doctis hominibus Græcis litterarum Græcarum in Italia instoratoribus, p. 219. 8vo. 1750. Erasmus, Epist. l. 23. ep. 5. Musurus died in the thirty-sixth year of his age.

Note (3). — Page 32.

The searching for manuscripts was only the expression of zeal for the revival of letters. Most of the petty rulers of Italy, of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, displayed this zeal. This general truth must be qualified by the opinion of Poggio; in reading which, however, it must be remembered, that Poggio was speaking of a subject near to his heart. In his dialogue on the un-

happiness of princes, he is indignant at the intellectual torpidity of the nobility. They will not contribute, he says, to the liberation of the ancient classics from the prisons of the barbarians, but they spend their days and money in pleasures, in unworthy pursuits, in pestiferous and destructive wars. Poggii, Opera, p. 394. cited in Shepherd's life of Poggio Bracciolini, p. 113.

Note (4). — Page 44.

Tiraboschi, Storia della Letteratura Italiana, tom. vii. part ii. page 257. Bayle, Dictionaire, art. Bembo.

Note (5). — Page 46.

This story may be found in Bandello, Nov. xlii. parte iii. p. 140. Imperia died in the year 1511, at the early age of twenty-six. The epitaph on her tomb is a curious one:

> "Imperia, Cortisana Romana, quæ digna tanto nomine raræ inter homines formæ specimen dedit. Vixit annos xxvi. dies xii. Obiit 1511, die 15 Augusti."

I learn from Mr. Roscoe, on the authority of a work not within my reach, that Imperia left a daughter who redeemed her name from disgrace by a life of unimpeachable modesty, and who destroyed herself by poison in order to avoid the licentious attempts of one Cardinal Petrucci.

Note (6). — Page 48.

Tiraboschi, Storia della Lett. Ital. tom. vii. p. 1. lib. ii. c. ii. Sadoleto died in 1547, aged 70. Sadoleti, Opera omnia, four vol. quarto. Verona, 1737.

Note (7). — Page 50.

Molza, La Nimpha Tiberina, &c. 12mo. Bayle, Dictionaire, art. Molsa. La vita di Molza scritta da Serassa, in the Milan edition of the Italian classics. Molza was the grandfather of that celebrated, virtuous, and literary woman, Tarquinia Molsa, who lived from the year 1542 to 1617. She married very young, and on losing her husband some years afterwards, she would not listen to those professions of love which many men of the highest rank tendered to her. She found in literature the best balm of an afflicted spirit. She was the ornament of the court of Alphonso II., duke of Ferrara. In acknowledgment of her learning both profound and polite, her poetical performances, and her accomplishments in music, the city of Rome conferred on her the rights of citizenship; an honor never before conferred on a woman. Franciscus Patricius dedicated to her the third part of his peripatetic dissertations, and says that she did not make literature a frivolous amusement, but that she comprehended the Greek and Latin classics, particularly Plato among the philosophers, and Pindar among the poets. Dedications are suspicious things, or I would infer that classical literature was her favourite branch of knowledge. She certainly, however, translated two of the dialogues of Plato.

NOTE (8). — Page 50.

Credeva il pover huom di saper fare
Quello esercizio, e non ne sapea straccio;
Il padron non potè mai contentare,
E pur non usò mai di quello impaccio
Quanto peggio facea più avea da fare,
Aveva sempre in seno e sotto il braccio,
Dietro e innanzi di lettere un fastello;
E scriveva e stillavasi il cervello.
Quivi anche, o fusse la disgrazia, o'l poco
Merito suo, non ebbe troppo bene;
Certi beneficiali aveva loco
Nel paesel, che gli eran brighe e pene:
Or la tempesta, or l'acqua, ed or il foco,
Or il Diavol l'entrate gli retiene;
E certe magre pensioni aveva
Onde mai un quattrin non riscoteva.

Orlando Innamorato, lib. iii. c. vii. st. 39—46.

Of his own talent for reciting burlesque poetry, he says,

Era assai ben voluto della gente;
Di quei signor di corte ognun l' amava,
Ch' era faceto, e capitoli a mente
D' orinali e d' anguille recitava,
E certe altre sue magre poesie
Ch' eran tenute strane bizzarrie.

NOTE (9). — Page 54.

Mazzuchelli, Scrittori d'Italia, tom. ii. part ii. p. 980., &c. Berni, Opere di Francesco, 5 tom., Milan, 1806.

Ginguené, part ii. chap. 10—37. Roscoe, Life and Pontificate of Leo X. vol. iii. p. 323. Opere Burlesche, di F. Berni, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. Londra, 1721, 1724.

Note (10). — Page 57.

Mazzuchelli, Gli Scrittori d'Italia, vol. ii. part ii. Tiraboschi, Storia della Letteratura Italiana, tom. vii. parte i. p. 179—224. tom. vii. parte iii. p. 308. Argelati, Bibliotheca Scriptorum Mediolanensium, tomo i. p. 107—112.

Note (11). — Page 60.

Note di Apostolo Zeno al Fontanini, Bibl. Italiana, tomo ii. p. 351. Vita del Castiglione, dall' abate Serassi, in the Milan edition (1803) of the Cortigiano.

Note (12). — Page 61.

Tiraboschi, Storia della Lett. Ital. tom. vii. p. 3. lib. iii. c. 3.

Note (13). — Page 64.

Præfat. ad Elogia, &c. Bayle, article, Jove. Tiraboschi, Storia della Letter. Ital. vol. vii. parte ii. lib. iii. c. 1.

Note (14). — Page 66.

Tiraboschi, Storia della Lett. Ital. vol. vii. part. ii.

lib. iii. c. i. Valeriano died at Padua in the year 1558.

Note (15).— Page 72.

Mazzuchelli, Gli Scrittori d'Italia — articles Acciajuoli and Aleandro. Tiraboschi, Storia della Lett. Italiana, tom. vi. parte i. p. 108., &c., tom. vii. parte i. p. 22., &c. 179. Mabillon, Iter. Italicum, in Museum Italicum, vol. i. p. 59. The building, which is in the present days the Vatican library, was erected towards the close of the sixteenth century, during the Pontificate of Sixtus V. An inscription states that the old building was in a low, obscure, unhealthy situation, and that Sextus V., for the advancement of learning and the public good, made the present building in a more salubrious and convenient spot.

Note (16). — Page 74.

Tiraboschi, Storia della Letteratura Italiana, vol. vi. part. i. lib. i., vol. vii. part. i. c. 3.

Note (17). — Page 76.

Thus Ariosto says;

Il nome, che d' Apostolo ti denno,
Od' alcun minor santo, i padri, quando
Christiano d' acqua, non d' altra ti fenno,
In Cosmico, in Pomponio vai mutando;

Altri Pietro in Pierio, altri Giovanni
In Jano e in Jovian và riconciando;
Quasi che 'l nome i buon giudici inganni,
E che quel meglio t' abbia a far poeta
Che non farà lo studio di molt' anni.

ARIOSTO, *Satira* 6.

NOTE (18). — Page 80.

Tiraboschi, Storia della Letteratura Italiana, vol. vi. part. i. lib. i. c. 1., vol. vii. part. i. c. 3. Beautiful indeed, as the Modenese librarian says, is the description which Sadoleto has left us in one of his letters of the meetings of the Academics at Rome: "Ac mihi recordanti," he says, "spatium præteriti temporis, et vetera animo repetenti, cum et plures convenire soliti eramus una, et erat ætas nostra ad omnem alacritatem, animique hilaritatem longe aptior, quoties venire in mentem putas eorum cæterum, conviviorumque, quæ inter nos crebro habere solebamus, cum aut in hortis tuis suburbanis, aut in meis Quirinalibus, aut in Circo maximo, aut in Tyberis ripa ad Herculis, alias autem aliis in urbis locis conventus habebantur doctissimorum hominum, quorum unumquemque et propria ipsius virtus, et communis cunctorum prædicatio commendabat. Ubi post familiares epulas non tam cupedia multa conditas, quam multis salibus, aut poemata recitabantur, aut orationes pronuntiabantur, cum maximum omnium nostrum, qui audiebamus, voluptate, quod et summorum ingeniorum in illis laus apparebat, et erant illa tamen, quæ proferebantur, plena festivitatis et venustatis."

NOTE 19. — Page 85.

Vasari, vite de Pittori, tom. ii. p. 89—90.

NOTE (20). — Page 85.

Lanzi. Storia Pittorica della Italia. Dal risorgimento delle belle arti fin presso al fine del XVIII. secolo, tom. i. p. 48. Bassano, 1809.

NOTE (21). — Page 86.

Lanzi, 2. 50. Thus, as Mr. Fuseli says, it is sufficiently glorious for Masaccio to have been more than once copied by that great master of expression, Rafaello, and in some measure to have been the herald of his style. Masaccio lives more in the figure of Paul preaching on the Areopagus of the celebrated cartoon in our possession, and in the borrowed figure of Adam expelled from Paradise in the Loggia of the Vatican, than in his own mutilated or retouched remains. Fuseli's Lectures on Painting, p. 54. 4to. 1820.

NOTE (22). — Page 87.

Vasari, 2. 96. Landon, Vie et œuvres des peintres, vol. i. p. 20.

NOTE (23). — Page 88.

Lanzi, tomo ii. p. 57. Landon, vol. i. p. 22—24.

Note (24). — Page 90.

Bellori Descrizzione, &c. p. 29. Landon, 2. 25. Fuseli, note on Pinkerton, p. 482. Richardson, Traité de la Peinture, vol. iii. p. 157., &c.

Note (25). — Page 91.

Bellori, Descrizzione, p. 53., Lanzi, tom. ii. p. 64., Landon, tom. i. p. 28.

Note (26). — Page 94.

Vasari, tom. ii. p. 113., 125—132. Lanzi, tom. ii. p. 71. Landon, p. 34—36. Sir Joshua Reynolds' fifth discourse on painting.

Note (27). — Page 96.

Raffaello d'Urbino, quantunque volesse concurrer con Michelangiolo, più volte ebbe a dire, che ringraziava Iddio d'esser nato al suo tempo, avendo ritratta da lui altra maniera di quella, che del padre, che dipintor fu, e dal Perugino suo maestro avea imparata. *Condivi.* Bellori, Descrizzione, &c. p. 93., &c. Landon, p. 36—40., Lanzi, tom. ii. p. 47. 60—62. Condivi, sec. 67. Fuseli, Note on Pinkerton, p. 481. Barry's Works, passim.

NOTE (28). — Page 98.

E certo fra le sue doti singolari ne scorgo una di tal valore, che in me stesso stupisco; che il cielo gli diede forza di poter mostrare nell' arte nostra un effetto sì contrario alle complessioni di noi pittori; questo è, che naturalmente gli artefici nostri, non dico solo i bassi, ma quelli, che hanno umore d' esser grandi (come di questo umore l' arte ne produce infiniti) lavorando nell' opere in compagnia di Rafaello, stavano uniti, e di concordia tale, che tutti i mali umori, nel veder lui s' ammorzavano, ed ogni vile, e basso pensiero cadeva loro di mente; la quale unione mai non fu più in altro tempo, che nel suo, e questo avveniva, perchè restavano vinti dalla cortesia, e dall' arte sua, ma più dal genio della sua buona natura, la qual era sì piena di gentilezza, e sì colma di carità, ch' egli si vedeva, che fino gli animali l' onoravano, non che gli uomini. Dicesi, che ogni pittore, che conosciuto l' avesse, e anche chi non l' avesse conusciuto, se l' avesse richiesto di qualche disegno, che gli bisognasse, egli lasciava l' opera sua per sovvenirlo. E sempre tenne infiniti in opera, ajutandoli, e insegnando loro con quell' amore, che non ad artefici, ma a figluoli propri si conveniva. Per la qual cagione si vedeva, che non andava mai a corte che partendo di casa non avesse seco cinquanta pittori, tutti valenti e buoni, che gli facevano compagnia per onorarlo. Vasari, vite de pittori, tom. ii. p. 133, 134.

NOTE (29). — Page 98.

Born 1492. Died 1546.

NOTE (30). — Page 99.

Vasari, vol. ii. p. 449—468. Lanzi, vol. ii. p. 88. Landon, p. 3. Fuseli on Pinkerton, p. 391. Du Fresnoy in Reynolds, vol. iii. p. 202.

NOTE (31). — Page 99.

Born 1488. Died 1528.

NOTE (32). — Page 100.

Born 1500. Died 1547.

NOTE (33). — Page 101.

Born 1492. Died 1543.

NOTE (34). — Page 101.

Vasari, tom. ii. p. 97, 132, 302, 480., &c. 283., &c. Lanzi, tom. ii. p. 89., &c. tom. iii. p. 292.

NOTE (35). — Page 102.

Born 1494. Died 1564.

Note (36). — Page 102.

Vasari, Vite de' Pittori, tom. iii. p. 43—52. Lanzi, Storia Pittorica della Italia, tom. ii. p. 38. 91., tom. iii. p. 81, 186., tom. i. p. 171.

Note (37). — Page 103.

Benvenuto Cennini, in his own life, as Mr. Duppa says, has recorded this affair with Michelangiolo, as it was related to him by Torrigiano himself. "His conversation one day happened to turn upon Michelangiolo Bonarruoti, on seeing a drawing of mine made from the celebrated cartoon of the battle of Pisa. This Bonarruoti and I (said Torrigiano), when we were young men, went to study in the church of the Carmelites in the chapel of Masaccio, and it was customary with Bonarruoti to rally those who were learning to draw there. One day, amongst others, a sarcasm of his having stung me to the quick, I was extremely irritated, and, clutching my fist, gave him such a violent blow upon his nose, that I felt the cartilage yield as if it had been made of paste, and the mark I then gave him he will carry with him to his grave." Duppa's life of Michael Angelo Bonarruoti, third edition, 8vo. p. 220.

Note (38). — Page 104.

Vasari, tom. iii. p. 187.

NOTE (39). — Page 106.

Vasari, tom. ii. p. 197—200.

NOTE (40). — Page 106.

Vasari, tom. iii. p. 202.

NOTE (41). — Page 108.

Vasari, tom. iii. p. 204—209. Lanzi, tom. ii. p. 134. This cartoon was for many years a great object of study by artists. It was at last neglected by its owners, and the students, it appears, then cut it into pieces. Baccio Bandinelli, a Florentine artist of some merit, is said to have been the principal destroyer; and his admiration for Lionardo da Vinci, at the expence of Michelangiolo, is the cause assigned for his conduct. Lanzi, tom. ii. p. 135. Vasari, tom. iii. p. 210. I cannot refrain from the pleasure of inserting Mr. Fuseli's judgment on this admirable cartoon, as formed from such prints and copies of part of it as now exist. "The cartoon represents an imaginary moment relative to the war carried on by the Florentines against Pisa, and exhibits a numerous group of warriors, roused from their bathing in the Arno by the sudden signal of a war-horn and rushing to arms. This composition may without exaggeration be said to personify with unexampled variety that motion which Agasias and Theon embodied in single figures. In imagining this transient moment from a

state of relaxation to a state of energy, the ideas of motion, to use the bold figure of Dante, seemed to have showered into the artist's mind. From the chief, nearly placed in the centre, who precedes and whose war-voice accompanies the trumpet, every age of human agility, every attitude, every feature of alarm, haste, hurry, exertion, eagerness, burst into so many rays, like the sparks flying from a red hot iron. Many have reached, some boldly step, some have leaped on the rocky shore; here two arms emerging from the water grapple with the rock, there two hands cry for help, and their companions bend over, or rush on, to assist them; often imitated, but inimitable is the ardent feature of the grim veteran whose every sinew labours to force over the dripping limbs his clothes, while gnashing he pushes the foot through the rending garment. He is contrasted by the slender elegance of a half-averted youth, who, sedulously eager, buckles the armour to his thigh and methodizes haste. Another swings the high-raised hauberk on his shoulder, whilst one, who seems a leader, mindless of dress, ready for combat, and with brandished spear overturns a third, who crouched to grasp a weapon. One, naked himself, buckles on the mail of his companion; and he, turned toward the enemy, seems to stamp impatiently the ground. Experience and rage, old vigour, young velocity, expanded or contracted, vie in exertions of energy. Yet in this scene of tumult, one motive animates the whole; eagerness to engage, with subordination to command; this preserves the dignity of action, and from a straggling rabble changes the figures to men whose legitimate contest interests our wishes."

NOTE (42). — Page 109.

Vasari, tom. ii. p. 83., tom. iii. p. 211—214.

NOTE (43). — Page 109.

The Pope paid a fine compliment to the artist. Michelangiolo alleged a contract with the executors of Julius, as preventing him from undertaking at present new works. Paul replied, "I have lived thirty years desiring to have you, and now that I am Pope shall I be disappointed? I will destroy the contract. I have resolved you shall serve me." Vasari, tom. iii. p. 249.

NOTE (44). — Page 110.

The best description ever given of this statue of Moses is in a sonnet of Giovambattista Zappi.

Chi è costui, che in dura pietra scolto,
Siede gigante, e le più illustre e conte
Prove dell' arte avanza, e ha vive e pronte
Le labbia sì, che le parole ascolto?
Quest' è Mosè; ben mel diceva il folto
Onor del mento, e 'l doppio raggio in fronte,
Quest' è Mosè, quando scendea dal monte,
E gran parte del Nume avea nel volto.
Tal era allor, che le sonante e vaste,
Acque ei sospese a se d' intorno, e tale
Quando il mar chiuse, e ne fè tomba altrui.
E voi sue turbe un rio vitello alzate?
Alzate aveste imago a questo eguale!
Ch' era men fallo l'adorar costui.

Note (45). — Page 111.

Michelangiolo occasionally painted in distemper, and Marcello Venusti, Jacopo Pontormo, and other artists painted in oil from his designs. But it does not appear that Michelangiolo ever painted in oil himself. He said, indeed, that oil painting was an art fit only for women and idlers; but that expression must not be understood fully and absolutely, and without regard to the circumstances that gave birth to it. Pope Paul III., at the advice of Sebastiano del Piombo changed his original intention that the Last Judgment should be executed in fresco, and commanded that it should be performed in oil colours. Michelangiolo was indignant at this interference of his friend Piombo, and knew also that fresco painting was alone suitable to his subject, and consistent with the rest of the chapel. Not that he thought meanly of oil painting when employed in proper places, for he admired the colouring of Tiziano, and of several other artists who used that material. Vasari, tom. iii. p. 217., &c. Lanzi, tom. ii. p. 142. Duppa, Life of Michel Angelo, p. 288. 3d edition.

Note (46). — Page 111.

Vasari, tom. iii. p. 219—222. Condivi, sec. 25. Fuseli in Pinkerton. Julius wanted to have the chapel rich in colours and in gold; but Michelangiolo replied, "Holy Father, in those days men did not carry gold. Those who are painted there were holy men, because

they despised gold." Vasari, tom. iii. p. 223. Condivi says, " Il Papa dimandandolo un giorno, quando finerebbe quella cappella, e rispondendo egli, *Quandro potro; Quando potro*, egli irato soggiunse; *Tu hai voglia, che io te faccia gittar giù di quel palco.* Vasari, vite de, Pittori, tom. iii. p. 223. n. 1.

Note (47). — Page 112.

Vasari, tom. iii. p. 232—235.

Note (48). — Page 115.

Vasari, tom. iii. p. 250., &c. Fuseli on Pinkerton, p. 55.

Note (49). — Page 119.

Vasari tom. iii. 266., &c. Mai, Temples anciens et modernes 216—237 Michelangiolo was the architect in chief of St. Peter's, for seventeen years: at the end of that time, which did not long precede his death, the building was advanced to the basis of the cupola, and of the cupola itself he formed a model in clay, lest he should die before his ideas could be realized. The plans of Michelangiolo were generally acted upon by succeeding Popes, but the work on the whole languished for want of money till the days of Sixtus V. The frame of the cupola had been raised, but no Pontiff had ventured upon the vast undertaking of raising the outward dome. Sixtus V., however, ridi-

culed difficulties. For the completion of the formidable cupola, he named as architects, Dominico Fontana, and, Jacopo della Porta, the latter of whom had been a pupil of Jacopo Barrozzio, who for some years had conducted the works. With the permission of the Pontiff, the new architects altered Michelangiolo's plan by making it more elliptical, thinking that that form of the cupola would be more graceful. Some change in the lanthorn intended to surmount the cupola was necessarily projected. The execution of the new plan was commenced on the 15th July, 1588. Six hundred workmen, animated by the exhortations and blessings of the Pope, laboured day and night, and the undertaking was so quickly completed, that the last stone, blessed by the Pontiff after a solemn mass, was laid on the 14th May, 1590., amidst a discharge of artillery from the castle of St. Angelo. Ten years instead of only twenty-two months ought to have been employed in this work. The evils of this precipitation have been found in some subsequent examinations of the cupola. Urban VII. was the reigning pontiff at the time of the completion; Sixtus had died some months before. The lanthorn was raised by Vignola. The portico was not yet executed; nor had Michelangiolo thought of the sacristy, and many other usual parts of Christian temples. An alteration of the established plans was, therefore, necessary, and unluckily for St. Peter's and the arts, Pope Paul IV. approved of the alterations, which one Carlo Maderno proposed: a more miserable artist never lived in short-lived popularity. He changed the Greek cross that Michelangiolo had designed, into a Latin one, agreeably to the first intention of Bramante; he made the dark and narrow aisles, the wretched front, and, indeed, committed almost all the absurdities that

detract from the general beauty of the church. The façade by Maderno was finished in the year 1615. The belfreys were still wanting: Urban VIII. about the year 1638 employed the celebrated Chevaliere Bernini to raise them. Trusting his judgment to that of the masons, who examined the foundations of the portico, and who reported that they were sound and firm, Bernini began to raise a cupola on the south-east angle: but the walls of the portico soon tottered under the new weight, and the plans of the artist were defeated. Pope Urban VIII. died before Bernini could recover his fame. Innocent X. appointed commissioners to examine the state of the portico and the belfry, and they discovered that the portico had been raised upon earth and rubbish which were continually loosened by water. The consequence was that the belfry was taken down; an hundred thousand Roman crowns (more than 20,000*l.* sterling) had been expended in the raising of it; the destruction of the work cost twelve thousand. There would have been no necessity for a belfry, if the plan of Michelangiolo had been persevered in, but such an ornament is necessary to relieve the monotony of the front. Bernini was the architect of the beautiful colonnade that encloses the piazza. The Cathedral of St. Peter's is generally considered to have been completed in the pontificate of Pope Innocent the Tenth. That Pontiff was elected in the year 1644, and died in 1655. But there was no sacristy till so late a time as the reign of Pope Pius VI. Bonanni, Templi Vaticani Historia, Roma fol. 1696., and see also the work of the architect Fontana, upon the same subject. Baldinucci, vita del Cavaliere G. L. Bernini. Opere di Baldinucci, second volume, 4to.

Note (50). — Page 120.

Ritrovato una volta il Cardinal Farnese Michel Angelo appresso al Colisseo et chiestogli dove all' ora andasse per quelle nevi? egli li rispose, io vado ancora all' scuola per imparare. Lomazzo, Idea del Tempio della pittura, p. 114.

Note (51). — Page 122.

Lanzi, i. 131—140. Fuseli on Pinkerton, p. 56. Reynolds' fifth and fifteenth discourses. It was from the simple and single desire of just anatomical representation, and not from any disgusting pruriency of imagination, that the figures in the Sistine chapel were painted naked. His answer to the objection alluded to in the text perfectly spoke his own mind. "Reform the world," said he, "and the picture will reform itself." Pope Paolo IV., however, was the champion of delicacy, and Daniele di Volterra, a worthy pupil of Michelangiolo, covered with drapery the most offensive parts of his master's works. Vasari, Vite di Pittori, iii. 280. Lodovico Dolce, in his superficial and common-place dialogue on painting, has made Aretino (an admirable judge of decency) censure the great and virtuous Michelangiolo for the naked figures in the Sistine chapel. The other dialogist answers, that pure eyes are never offended with the simple representations of natural objects. Dialogo della pittura de L. Dolce, intitolato L'Aretino, 8vo. Firenze, 1735.

Note (52). — Page 122.

Every observer of these paintings has recognized the Minos of Dante in Messer Biagio da Cesena, and

the Charon. Some have noticed that the shivering wretch held over the barge by a hook, is taken from the following passage of the Inferno, canto 22.

E Graffiacan, che gli era più di contra
Gli arronciglió l'mpegolate chiome;
E trassel su, che mi parve una lontra.

But none have noticed before Mr. Fuseli, as imitations of Dante in the twenty-fourth book, the astonishing groups in the Lunetta of the brazen serpent; none the various hints from the Inferno and Purgatorio scattered over the attitudes and expressions of the figures rising from their graves. In the Lunetta of Haman, we owe the sublime conception of his figure to the subsequent passage in the 18th canto of the Purgatory:

Poi piobbe dentro al' alta phantasia
Un crucifisso, dispettoso e fiero
Nella sua vista, e lo qual si moria.

Fuseli's Third Lecture on Painting, p. 130. n. 4to. 1820.

NOTE (53). — Page 124.

Vasari, iii. 216, 274.

NOTE (54). — Page 125.

Vasari, iii. 274.

NOTE (55). — Page 126.

Vasari, iii. 314. Condivi, p. 53.

NOTE (56). —Page 126.

Vasari, iii. 320. If Barry's observations be correct, Michelangiolo's admiration proceeded from the grateful homage of a pupil to a master. "Ghiberti's bronze

figures, larger than life, at Or San Michel, are in every respect like a work of the cinque cento: one of his evangelists, in particular, is exactly in the style of Michelangiolo, and it is almost impossible to distinguish it from Michelangiolo's work; there is the same loose play of limbs. He seems to me to be the person that entirely removed the Gothic stiffness, and appears, for any thing I see to the contrary, to be the author and original of the taste of perfection in Italy, except in the article of expression and soul, which belongs to Da Vinci. The arms and hands of the St. John the Baptist, of Ghiberti, at Or San Michel, are admirably well made out, with great nature, simplicity, and knowledge of the minutiæ. His Evangelist in the other corner is in quite a different style; there is a wonderful spirit and boldness in all the parts of it. The figures are bent back in the manner of Michelangiolo. There is a fierceness in the turn and character of the head; the limbs are all bent at the joints, in Michelangiolo's manner, except the legs on which the figure rests. It is without doubt the model on which Michelangiolo formed himself, in what is called his manner, except the foreshortening." Barry's Works, vol. ii. p. 38.

Note (57). — Page 127.

Vasari, iii. 220—281—315, &c.

Note (58). — Page 128.

Desiderava Lionardo suo nipote la quaresima vegnente andare a Roma, come quelli, che s'indovinava, che gia Michelagnolo era in fine della vita sua, ed egli se ne contentava, quando ammalatosi Michelagnolo di una

lente febbre, subito fe scrivere a Daniello, che Lionardo andasse; ma il male cresciutogli, ancora che messer Federigo Donati, suo medico, e gli altri suoi fussino attorno, con conoscimento grandissimo, fece testamento di tre parole, che lasciava l'anima sua nelle mani di Iddio, il suo corpo alla terra, e la roba a' parenti più prossimi, imponendo a' suoi, che nel passare di questa vita gli recordassino il patire di Gesu Cristo, e così a dì 17 di Febbraio l'anno 1563, a ore 23 a uso Fiorentino, che al Romano sarebbe 1564, spirò per irsene a miglior vita. Vasari, vol. iii. p. 304.

Note (59). — Page 129.

—Era vestito alla maniera antica de' cittadini, con un lucco di velluto verde, &c. Bottari's note to Vasari, vol. iii. p 331.

Note (60). — Page 130.

Vasari, vol. iii. p. 304—331.

Note (61). — Page 141.

Durer, the father of German painters, and the best engraver of the old masters, died in 1528, aged 57. Though he was the mildest of men, yet his wife contrived to break his heart. — Of Raimondi after the death of Rafaello not much is known. His abilities as an engraver did not decline. He engraved as much for Giulio Romano, as he had done for Rafaello. For prostituting his art to the base purpose of engraving some of Giulio's designs for Aretino's sonnets, Pope Clement VII. cast him into prison. The punishment was very

brief. Raimondi died at Bologna, but it is not known in what year. Vasari, Vite di Pittori, tom. ii. p. 409—433. Baldinucci Cominciamento e progresso dell' arte dell' Intagliari in rame, Opere di Baldinucci, 4to. vol. ii. p. 1—22. Lanzi, origini e progressi della incisione in rame, Storia Pittorica, tom. i. p. 84—116. Strutt, Dictionary of Engravers, vol. i. p. 267—270. vol. ii. p. 255—259., and the Essay on the Origin of Engraving, vol. i. p. 1—24. Heinekin Idée Générale d'une collection complette d'Estampes, 8vo. 1771., and the fourth chapter (an admirable one) of the first volume of Mr. Ottley's Inquiry into the Origin and early History of Engraving upon Copper and in Wood. The Florentine edition of Dante, in 1481, has two vignettes; one intended for the first canto, the other for the second canto of the Inferno. They were designed by Sandro Botticelli, the painter, and engraved by him or Baccio Baldini, the goldsmith. Baldini was a skilful engraver, but as he was ignorant of design, he was obliged to work after the designs of Botticelli. This book has been thought to be the first in which the art of engraving in *taille douce* on metal, whether copper or a softer material was used. But an earlier book, the edition of Ptolemy, Rome, 1478, has twenty-seven geographical charts engraven in *taille douce*.

Note (62). — Page 146.

Padre Rossini was the first emasculated soprano singer in the Pontifical Chapel. He sung from 1601 to 1644.

Note (63). — Page 146.

This practice of Antimuccia was much improved upon by Filippo Neri, the founder of the Roman Catholic

society called the *Oratory*, and who flourished in the middle of the sixteenth century. He made a great step to the modern *Oratorio*. He caused some event in sacred history to be put into verse, and set to music by the best poets and performers of his time. He divided the drama into two parts; one part was sung before, and the other after the sermon; the interest of the auditors was excited by the commencement, and Neri's object was effected, of inducing people to remain during the sermon. A true oratorio is a mystery or morality in music, except that the part which used to be spoken is delivered in musical recitation. The first sacred drama or oratorio in which recitative was used, was called L'anima e corpo, and was performed in the oratory of the church of Santa Maria della Vallicella at Rome, in the year 1600. The recitativo or musica parlante was the mode in which the Greeks and Romans performed their dramas. Emilio del Cavaliere of Rome was the first modern musician that revived it. He introduced it into the theatre as well as into the church. Recitative is the true characteristic of the opera and the oratorio. It may not be considered superfluous to observe, that Emilio, in his instructions for the performance of oratorios, directs that the music should be placed behind the scenes, and that the instruments should be a double lyre, (perhaps a viol da gambo) a harpsichord, a large or double guitar, and two common flutes. Singers used generally to come upon the stage with musical instruments in their hands, as contributing to scenic delusion. Acting was necessary as well as singing, and thus the feelings were addressed through the eye, as well as through the ear. Nor were occasional dances thought to be improper. The Jews used to mingle dancing with prayer, and the Christians of the seventeenth century

held that every part of the Mosaic law was in full existence.

NOTE (64). — Page 154.

Romualdus, Chron. Salern. Muratori, Rerum. Ital. Script. vii. 162. Fleury, Hist. Eccl. xiv. 480. Lindenbrog. Cod. Leg. Ant. p. 808. &c. Petrarc. Itin. Syr. Op. tom. i. p. 622. Tiraboschi, Storia della Letter. Ital. vol. iii. lib. iv. c. 5.

NOTE (65). — Page 159.

Muratori, Della Perfetta Poesia Italiana, tomo i. lib. i. c. 3., and Crescimbeni, De' Commentarii intorno all' Ist. della volgar poesia, vol. i. lib. i. c. 1, 2. 5.

NOTE (66). — Page 166.

Born 1509. Died 1575.

NOTE (67). — Page 167.

Born 1510. Died about 1570.

NOTE (68). — Page 168.

Born 1507. Died 1590.

NOTE (69). — Page 170.

Giannone, Istoria di Napoli, lib. x. c. 11., lib. xxxviii. c. 23. Valla, Opera, 1540, folio. Basle. Pontani, Opera poëtica, Ven. Ald. 1513. Tiraboschi, Storia della Letteratura Italiana, tomo vi. parte ii. lib. iii. c. 1. 4, 5.

Muratori, Quadragesima quarta, in the third volume of the Antiquitates Italiæ Med. Ævi. Bayle, Dictionaire, articles Valla and Panormita. Of the historical work of Costanzo, mentioned in the text, Giannone speaks most highly. He says that he has not hesitated to found his own upon it, and to borrow whole passages from Costanzo. This remark, however, must be confined to the political matter. Giannone is quite original in all that regards the law and the church.

Note (70). — Page 171.

Mazzuchelli, Gli Scrittori d'Italia, vol. i. parte i. p. 436. Tiraboschi, Storia della Letteratura Italiana, tomo vii., parte ii. p. 210. Bayle, Dictionaire, art. Alexander ab Alexandro.

Note (71). — Page 174.

Tiraboschi, Storia della Letteratura Italiana, vol. vii. part. ii. lib. 3. Sannazarii, Poemata, Comino, 1731, 4to. Le Opere Volgari del Sannazaro, &c. Padoua, 1723, 4to.

Sanazzaro died in the year 1530, at the age of seventy-two. He was buried near the tomb which is generally said to be the tomb of Virgil; and Bembo, in the epitaph which he wrote for Sanazzaro, has taken advantage of the circumstance to assimilate the minds of the two poets.

Da sacro cineri flores; hic ille Maroni
Syncerus musâ proximus et tumulo.

Syncerus was the name of the poet in the Neapolitan Academy. — Mr. Roscoe's criticism on the poem De Partu Virginis, is, in my opinion, extremely judicious.

"That it contains many fine passages, and exhibits the powers of the author, and his command of the Latin language in a more striking point of view than any of his other writings, cannot be denied, and it is even probable that he chose this subject for the purpose of displaying the facility with which he could apply the language and the imagery of paganism to the illustration of the truths of the Christian creed. But, after all, it must be confessed, that he was unfortunate in his choice; and that the work, if not deserving of reprehension for its impiety, was, at least, deserving of it in the estimation of a true and correct taste. To require the attention of the reader through a poem containing nearly fifteen hundred lines, to an event, over which the common feelings of mankind have agreed to throw a respectful veil, is itself injudicious, if not indelicate. But, to expose the mysteries of the Christian faith in the language of profane poetry; to discuss with particular minuteness the circumstances of the miraculous conception and delivery of the Virgin; and to call upon the heathen deities to guide him through all the recesses of the mysterious rite, can only occasion disgust and horror to the true believer, and afford the incredulous a subject for ridicule and contempt." Roscoe's Life and Pontificate of Leo X. vol. iii. p. 385.

NOTE (72).— Page 179.

Tiraboschi, Storia della Letter. Italiana, tom. vii. part. iii. lib. iii. c. 3.

NOTE (73).— Page 182.

Lanzi, Storia Pittorica della Italia, tomo ii. 281 — 300.

NOTE (74).— Page 183.

Tiraboschi, Storia della Lett. Ital. vol. vii. part iii. c. 4. Vida was born at Cremona in 1470, and died at Alba, on the Tonaro, of which place he was bishop by the favor of Pope Clement VII. in 1566. His epitaph corresponded with the simplicity of his life. Hic situs est M. Hieronymus Vida Cremon. Albæ Episcopus. The inventory of his furniture, which Tiraboschi saw, shows that he died extremely poor. His charitable disposition was far more extensive than his episcopal revenues. His Latin poems are on both light and serious subjects — on silk, the game of chess, and the Christian religion. Vida may be considered as one of the revivers of Latin poetry. His thoughts are not drawn from a great depth, nor is his fancy very soaring or creative. But the vein of his poetry is pure, majestic, and regular. His versification is remarkably elegant. Unfortunately for his claims to originality he studied Virgil too closely, and resigned his own noble thoughts for those of another. But he was not always an imitator. I speak not of his taste, for that was guided by the taste of his age, but it is singular that his piety did not keep him from such absurd mixtures of sacred and profane matters, as he has made in those of his poems, which are professedly on holy subjects.

NOTE (75). — Page 185.

Lanzi, ii. 25, &c. Pietro Perugino died in the year 1524.

NOTE (76). — Page 187.

Forsyth's Remarks on Italy, p. 101.

NOTE (77). — Page 190.

Vasari, ii. 193—204, &c. Lanzi, i. 301—351. Peruzzi was born in 1481, and died in 1536.

NOTE (78). — Page 194.

Milton often introduced into the Paradise Lost his recollections of the scenery of Italy which he had beheld. It has often been observed that Vallambrosa must have been in his mind when he wrote the following lines, for Vallambrosa

crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champaign head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied; and overhead up grew
Insuperable height of loftiest shades,
A sylvan scene: and as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view.

NOTE (79). — Page 205.

L'Aretino, vita di Dante, p. 1—17 in opere di Dante, vol. iii. 8vo. Livorno, 1807. Crescimbeni, vita di Dante, opere di Dante, vol. i. 4to. Venezia, 1778. The letter of Dante quoted in the text, is in the Laurentine library at Florence, and there is a translation of it in the Edinburgh Review for September, 1818. But the fullest account of Dante is contained in the Memorie per servire alla vita di Dante Alighieri, in the last mentioned edition of Dante, tom. iv. part ii. p. 1—140. Dante had one

daughter, who died a nun, and five sons. For the next two centuries after the poet's death, his descendants occasionally appear in literary history. Pietro, the sixth in descent, was the last in the male line. His daughter, about the year 1549, married the Conte Marcantonio Larega, a Venetian nobleman. Let me add, that the Florentine senate, in the course of time, restored the fortunes of Dante to his family: but it is singular that this restitution was not made till long after the same senate had established a lectureship at Florence, for the exposition of the Divina Commedia.

Note (80). — Page 231.

Some noble lines of Ford may be considered in conjunction with Dante's scale of offences, and punishments.

——————— There are gluttons fed
With toads and adders: there is burning oil
Poured down the drunkard's throat; the usurer
Is forced to sup whole draughts of molten gold;
There is the murderer for ever stabb'd,
Yet can he never die.

Note (81). — Page 257.

Petrarca, in a spare page of his Virgil, wrote as follows. Laura propriis virtutibus illustris, et meis longùm celebrata carminibus, primùm oculis meis apparuit, sub primum adolescentiæ meæ tempus, anno Domini 1327, die 6 mensis Aprilis, in ecclesia Sanctæ Claræ Avinione, hora matutina; et in eadem civitate, eodem mense Aprilis, eodem die sexto, eadem hora prima, anno autem 1348, ab hac luce lux illa subtracta est, cum ego forte tunc Veronæ essem, heu fati mei nescius! rumor autem

infelix per literas Ludovici mei, me Parmæ reperit, anno eodem, mense Maio, die 19. mane, corpus illud castissimum atque pulcherrimum in loco Fratrum Minorum repositum est, ipso die mortis ad vesperam. Animam quidem ejus, ut de Africano ait Seneca, in cœlum, unde erat, rediise mihi persuadeo. Hoc autem ad acerbam rei memoriam, amara quadam dulcedine scribere visum est, hoc potissimum loco qui sæpe sub oculis meis redit; ut cogitem nihil esse debere quod amplius mihi placeat in hac vitâ, et effracto majori laqueo, tempus esse de Babylone fugiendi, crebra horum inspectione, ac fugacissimæ ætatis æstimatione commoneat. Quod previa Dei gratia, facile erit præteriti temporis curas supervacuas, spes inanes, et inexpectatos editus acriter et viriliter cogitanti.

Note (82). — Page 263.

Petrarca's work De Contemptu Mundi is in the form of a series of dialogues with St. Augustin; a worthy man indeed to receive confessions on the subject of incontinence, as every one knows, who is acquainted with ecclesiastical biography, and as one sentence in the following extract proves. Petrarca says, "Interdum Deo manum porrigente surrexi, ut incredibili quadam, et immensa cum dulcedine, quid mihi tunc prodesset, quidve antea nocuisset agnoscerem, et nunc meo pondere in antiquas miserias relapsus, quid me iterum perdiderit, cum amarissimo gustu mentis experior. Quod id circo retuli, ne forte miraris, hujus me Platonici dogmatis experientiam profiteri." Augustine replies, "Non miror equidem, laboribus enim tuis interfui, et cadentem et resurgentem vidi, et nunc prostratum mi-

sertus opem ferre disposui. Pet. Gratias ago tam misericordis affectus, quid autem operis superest humane? Aug. Nihil, at divine plurimum, continens equidem, nisi cui Deus dedit esse non potest. Ab eo igitur munus hoc, et in primis humiliter, et sæpe cum lacrymis postulandum est, solet ille, quæ rite poscuntur, non negare. Pet. Feci tam sæpe, ut pene jam sibi molestus esse vereor. Aug. At non satis humiliter, non satis sobrie, semper aliquid loci venturis cupiditatibus reservasti, semper in longum preces extendisti. Expertus loquor hîc et mihi contingit, dicebam; da mihi castitatem, sed noli modo, differ paululum, statim veniet tempus virentior adhuc ætas, suis eat semitis, suis utatur legibus, turpius ad juvenilia ista rediretur: tunc igitur abeundum erit, cum et minus ad hoc habilis decursu temporis factus fuero, et satietas voluptatum metum regressionis abstulerit. Hæc dicens, aliud te velle precari, aliud non intelligis," &c. Petrarca, Opera p. 346, Bas. 1581. Petrarca speaks of his sins against chastity in the strongest terms in a letter to Boccaccio, Epist. de rebus senil. lib. viii. ep. 1.

Note (83). — Page 273.

Not to make a parade of authorities, I shall only refer those who wish to verify the circumstances of Petrarca's life, to the great work of Tiraboschi, and the Memoires sur la Vie de François Petrarque, Amsterdam, 1764, 1767, three volumes in quarto, by the Abbé de Sade, a descendant of Laura. To prove that the mistress of Petrarca was an unmarried woman, was the ingenious but unsuccessful endeavour of the late Lord Woodhouselee, in an Historical and Critical Essay on the Life and Character of Petrarca, Edinburgh, 1812. In the

seventh volume of the Quarterly Review there is an able consideration of the question, whether Laura was "a coquetting maid, or a prudish wife;" and a succinct account of the matter is given in a note to the last chapter of Mr. Hallam's work on the Middle Ages.

Note (84). — Page 278.

Nor were these the only obligations of Chaucer to Boccaccio. The story of Griselda had long been a popular fiction. Boccaccio made it the subject of a tale in the Decamerone. Petrarca preferred it to all others in the collection. He learnt it by heart, and used to repeat it whenever he thought he could extend the fame of his friend. He even translated it into Latin for its wider dispersion. The tale was therefore as often called Petrarca's as Boccaccio's. Hence the young Oxford scholar in Chaucer, says, that he learnt it at Padua, of a worthy clerk named Petrarca. Warton has noticed, with his usual taste, many of the most important differences between Chaucer's poems and the originals of Boccaccio. History of English Poetry, vol. ii. Emendations and Additions, Signature E. The Theseida of Boccaccio was in vogue in England in Lydgate's time. Lydgate places Boccaccio among "the poets in Italy stalled."

Note (85). — Page 290.

Of the many lives of Boccaccio, I shall refer only to Mazzuchelli, Gli Scrittori d'Italia, vol. ii. p. iii. p. 1315, &c. Manni, Istoria del Decamerone, p. 2—129. Tiraboschi, tom. v. lib. i. c. 4, lib. ii. c. 5, lib. iii. c. 2. Ginguene, Histoire Littéraire d'Italie, c. 15, 16. Sis-

mondi, Litterature du Midi de l'Europe, tome ii. p. 2—28. Some hints may be gained from the article on Boccaccio on Bayle. Fauchet's Memoir sur les Fabliaux, in the twentieth volume of the Academy of Belles Lettres and Inscriptions. Petrarci Senil. l. i. ep. 4. Crescimbeni, Della volgar poesia, tom. i. p. 15. Tyrwhitt's Introd. to Chaucer.

NOTE (86). — Page 295.

Born in 1377. Died 1446.

NOTE (87). — Page 297.

Died 14—, aged 68.

NOTE (88). — Page 298.

Born 1398. Died 1490.

NOTE (89). — Page 299.

Vasari, Vite de Pittori, tom. i. p. 321—331. Tiraboschi, Storia della Letteratura Italiana, tom. vi. parte i. p. 315—322. Temples Anciens et Modernes, p. 207—213. The comedy of Philodoxeos, mentioned in the text, was published in the year 1588, by Aldo Manuzio the younger, as the work of Lepidus an unknown but ancient comic writer. In the dedication to Ascanius Persius, the printer says, "Lepidam Lepidi, antiqui comici, quisquis ille sit fabulam ad te mitto, eruditissime Persi:—quæ cum ad manus meas pervenerit, perire nolui, &c.

NOTE (90). — Page 303.

Tiraboschi, Storia della Letter. Ital. tom. vi. parte i. p. 62. parte ii. p. 119.

NOTE (91). — Page 304.

Mehus, vita Amb. Camal. passim. Tiraboschi, vol. vi. parte ii. p. 121. Bayle, Dictionaire, art. Camaldoli. Bayle riots with delight in detailing Traversari's account of the profligacy of the monasteries and nunneries of Italy in the fifteenth century.

NOTE (92). — Page 306.

Tiraboschi, Storia della Lett. Ital. vol. vi. lib. 3. c. 2. Lionardo Aretino married, and complained violently to his friends of the expensiveness of his new state. The marriage feast was most costly, but that was nothing when compared with the intolerable expence of female dress and ornaments. "In short," he added, "I have in one night consummated my marriage and consumed my patrimony." L. Aretini, Epist. iii. 17.

NOTE (93). — Page 311.

Recanati, vita Poggio. Tiraboschi, Storia della Lett. Ital. vol. vi. parte ii. lib. iii. c. 1.

NOTE (94). — Page 317.

Rosmini, vita di F. Filelfo, 3 tom. 8vo. and the memoir on Filelfo, by M. Lancelot, in the 10th vol. of the Memoirs of the Academy of Inscriptions.

NOTE (95). — Page 320.

Hodius, De Græcis Illustribus, p. 55. &c. p. 102, &c. Boernerus, De doctis hominibus Græcis, p. 36, &c. p. 121—136. Boivin le cadet, Diss. sur les Querrelles des Phil: du 15 siecle. Mem. de l'Acad. des Inscrip. vol. ii. p. 775. Tiraboschi, Storia della Letter. Ital. tom. vi. parte i. lib. ii. c. 2.

NOTE (96). — Page 328.

Tiraboschi, Storia della Letteratura Italiana, tom. vi. parte 2. lib. i. c. i. Ginguene, ch. 20, 22. Poesie del Lorenzo de' Medici, 4to. Londra, 1801. Tutti i trïonfi, carri ò canti Carnascialeschi andati per Firenze, 12mo. 1557. Roscoe's Life of Lorenzo the Magnificent, vol. i. ch. 2. and 5. Vasari, vite de' Pittori, vol. ii. p. 77—87.

NOTE (97). — Page 330.

Ginguené, Histoire Litteraire d' Italie, chap. 21. partie 2. ch. 19. 35.

NOTE (98). — Page 332.

Tiraboschi, Storia della Letter. Ital. vol. vi. p. ii. l. iii. c. 5. lib. ii. c. 2..

NOTE (99). — Page 338.

Baillet, Des Enfans celebres. p. 87—90. Tiraboschi, vol. vi. part. ii. 333, &c. Ginguené, c. 20. 22. Vita del Poliziano, in the Milan edition (1808) of his Italian poetry, Foscarini, Della Letteratura Veneziana, p. 74.

NOTE (100). — Page 343.

Tiraboschi, Storia della Letter. Ital. vol. vi. parte 1. p. 282, &c. Op. Pic. Mir. fol. Bononia. 1496. Mr. Greswell's account of Giovanni Pico Mirandola is extremely useful. Memoirs of Politian and others, 8vo. 1805, second edition. The life of Pico written by his nephew Giovan-Francesco, prince of Mirandola, and contained in the above cited edition of Pico's works, was translated into English by Sir Thomas More, and entitled, "The life of John Picus, Earle of Myrandula, a great lorde of Italy, an excellent connyng man in all sciences, and vertuous of living: with divers epistles and other workes of the said John Picus, full of greate science, vertue, and wisedome: whose life and woorkes bene worthy and digne to be reade, and often to be had in memory. Translated out of Latin into Englishe by Maister Thomas More." As this work is both curious and rare I shall transcribe a few passages relating to Pico's character.—"Wedding and worldly business he fled almost alike. Notwithstandynge, when he was axed once in sport, whether of those two burdens semed lighter, and which he wold chose, if he shold of necessitie be driven to that one, and at his election: whiche he sticked thereat a while, but at the last he shoke his heade, and a little smilyng he answered, that he had lever take him to mariage, as that thing in which was lesse servitude, and not so much jeopardie. Libertie above all thing he loved, to which both his owne naturall affeccion and the studie of philosophie enclined him: and for that was he alwaie wandering and flitting, and wolde never take him self to any certayne dwelling." "Before this, (alluding to his ill success at Rome) he had been both desyrous of glorie and kindled

in vaine love, and holden in voluptuouse use of women. The comelynes of his body with the lovely favoure of his visage, and ther withall his mervelouse fame, his excellent lerning, great richesse and noble kyndred set many a women a fier on him. From the desire of whom he not abhorring (the waie of life set aside) was somewhat fallen into wantonnesse. But after that he was once with his variance wakened he drew backe his mynd flowing in riot, and turned it to Christ. Women's blandimentis he chaunged into the desire of heavenly joyes, and despising that blaste of vain glorie, which he before desired, now with all his minde he began to seke the glorie and profite of Christes churche, and so began he to ordre his condicions, that from thenceforthe he might have been approved: and though his enemye were his judge." Giovann-Francesco, the nephew, was also an author, and acquired some reputation in his time for his writings, which relate to most branches of knowledge. The dust, however, has remained upon his works for two centuries, and will still accumulate.

Note (101). — Page 345.

Tiraboschi, Storia della Letteratura Italiana, tom. vi. parte ii. p. 144. 158. 174. 183. Fontanini, Dell' Eloquenza Italiana, vol. ii. p. 78, &c. vol. i. p. 280.

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